SEPTEMBER, 1949
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Esquire

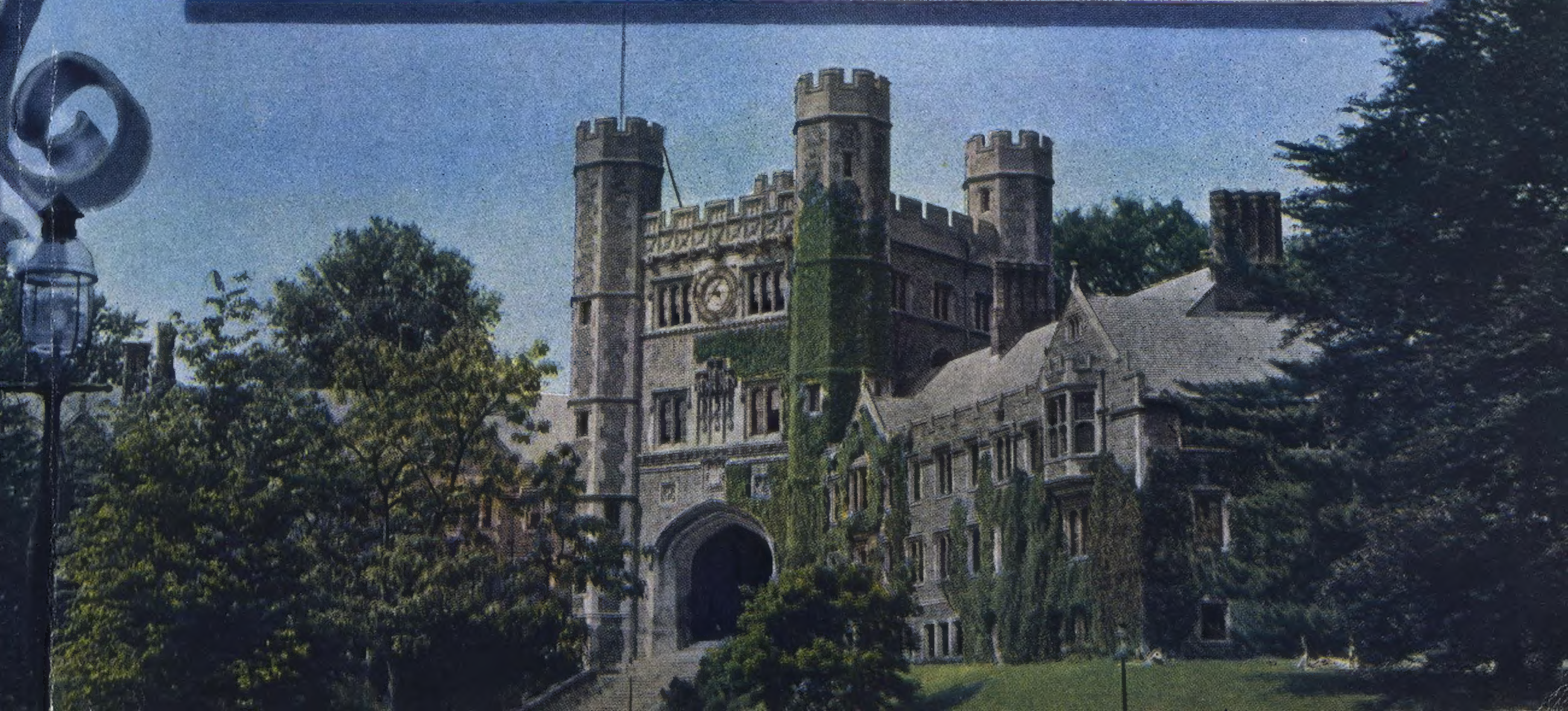
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Western
"THE KEY" BY J. C. LYNCH

Mystery
"THE BRASS MONKEY" BY WM. FRANCIS

Esquire Girl
"PERFECTIONIST" BY AL MOORE

plus Special "Back To Campus" *Features*



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leather
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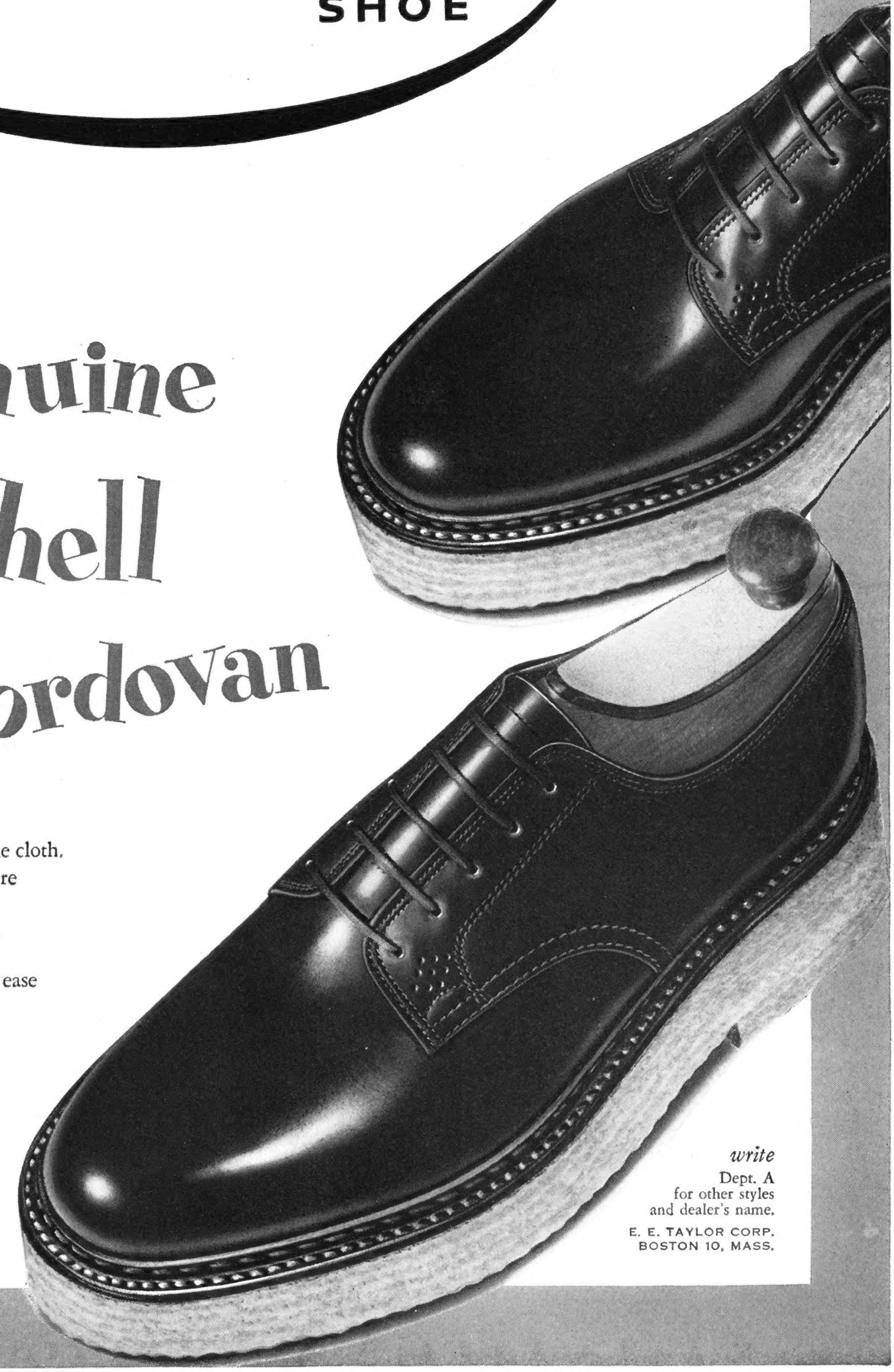

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for other styles
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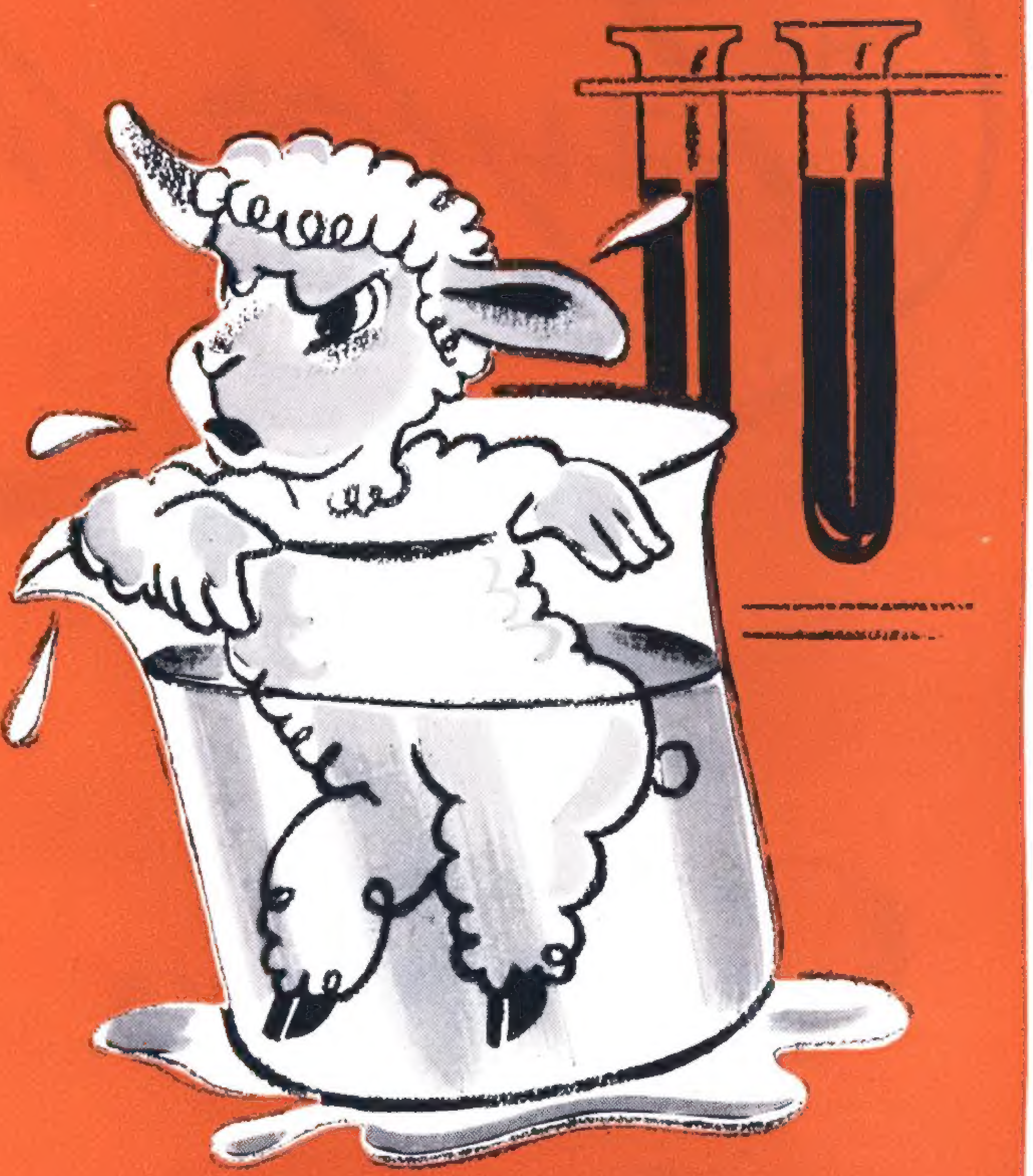
Byford "98"
Wool Sock

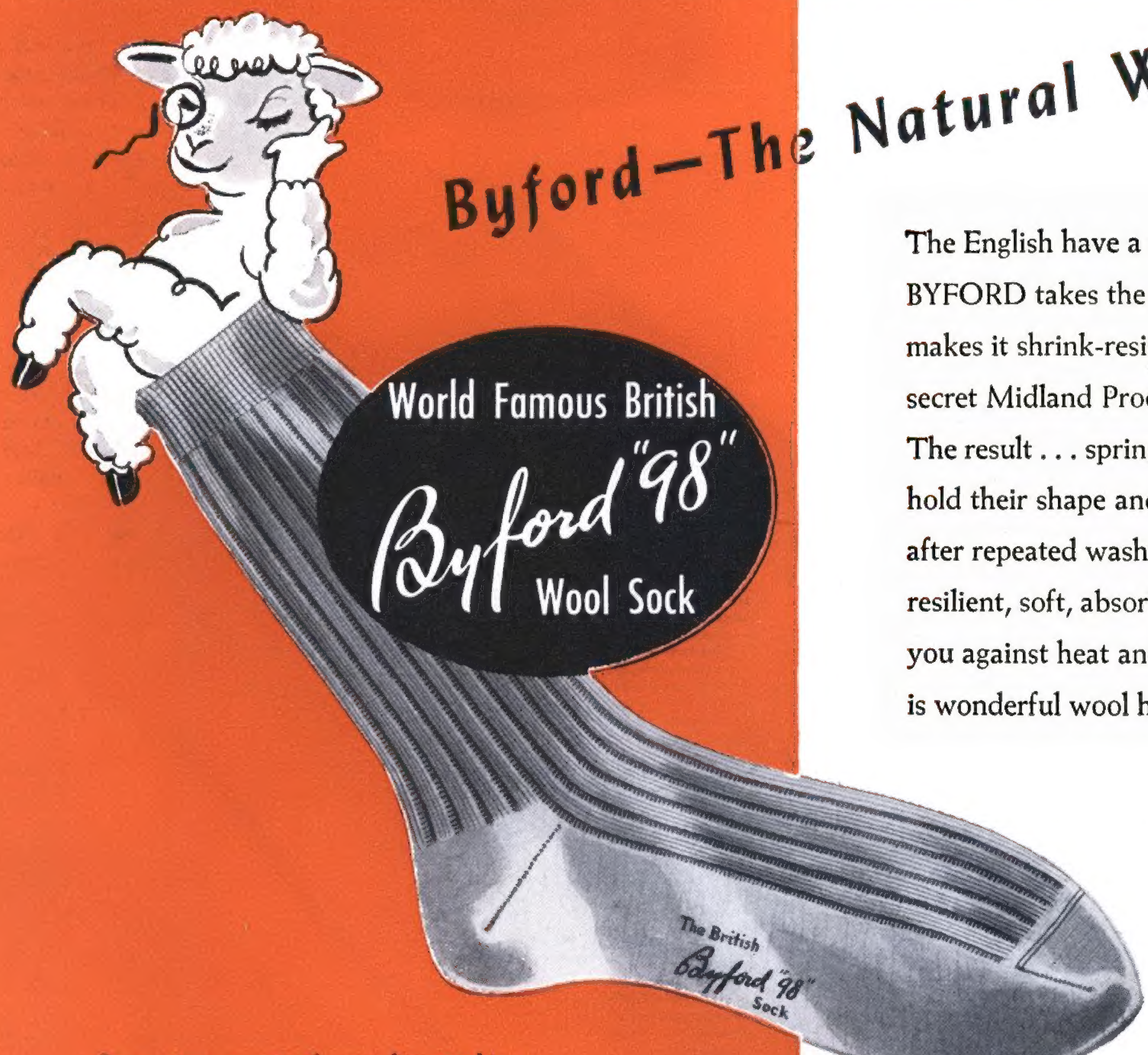
HALP!

they're killing me!



When they make me into wool socks, *some* people drop me into a chemical bath. They say it's to pre-shrink the wool. Murderrr! Those chemicals *kill* me. They shrivel up my wooly fibers. Ruin their natural softness. And leave *you* with a wool sock that's wool in name only. I've had enough! Sheep of the world — unite! — you have nothing to lose but your wool. Let's all make sheep eyes together at — *Byford Hose*. The pre-shrunk hose that's never been touched by chemicals.

Byford—The Natural Wool Hose



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At Better Stores or Write

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Memo from the Publisher

"It's a funny thing about guys!"

One of the world's foremost authorities on *homo sapiens, genus scholasticus,* is a colorful character named Bill. For Bill's world is the college campuses of America; and Bill's livelihood happens to derive from taking orders for Esquire.

He's a great student of the species, this Bill—a kind of one-man continuing study—and on his return from a swing around the sapiens circuit, as he calls the college world, this "Professor Demeritus" (as he calls himself) delivered a definitive report on the subject of guys.

"You know, it's a funny thing about guys," said Bill. "*Our* guys, I mean." (All Esquire readers to him are "our" guys.) "Most of them have matured in a hell of a hurry, and the hard way—on beachheads, or bomb runs, or decks of buckets from Madagascar to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

"Result: There are no panty-waists and Joe Collegiates left in this league. *They're* vanishing into the limbo of the bell-bottom trouser and ukulele era; they're disappearing quietly into that pennant-waving past of garterless socks and giggling sorority girls.

"Most of our guys could take over the First National Bank in an air raid and operate it at a profit. They've got that something that stamps them as *men.* They're young, but they're grown up. They're not cocky—but they're not afraid."

We like the way Bill said that, for it's the kind of picture we have of "our guys" regardless of age. And we publish a Magazine for them.

It says so on the cover: "The Magazine for Men." And it says so, we believe, on every page of the book. Try on, for instance, Esquire's Big Four Fashion Section. Idle through the summa cum laude campus window-shopping tour. Run down the table of contents. This is material tailored for young men who are not afraid to think big, to want big, and to someday *be* big.

And according to Esquire's circulation, there are many thousands of them on America's campuses!

HTS

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T. M. REG.

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EDITORIAL

The Last Mile

When an editor gets his first "hot copy" of an issue, and prepares his quaking nerves for the monthly onslaught of fly-specked critics who invariably point horrified fingers at the criminal possibilities of a typographical error, he has only ghosts to comfort him. These are the little creatures that dance on the margin of the page and leave print visible to his eye only—the might-have-beens, and why-didn't-we, and I-wonder-about-that gremlins that are his peculiar comforters in that twilight time of purgatory between the actual running of the presses and the day the Magazine hits the newsstand. And, like a man about to be hung, his mind travels back to the days before the ink was wet on this issue, and the marginal parade does a ghostly dance before his eyes and he can't read for remembering.

We remember, for example, as we come to Ernest Hemingway's *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, reprinted in this issue because we wanted this new college generation to taste the thrill of reading E. H. on the same pages where the *Snows* first fell, how it was the day that classic story was due from Africa, back in 1936. As our deadline approached, Hemingway was driving deep into the big-game country, frightening the lions and tigers out of their wits by his terrific zest, and we were back in Chicago waiting for word from this man who could deal so heroically with his guns and his typewriter at the same time. There was a problem, he cabled us at length: he owed *Cosmopolitan* a story, too, and, since their deadline was ahead of ours, he was going to send *Cosmo* the story he had written for Esquire—*but* we were not to fear. He would knock out another one for us. Africa was pregnant with them, etc. So *Cosmo* got our story. And, sure enough, and on time, too, came Hemingway's second effort, the superb *Snows* that has become a short-story classic.

And would you know what the story was entitled which this amazing man sent to *Cosmo*? He called it *The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber*.

And so the little figures dancing on the margin of page 37 in this issue, plaguing the editor with their infernal dance, make him see in Esquire (for this new college generation, etc.) a reprint of *The Short, Happy Life* instead of *Snows*. Just a matter of a deadline, they chortle.

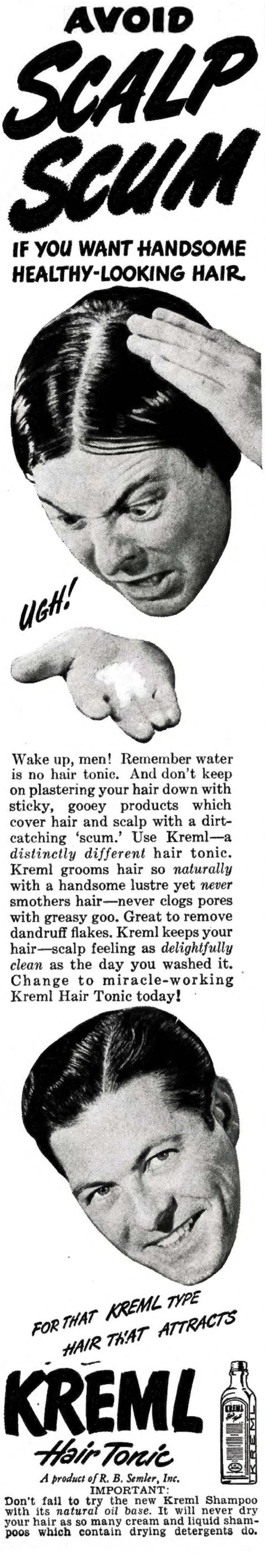
Another pleasantly disturbing episode was our background research into the mind and manners of Raymond Loewy, the famous industrial designer we have long admired and who is packaged together with some of his works, by John Keating, on page 58 of this issue.

We paid a visit to the N. Y. offices of Raymond Loewy Associates, and observed that the executive quarters of the firm occupy a penthouse which was formerly Mr. Loewy's personal address in the city. It is quite properly the atmosphere he should work in, we thought, and although Mr. L. was not there that particular day, we were shown into his own office (and formerly his living room) by one of his representatives, a girl of appropriately dashing design. We were pleased to note on his desk a small silver vase stuffed with colored pencils of every hue. Now, we are aware that big fat soft-lead pencils are somewhat symbolic of the editorial atmosphere of *Time* Magazine, and that Yousuf Karsh has even photographed Timeditor Henry Luce musing symbolically over a cluster of these well-sharpened tools. And we have in our own way stuffed a few pencil ends, mostly with blunted points, into the husk of a Japanese 40 mm. shell. But Raymond Loewy, no editor he, apparently prefers to think and doodle and create in color as well as black-and-white. Even in his absence, the little vase told us something about him. Back in our own office we shouted to our secretary: "Bring colored pencils! Wider horizons! Bring dozens of them, each sharp as a needle." The girl, a shrewd and annoyingly sensible creature, brought us a few blues and reds, most of them with a crayon too soft in them to use for dreaming, anyway. We are back to our stub ends, again, now, and she seems to find them appropriate. And Mr. Loewy, his office has just assured us, has this day added several colors to his collection.

* * *

We recently returned to the prep school of our long ago and discovered how brave a group of editors must be to try and fathom the mind of the young with a Back-to-Campus issue.

The purpose of our visit was to address a group of deserving students who had devoted their spare time during the year to putting out a magazine which to our critical eye seemed to combine the good features of *Fortune*, *The New Yorker*, *The Vineyard Gazette*, The New York *Times*, and the *Hobo News*. The editors of this effort sat as our table companions during the dinner preceding the address, and we felt ourselves being dis-



AVOID SCALP SCUM

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Wake up, men! Remember water is no hair tonic. And don't keep on plastering your hair down with sticky, gooey products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching 'scum.' Use Kreml—a *distinctly different* hair tonic. Kreml grooms hair so *naturally* with a handsome lustre yet *never* smothers hair—never clogs pores with greasy goo. Great to remove dandruff flakes. Kreml keeps your hair—scalp feeling as *delightfully clean* as the day you washed it. Change to miracle-working Kreml Hair Tonic today!

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sected with the same keen relish that they attacked the chicken. In no time at all, we had failed to answer any number of questions our office boy could have handled with a snap of his fingers, had revealed through some pitiful reminiscence our complete lack of any serious purpose while at school, and had noted that all of our young companions had tied a more expert Windsor knot than we. During the address, as we nervously threaded our way through some discourse on a career in publications, we felt the cold eye of the young business manager of the school sheet—a huckster of about fifteen—summing up the cost of our shoes and suit and applying that against the law of probabilities as to our approximate income. The tension was relieved, however, as we inadvertently seemed to mention saloons or water-front brawls whenever we touched on the delicate relations between editor and author, and so the youngsters were won over to our way of life in the end. As they applauded vigorously our last tale, we could see their firm resolve: whiskey and women, they seemed to be saying to themselves, that's the life for us.

This sophistication on the part of the 1949 student is not confined to our own school, we are told. Habitually, we seek out editorial advice from undergraduates in putting out this issue, and perennially we learn how innocent is the postgraduate.

When we received our copy of *Logsquire*, the annual ribbing we take from the midshipmen at Annapolis, for instance, we perceived again how unprotected is the elder from the shafts of his juniors. We love it, of course, but we wonder how much more they know. Observe, for example the mind behind the satire on a famous Esquire private eye, taken from *The Case of the Isosceles Triangle*, A Bedside Mystery by Stew Hughes in the *Logsquire*:

> The joint was lush, the floor show good, and the liquor better. I sipped another drink and felt the slow tingle as it went down. I shoved the empty glass across the bar and swung around on the stool. Being a private detective had its moments. I was in no hurry to start work. Only an expense account takes me places like the Iridium Room, and Bertram Guestowel was picking up the check.
>
> My practiced eye swept the room. She still hadn't arrived. At these prices I was losing interest in whether Bertie's wife ever showed. After all, I had nothing against Agatha Guestowel except her husband's suspicions and his blank check. I yawned abstractly, flashing my teeth, and watched the floor show. Eight chorines dressed in green cummerbunds were laboring through a dance to the tune of *Did Your Mother Come from Ireland*. It was St. Patrick's Day. I slipped a five dollar bill through my lapel in honor of the occasion. The bartender tapped me on the shoulder. I swung around and he set another glass in front of me. "Compliments of the lady at the end of the bar" . . . She was class! Her strapless gown of mauve net with a slit skirt and bare midriff accentuated her curves. I raised the glass, toasted her, and swallowed the contents. This was living!
>
> I slid down the bar to where she

Continued on page 8

A Fellow never has enough Pendletons

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(left) Campbell Dress #779 Sport Shirt
(bottom) Kelly Green #121

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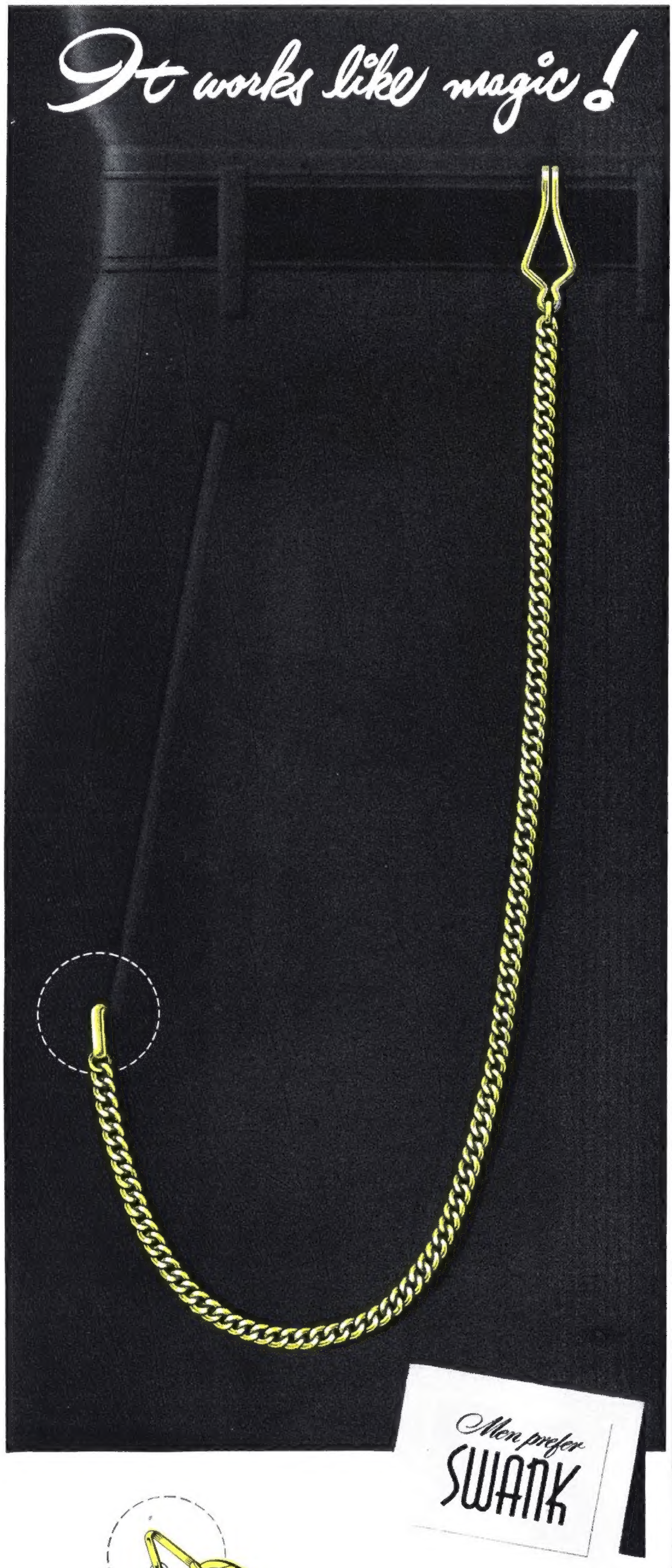

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The Last Mile

Continued from page 7

was sitting. . . Using gambit #34 from the Private Sleuth's Pocket Guide I observed, "Baby, we were meant."

"Drop the case," she hissed, and made a fast retreat to the powder room.

A little frightening to find the campus mirror so well shined.

* * *

Our Features Editor, the man who monthly dips into the secret of facets of fine living—be it food, automobiling, fishing, or traveling—has this issue covered the campus, Main Street, and returned none the worse for wear, except a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. But that is forgivable because only last month he whetted his whistle in extensive research on the arts of drinking. This man, by nature a companionable and able associate, has so far developed the delights of his department and the mortal hatred of his desk-bound brothers, that he proceeded to Puerto Rico for a survey of the rum situation there, the better to report the experience of his throbbing taste buds in his Liquor Intelligencer.

In a sober and grateful mood, while relaxing from the rigors of this duty, he has confided to us the footnotes of his junket, or at least those portions he considers having a bearing on his salary and future well-being. As one of a select group of journalists who were guests of the Puerto Rico Industrial Development Corporation, our man enjoyed the courtesies of their matchless hospitality, which included a visit to the ancient and storied residence of Puerto Rico's dynamic governor, Señor Muños Marin.

His eyes sparkling like sapphires dipped in old rum, our man regaled us with the tale of how he wandered from room to room in the famous old building, and tested the local products on a lovely terrace overlooking the bay at San Juan, casting a reflective eye the while on the home of Ponce de Leon, just opposite. He lingered long on the terrace, so long in fact, that when the others had gone, he and a few companions were observed from another terrace by the governor himself, who had stepped out for a moment's refreshment in his pajamas, before retiring. Nothing would do, then, but that the editor and his friends should rejoin the governor for a late evening visit in his personal apartments, where this cultivated gentleman—one of the busiest and most responsible in all of Puerto Rico's history—relaxed behind his castellated walls and charmed our man until the small hours of the morning.

And so our Features Editor, who has come to learn of spinnakers and soufflés and sailfish in his day, also gleaned further of the arts of good will and hospitality from his hosts in Puerto Rico. In their own fine drink, with the rich rum warmth in us, we toast them. *Saludos, Amigos.* ⵌ

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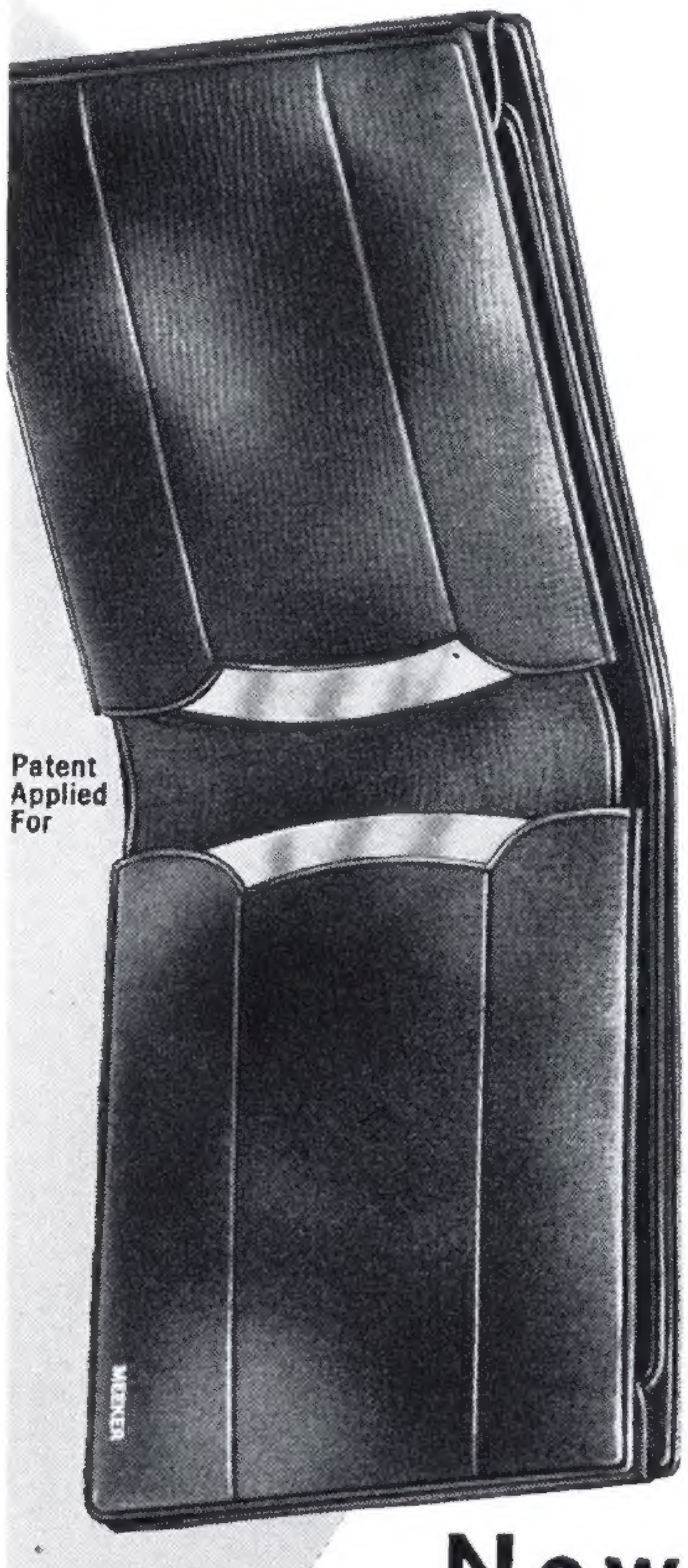

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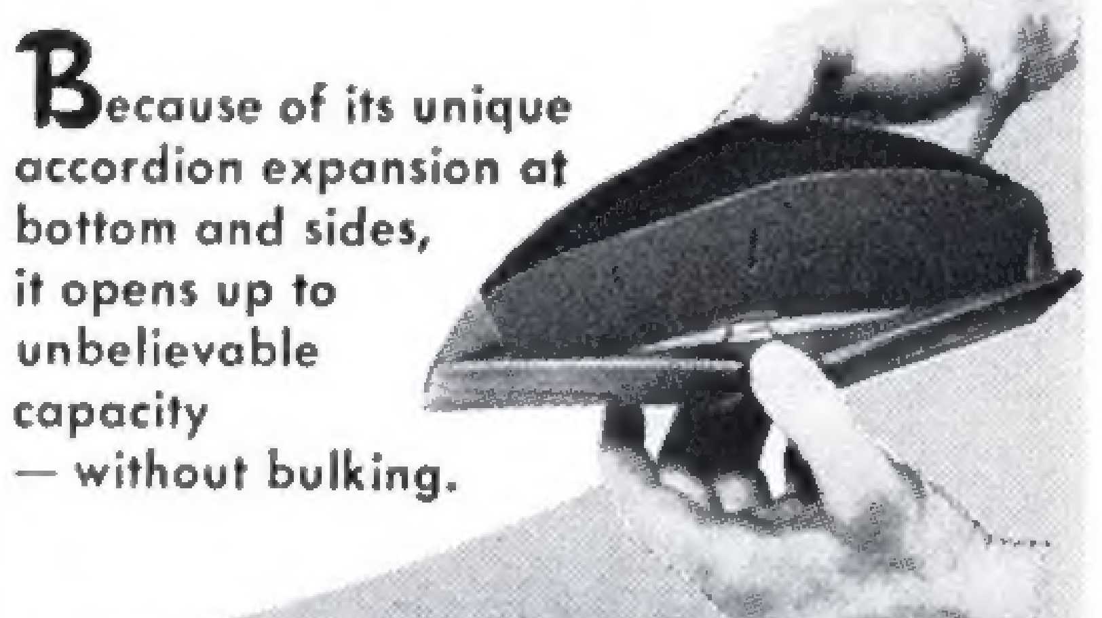

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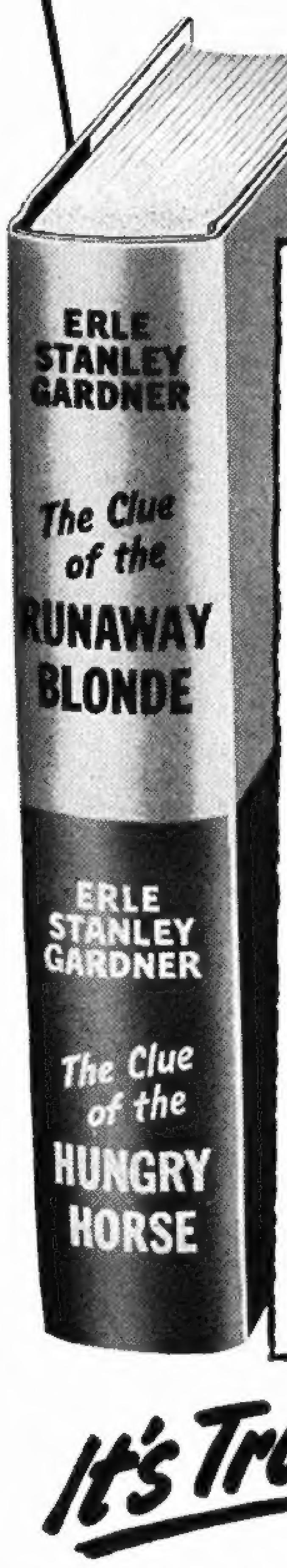

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
The Clue of the RUNAWAY BLONDE
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
The Clue of the HUNGRY HORSE

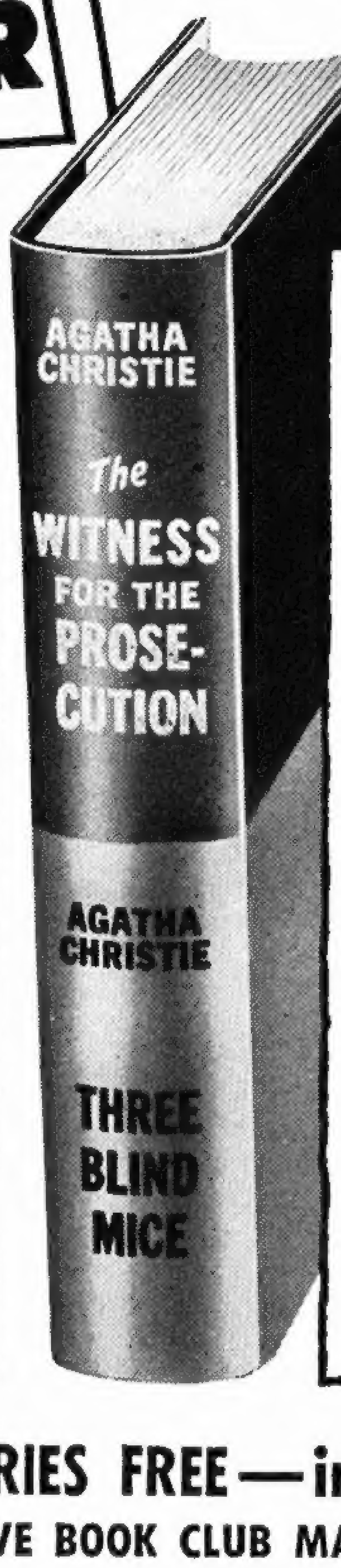
① *THE CLUE OF THE* **RUNAWAY BLONDE**

The body of a girl is found in a field—an ugly knife wound gaping from the back! Yet, there are *no footprints leading to or from the body!* The Rockville *Gazette* and the D.A. are "gunning for" Sheriff Bill Eldon. But Bill floors the D.A., the town tabloid, *and the killer!*

② *THE CLUE OF* **THE HUNGRY HORSE**

When a girl is found dead with a horseshoe print on her forehead — everybody agrees it's an accident — except Bill Eldon. For the wound is *wider than the mare's shoe!* Then Bill astounds the courtroom by plucking the killer out of an unsuspected corner!

You Get TWO THRILLERS BY **AGATHA CHRISTIE**



③ *THE* **WITNESS** *FOR THE* **PROSECUTION**

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But on the stand she *denies* your story—and practically *sends* you to the electric chair!

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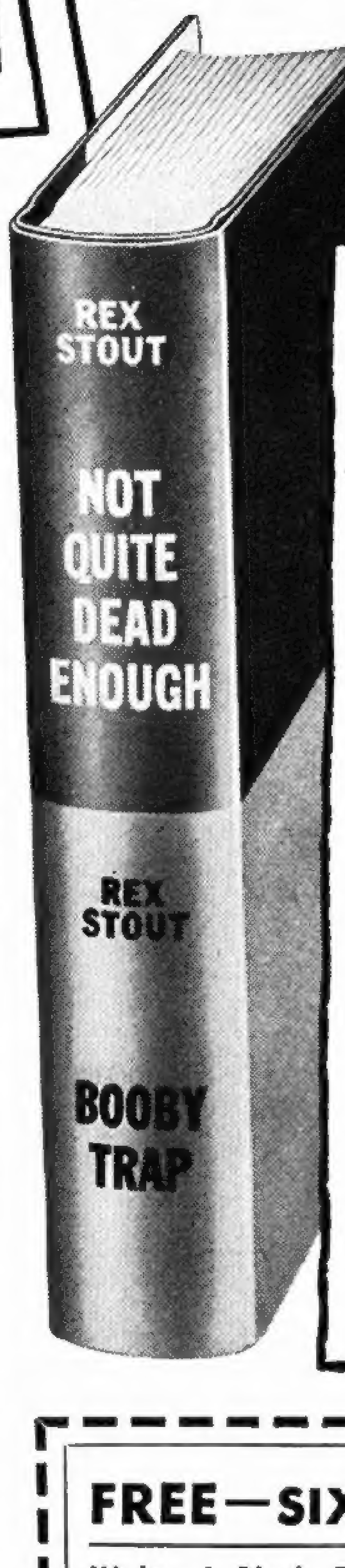
A real thriller—for when better mysteries are built, Miss Christie builds them!

You Get TWO "NERO WOLFE" HITS BY **REX STOUT**



⑤ **NOT QUITE DEAD ENOUGH**

Normally, *any* murder would intrigue Nero Wolfe. But to *trick* Nero into taking over, his helper, Archie, plants *his own* fingerprints at the scene of the crime. So Nero *must* solve it—to save Archie from the electric chair!

⑥ **BOOBY TRAP**

Sinister forces try to steal vital Army secrets. A colonel is blown to bits by a BOOBY TRAP! So Nero Wolfe devises a booby trap *for the booby trapper!*

But suppose the culprit is no booby at all, (but a smart operator?) What then? . . . YOU'LL find out—and the climax will stimulate goose-pimples!

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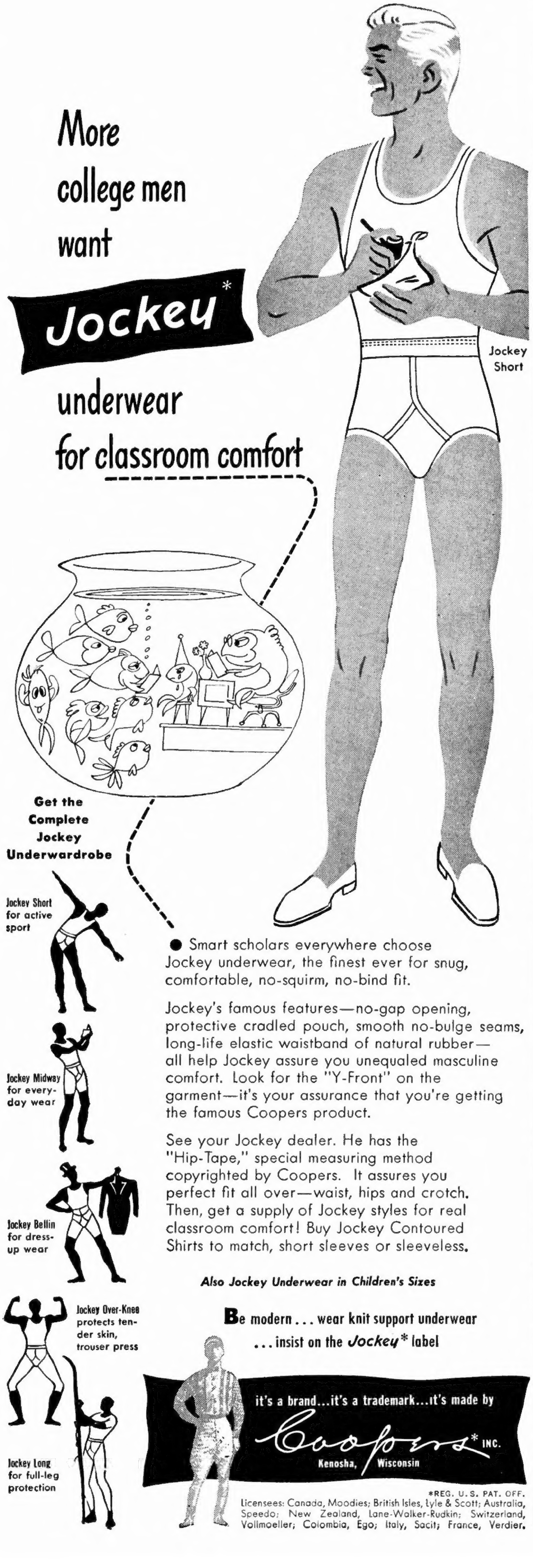
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

of Rice and women

I am much disappointed in your May article on *The Unwilling Virgins*. Any doctor who could write such an article must, of course, be an atheist . . . actuated by diabolical motives.

JOHN E. LAVERTY
Medford, Mass.

. . . I can just see myself cooped up with a stodgy, gossiping female, with a half dozen of her yowling kids under my feet . . .

MRS. E. J. O'BRIEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

***

. . . Women and men go after men and women because they are lonely . . . It's been done since the year one. . . Bigamy as a philanthropic idea . . . doesn't hold water . . .

L. M. M.
Charlotte, N. C.

***

I HAVE READ THE EARTH IS GRADUALLY BECOMING OVERPOPULATED. LESS HUSBANDS AVAILABLE WE HOPE MEANS LESS FAMILIES RAISED AND THEREBY IT WILL NOT INCREASE THE POPULATION ABOVE THE ABILITY OF THE EARTH TO FEED ITS PEOPLE . . .

ANONYMOUS
New York, N. Y.

***

Your article is enchanting, sensible, and educational. I come of an old "Mormon" family in Utah. My father, a Swiss emigrant, had four wives and 36 children . . . The writer is 77 years old. I have three living wives and 18 children . . . Under the "Mormon" system of marriage, men and women are free to act as they deem proper; there is no force permitted. A minimum of divorces takes place among polygamous marriages in Utah . . .

JOSEPH W. MUSSER
Editor *Truth* Magazine
Salt Lake City, Utah

***

Unknowingly, Cecil Lee (Sound and Fury, May) has solved the problem . . . if J. B. Rice can convince the clergy that two equals one . . .

VINCENT LARANTINO, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

***

At last there has come to man a new sport: Throwing the Rice. Up to now we've had throwing the hammer, throwing the disc, throwing the bull, and now we got one that everyone can take a hand at . . . Should have consulted more of us boys who been for years trying to keep our heads above water taking care of just one zany . . .

(Better) every married woman has three husbands . . . when lodge night came around husband number two could stay home and when bowling night came, husband number two could go bowling (etc.) . . .

HIRAM D. EDWARDS
Millington, Ill.

***

Rice's statements are simply not true . . . The proportion of unwilling virgins has dropped 30 per cent since 1940 alone . . . The average age at first marriage for women has fallen a full year . . . to 20½.

Between the ages of 20 and 45 there are . . . today 103 women for each 100 men; hardly a condition crying for polygamy . . . The small excess of women is accounted for by the loss of over 300,000 men in the war, and by the fact that at least several hundred thousand men were missed in the last census . . . A year's crop of babies will not have an excess of females until after age 50 . . .

The only serious unbalance of sexes exists (at) 65 and over. I seriously doubt if many of the good dowagers that age are actively seeking *un ménage à trois.*

CALVIN L. BEALE
Department of Sociology
University of Wisconsin, Madison

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Hard facts from Reader Beale, but hear what Dr. Rice has to say in answer:*

Rice's rebuttal

Mr. Beale's assertions that Americans are marrying as never before and at an earlier age are interesting and may be true, but they have no bearing on my point that there is a present and growing husband shortage.

His assumption that the war is responsible for the shortage in the 20-45 age group is untenable. According to the 1940 census (taken long before the war) there was a woman surplus of 503,761 in this group. The war only made matters worse.

It is almost universal human practice for females to marry males older than themselves; therefore, the 20-45 age group doesn't match romantically. Women from 18 to 45 actually marry men 21 to 48. The excess of women over men in these groups (1940 census) is 1,681,473.

And during 1940, the male death rate exceeded the female by 25.3 per cent. Also, I am afraid that we shall have to ask Mr. Beale to take a second glance at his life tables. No crop of babies ever starts out even, and the females pass up the males shortly after 20 years. And what about the 17 per cent of the available men that never marry at all and the better than 5 to 2 ratio of

Continued on page 15

EFRIGERATOR
CAR
J-B&G

F.O.B. Dixie

Now, from the land of fragrant mint and warm hospitality—for your enjoyment—comes the noblest drink ever created . . . a Four Roses Mint Julep!

Your first sip will tell you this: no other Julep possesses the matchless, *distinctive* flavor of a Julep made with the traditional Julep whiskey—Four Roses!

Recipe for Perfect Mint Julep

1. Cover a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint with some powdered sugar and a little water.
2. Crush the mint (or simply stir it).
3. Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass, and fill with crushed ice.
4. Pour Four Roses until glass is full.
5. Garnish with mint, let stand till frosty.

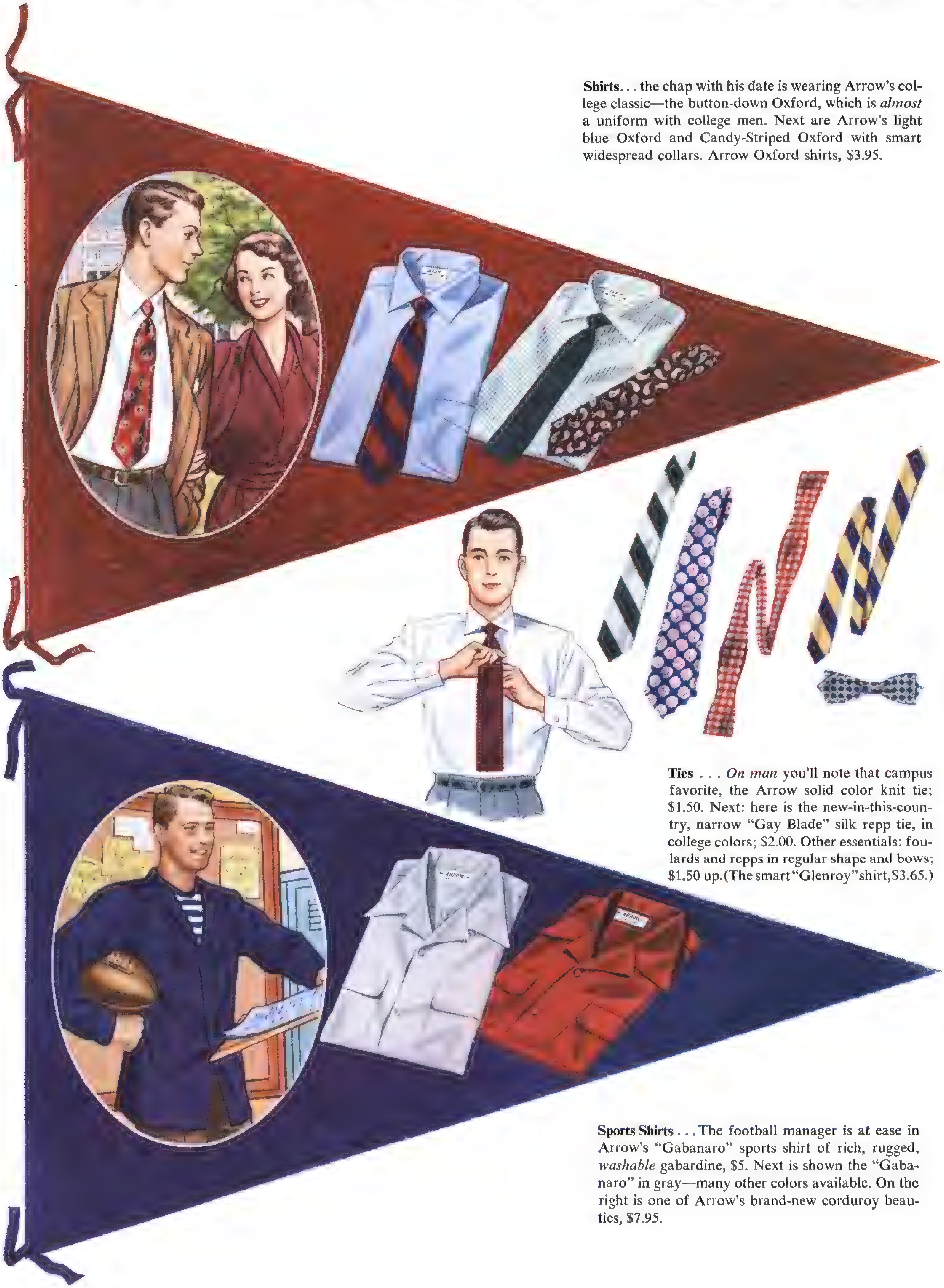
• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Wouldn't you
rather drink
FOUR ROSES
AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

FOUR
ROSES
Fine Blended Whiskey

Go "Back-to-School"

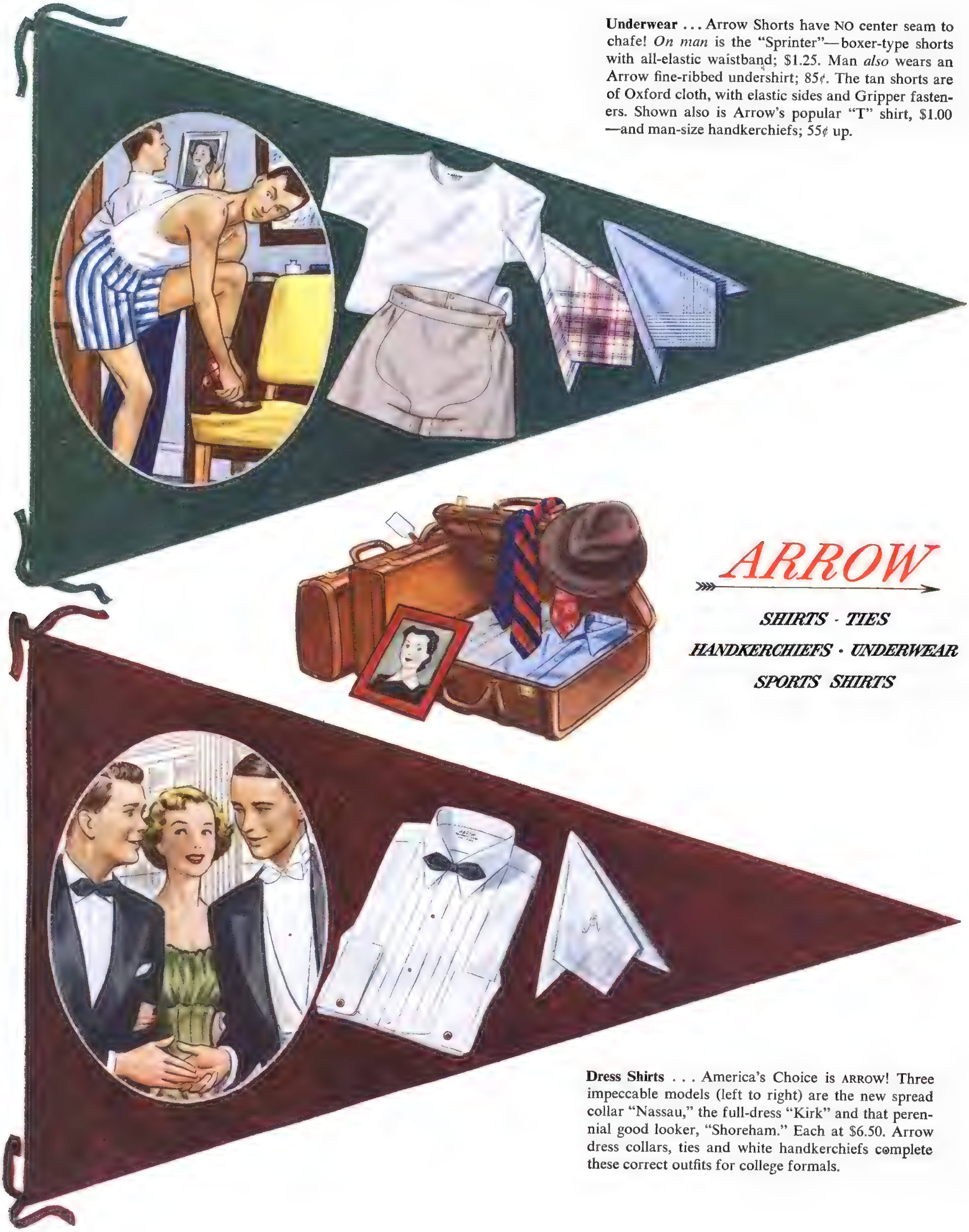


Shirts. . . the chap with his date is wearing Arrow's college classic—the button-down Oxford, which is *almost* a uniform with college men. Next are Arrow's light blue Oxford and Candy-Striped Oxford with smart widespread collars. Arrow Oxford shirts, $3.95.

Ties . . . *On man* you'll note that campus favorite, the Arrow solid color knit tie; $1.50. Next: here is the new-in-this-country, narrow "Gay Blade" silk repp tie, in college colors; $2.00. Other essentials: foulards and repps in regular shape and bows; $1.50 up.(The smart "Glenroy" shirt, $3.65.)

Sports Shirts . . . The football manager is at ease in Arrow's "Gabanaro" sports shirt of rich, rugged, *washable* gabardine, $5. Next is shown the "Gabanaro" in gray—many other colors available. On the right is one of Arrow's brand-new corduroy beauties, $7.95.

with ARROW!



Underwear . . . Arrow Shorts have NO center seam to chafe! *On man* is the "Sprinter"—boxer-type shorts with all-elastic waistband; $1.25. Man *also* wears an Arrow fine-ribbed undershirt; 85¢. The tan shorts are of Oxford cloth, with elastic sides and Gripper fasteners. Shown also is Arrow's popular "T" shirt, $1.00—and man-size handkerchiefs; 55¢ up.

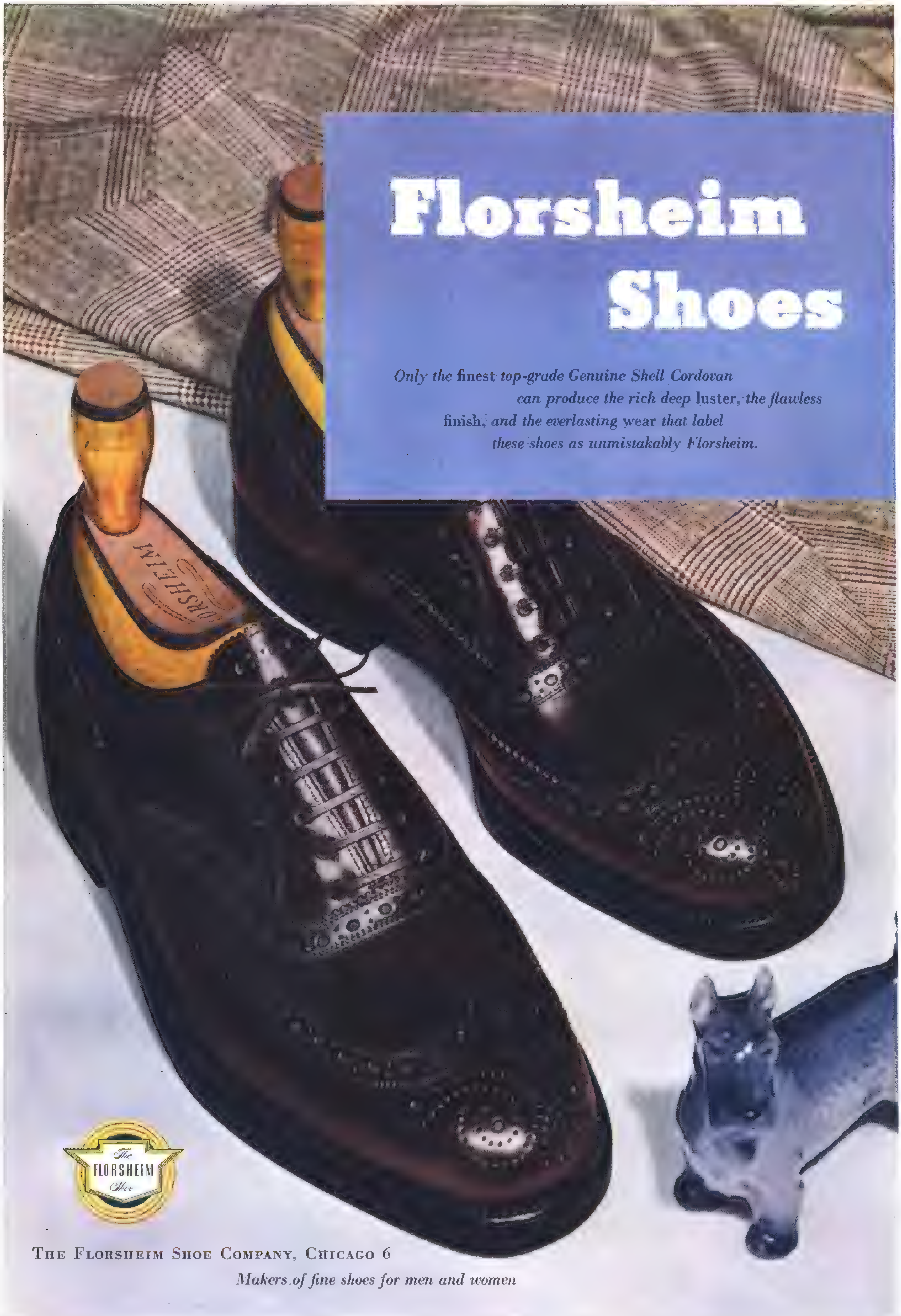
ARROW

SHIRTS · TIES

HANDKERCHIEFS · UNDERWEAR

SPORTS SHIRTS

Dress Shirts . . . America's Choice is ARROW! Three impeccable models (left to right) are the new spread collar "Nassau," the full-dress "Kirk" and that perennial good looker, "Shoreham." Each at $6.50. Arrow dress collars, ties and white handkerchiefs complete these correct outfits for college formals.



Florsheim Shoes

Only the finest top-grade Genuine Shell Cordovan can produce the rich deep luster, the flawless finish, and the everlasting wear that label these shoes as unmistakably Florsheim.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, CHICAGO 6
Makers of fine shoes for men and women

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

widows over widowers?

I'm afraid my prediction of 6 or 7 million "unwilling virgins" was on the low side.

The defense rests.

J. B. Rice, M.D.
New York, N. Y.

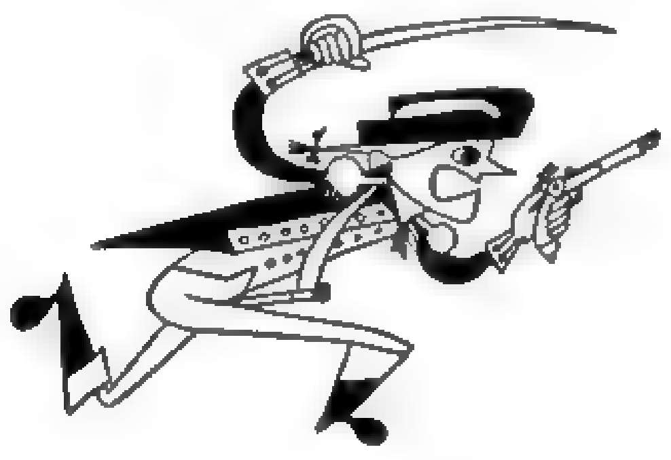
ecstatic over Ethan

There *is* a man. "There *Was* a Man" proves it. If he never wrote before and never writes again, now he can ascribe genius on his escutcheon . . .

John Mason
Mobile, Ala.

* * *

May I congratulate artist Baumgartner and Esquire for the superb illustration of Colonel Allen at the time of his greatest moment. And I was pleased to be quoted in the matter (May, 1949). Mr. Baumgartner has painted Ethan as an ornery sonofabitch, which, assuredly, he was; and though nobody alive since about 1850 knows how he looked, I liked the portrait and henceforth will swear that it is authentic. (It is) a far better likeness than the Rover Boy in marble who appears on the Montpelier Capitol steps.



Stewart Holbrook
Portland, Ore.

kilometer konfusion

. . . an Esquire editor should know that one mile equals 1.609 kilometers, so that the same record speed is some 370 m.p.h. or 600 kilometers per hour, but not 368.8 m.p.h. and 369.7 k.p.h. (*The Man Time Waited For*, June, 1949) . . . One can never say as you do "the mean time for the kilometer was 393.8 k.p.h." Time is always expressed in seconds or hours. . . . You should have said . . . the mean speed for the kilometer was 600 km. p. h.

Dr. George Keinath
Larchmont, N. Y.

Editor's Note: *Reader Keinath is way out in front. Our wheels locked.*

help wanted

. . . I wonder if you would be so kind as to inform your readers that a lot of people here, including myself, would gratefully accept Esquire and other books . . . after they have been read . . . . We have a very long stay in here. The hospital does not supply games or books so, please, I (will be) grateful with all my heart for everything you (can do) to help us . . .

George Clark
Cubicle 14, Ward 2
E.C.C. Hospital, Broomfield
Chelmsford, Essex, England

Continued on page 16

FABULOUS TWOSOME..

... FEATHEROY, Juilliard's whisper-light, full combed corduroy, *teamed* with the distinguished styling and tailoring of the STRADIVARI shirt . . . a winning combination for fine appearance and rare comfort.

For list of stores featuring these superb shirts, write A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 40 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

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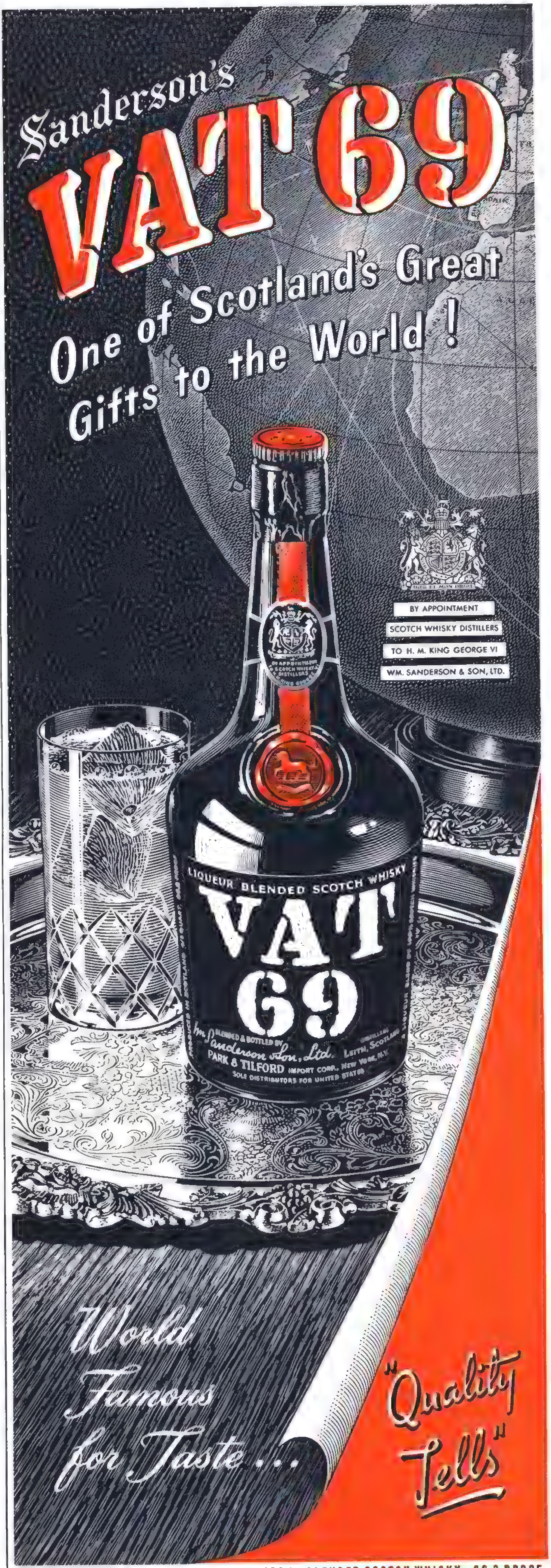
THE DELUXE SUPER-LIGHT CORDUROY



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One of Scotland's Great Gifts to the World!
BY APPOINTMENT
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PARK & TILFORD
World Famous for Taste...
"Quality Tells"

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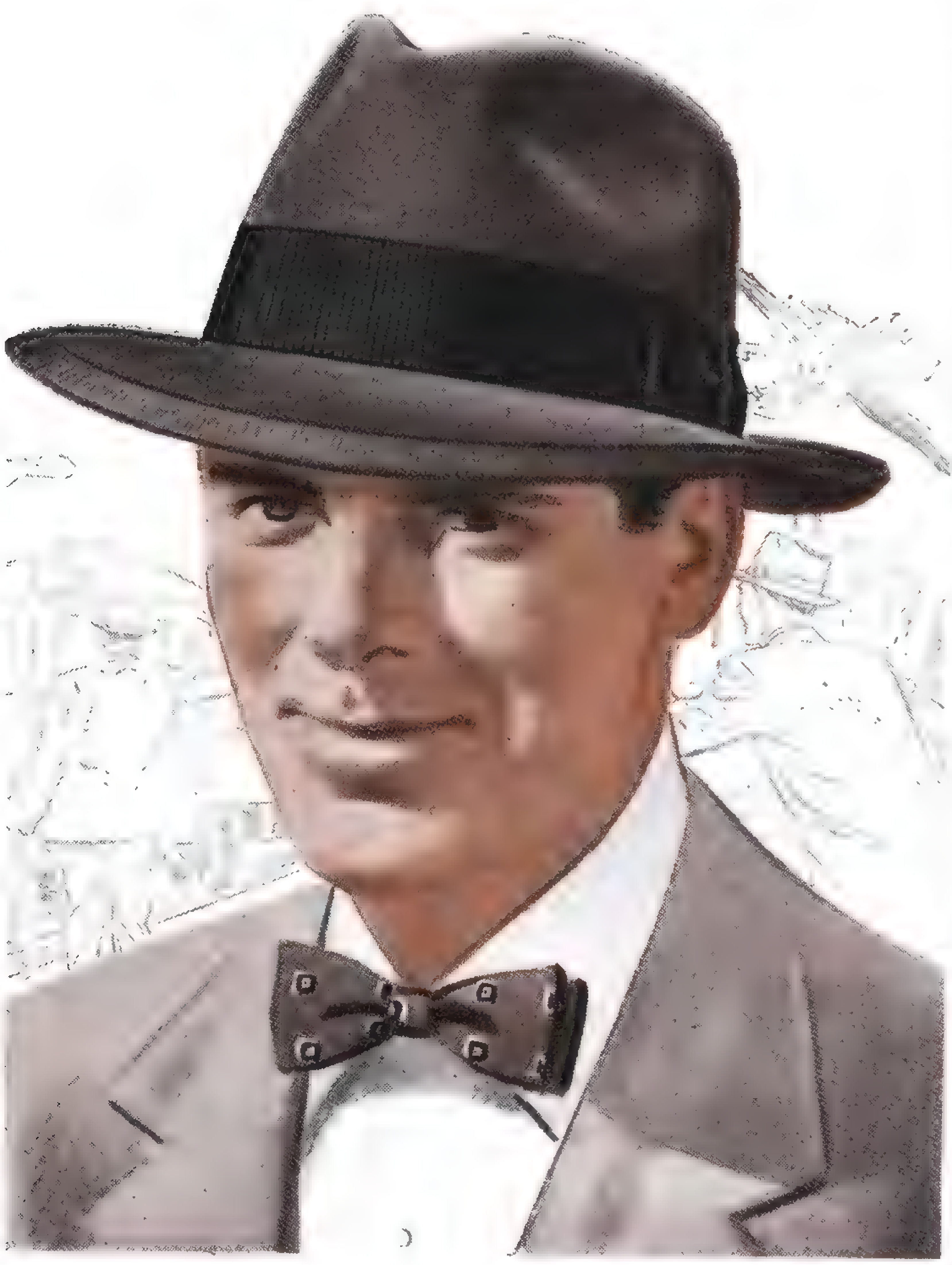
For men who are going places fast



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... IN NEW ROYAL ASCOT ... $10

You'll make it, Mister. In the Dobbs Career you can't miss. It sparks you with a spirited, *successful* look. Youthful, narrower brim. Lively lift to the back. And note that color scheme! Dobbs trims its own Ascot Brown with a bold-rib, navy band. And calls the special effect Royal Ascot. You'll call it *just your style*—and what a buy at $10!

Other Dobbs Hats $8.50 to $50
Available at the finer stores

Dobbs Individu-Ovals* give you an Individually Fitted Hat

Dobbs Hats, New York's Leading Hatter,
Park Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22, N. Y.

*Trade Mark

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 15

saludos, amigos

I read with great pleasure your fine article about a trip to Cuba earlier this year. I am deeply grateful for what you said about us. As you well know . . . not everybody has your way of thinking, and more than a few have demerited our country in the past. (I will) distribute your article among the visitors and thus reaffirm the bond of sympathy which unites our countries not only for historical reasons, but also for that sincere appreciation of anything American . . .

Ramon del Collado, Jr.
Cia Unida de Viños y Licores
Havana, Cuba

passion for fashion

I am listing below a few of the things that I believe will make Esquire even more popular: First, I think your magazine needs more pages devoted to fashions for men . . . you'd be surprised at the number of men who . . . like to look at beautiful clothes. . . Second, you might make more of articles pertaining to men and their problems . . . shaving, haircut styles, muscle building . . . etc. Third, men need to read up on their duties at parties, dances, the theatre, etc. . . . Regular treatment of several of the males' worst blunders would be appreciated . . .

Carroll Atkinson
Thomasville, Ga.

*

. . . All we ask is: put the gatefold back in, increase the cartoons . . . and get your fashion articles (*which are very good*) back in proportion to the rest of your magazine . . .

Richard Grey
West Los Angeles, Calif.

Women have their exclusive fashion mags and we men have dear ole Esquire. All I've seen, though, are styles for big shots and guys that have just sat back to take life easy. Us young bucks read Esky, too, so how about having a few styles thrown in for us guys of college age. We want to look just as bold as poppa . . .

Edwin Till
Weatherford, Tex.

Editor's Note: *Climb in the front seat and turn to page 79.*

Continued on page 139

For men of action*

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
Tanbark COLOGNE
LENTHÉRIC
LENTHÉRIC

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

De luxe Duo, wood-capped decanters of Lenthéric's refreshing "Tanbark" Cologne, and tingling After Shave Lotion. The set, $5.00.

Also available in individual flacons and decanters. 50¢ to $4.00
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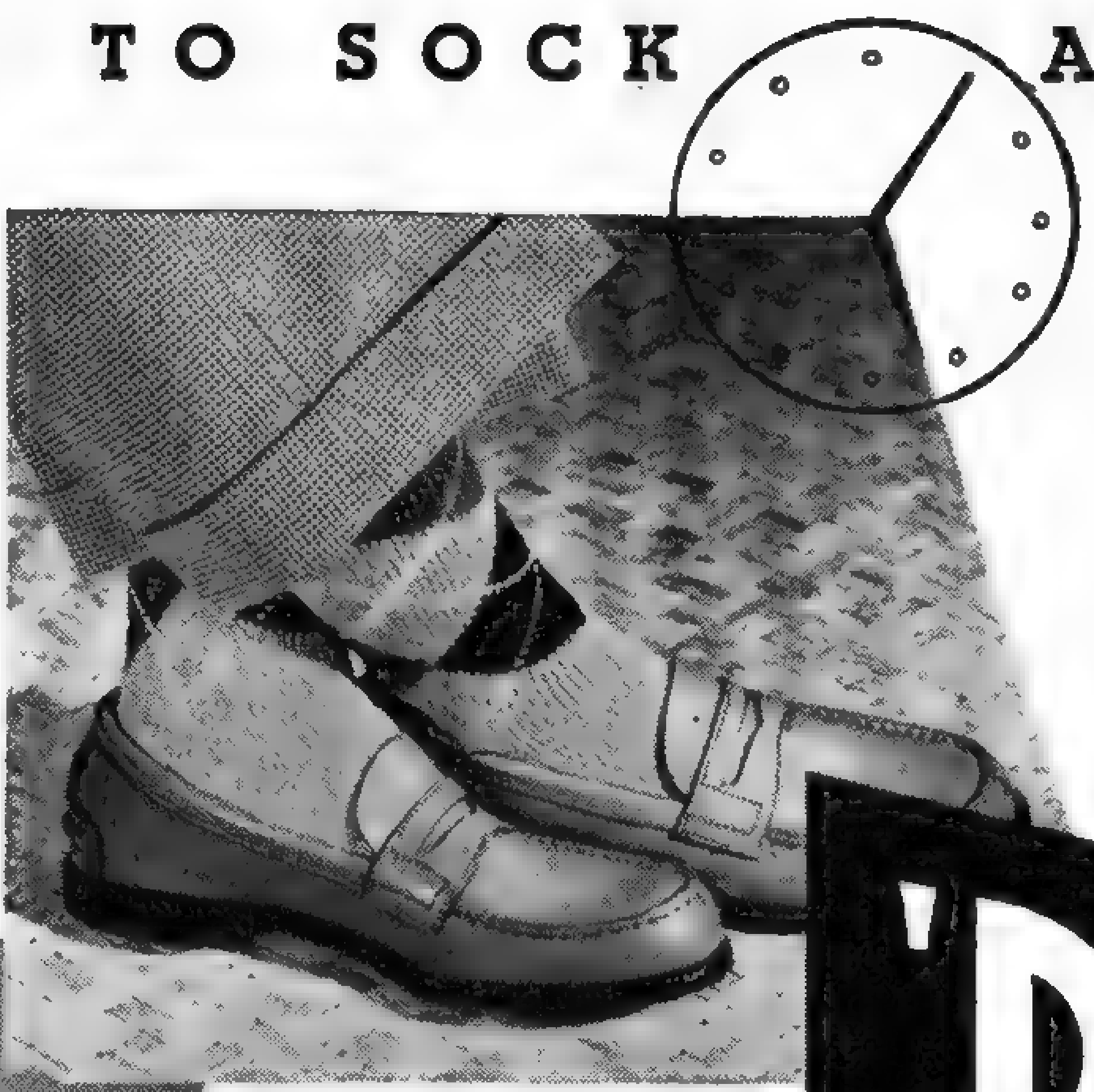

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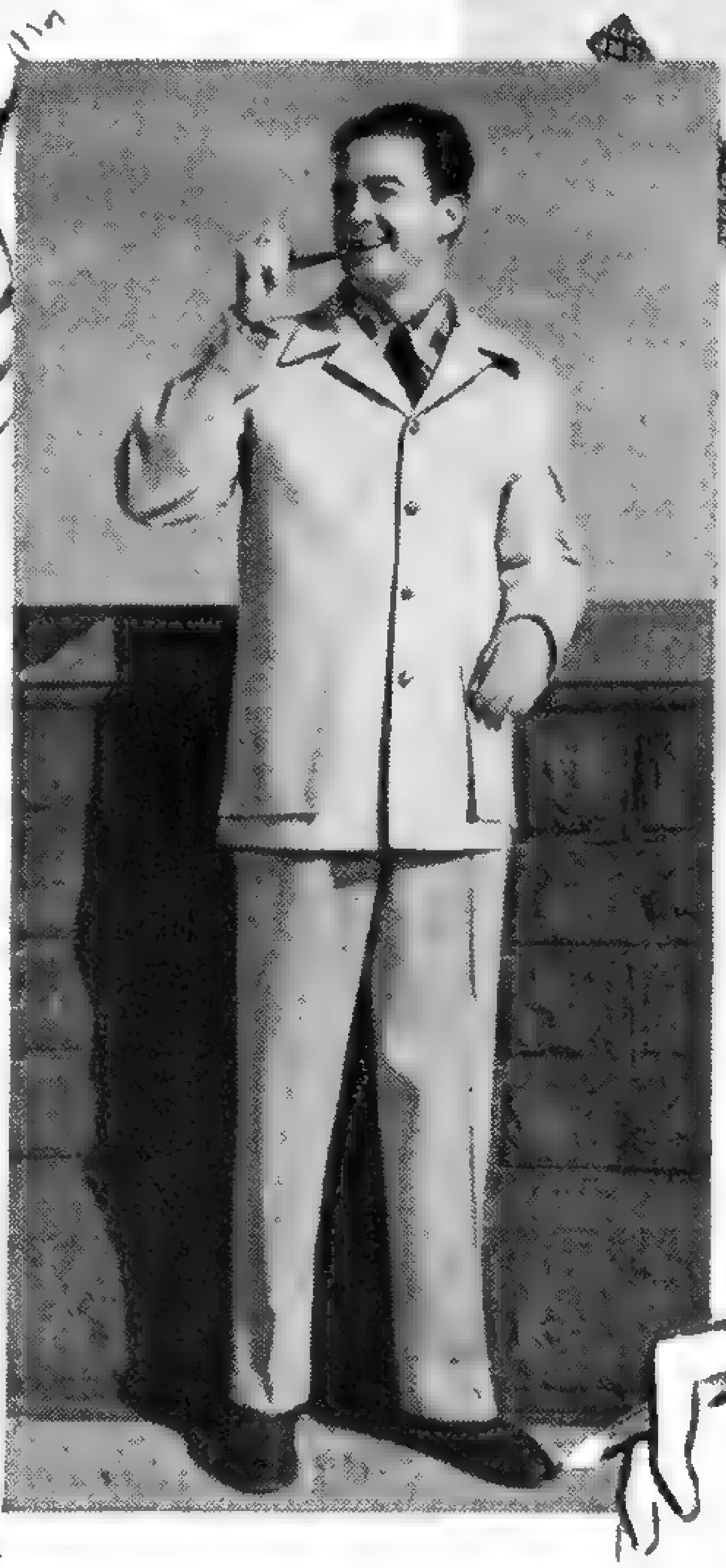

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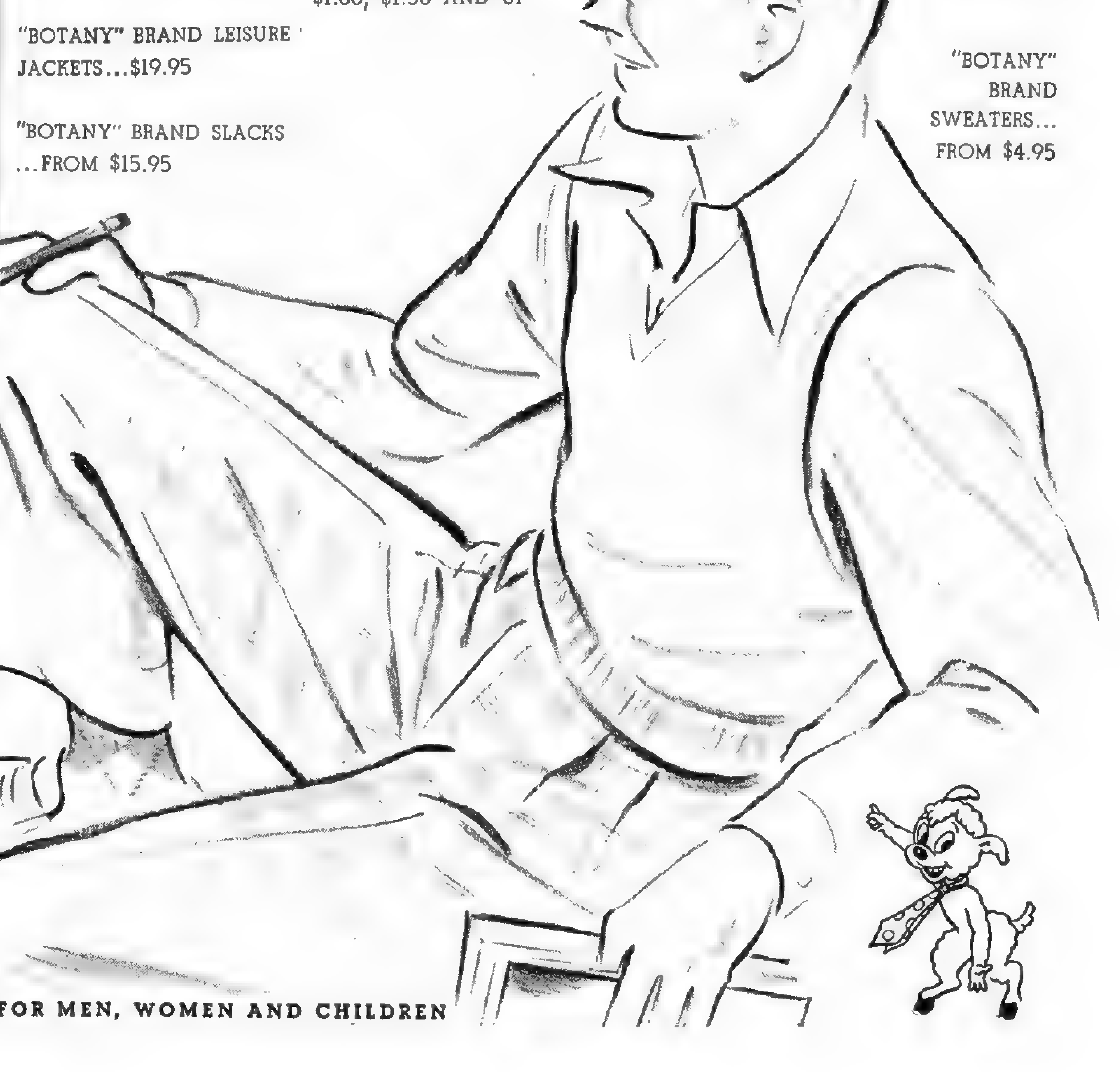

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SWEATERS...
FROM $4.95

"BOTANY" BRAND ROBES
...FROM $17.50

"Botany" Brand Products are made of the world's favorite fabrics and yarns. Wear the ties, and you will know that they are wrinkle-proof. Relax in the luxurious shirts and slacks, and you will know you are wearing garments designed for real casual comfort. Try a "Botany" Brand Robe or a "Botany" Brand Leisure Jacket, and you'll be wearing a garment that is made for lasting satisfaction. Once you have put on "Botany" Brand Sweaters and Socks, you will appreciate the comfort, pleasure, and service that only "Botany" Brand Yarns can provide.

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Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

Crosby Square Lounge-Abouts, $8.95 to $10.95

BACKSTAGE
WITH ESQUIRE

James Poling

Author of the lead article this month, JAMES POLING has been contributing to Esquire since the early Thirties when he startled a few million readers with his anonymous lecture on seduction, *The Wench Was Not Amused*. It was reprinted far and wide, especially in *Bedside Esquire*. After the University of Michigan graduated him with honors in 1927, Poling went into the book-publishing business where he became editor of Crime Club, Inc. and, later, managing editor of Doubleday's. Following the war, he spent a year as eastern editor for Universal-International pictures and is now busy free-lancing smooth-reading articles like *The Irreverent Mr. Smith*, page 35.

Sixteen years ago, in volume one, number one, we published *Marlin Off the Morro*, by ERNEST HEMINGWAY. Since then, he has appeared in Backstage with Esquire no less than twenty times. This includes the issue of August, 1936, when first we printed *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. If you haven't read this American classic, turn to page 37; if you have, you are probably there already.

James Charles Lynch

Appearing in Esquire for the first time, JAMES CHARLES LYNCH gave up construction engineering for writing when events during the Hoover administration blighted his career. The hero of his sand-stinging tale, *The Key*, page 56, is an almost unbelievably tough, pint-sized sheriff. Lynch told us, however, that this character is based on a real-life town marshal in a Western desert settlement. On a construction job at the time, Lynch swears the five-foot-six marshal had little trouble proving that he was top dog—with or without star and gun—to the meanest, biggest men in town. "I'm fully convinced," said Lynch, "this little man will never admit he's dead until he gets damn good and ready to call it a day."

Katharine Hillyer

Deep in the American heart, there is always a soft spot for the man with a new twist on an old idea. The individualist with spunk, nerve, and a hard head, more times than not, has been a real success. For instance, take a fabulous character like Clark Hamilton, proprietor of Hamilton's Country Store out in Weiser, Idaho. KATHARINE HILLYER (in collaboration with Katharine Best) proves that Hamilton is as fine an example of the soft spot as you'll find. Miss Hillyer has been somewhat of a spunky individualist herself. Born in Washington, D. C., in 1912, she grew up in the capital city and worked seven or eight years for the Washington *Daily News*, at almost everything: courts, city desk, drama critic, picture editor—"but best by far was straight reporting." She married in '34 (still uses her maiden name as a writer), went to London during the war for the OWI, and spent two and a half years trying to explain America to the British. Back home, she decided to get out into her own country and have "America explain herself to me." In her travels she found Clark Hamilton and his wonderful general store. She does a good job of

Continued on page 20

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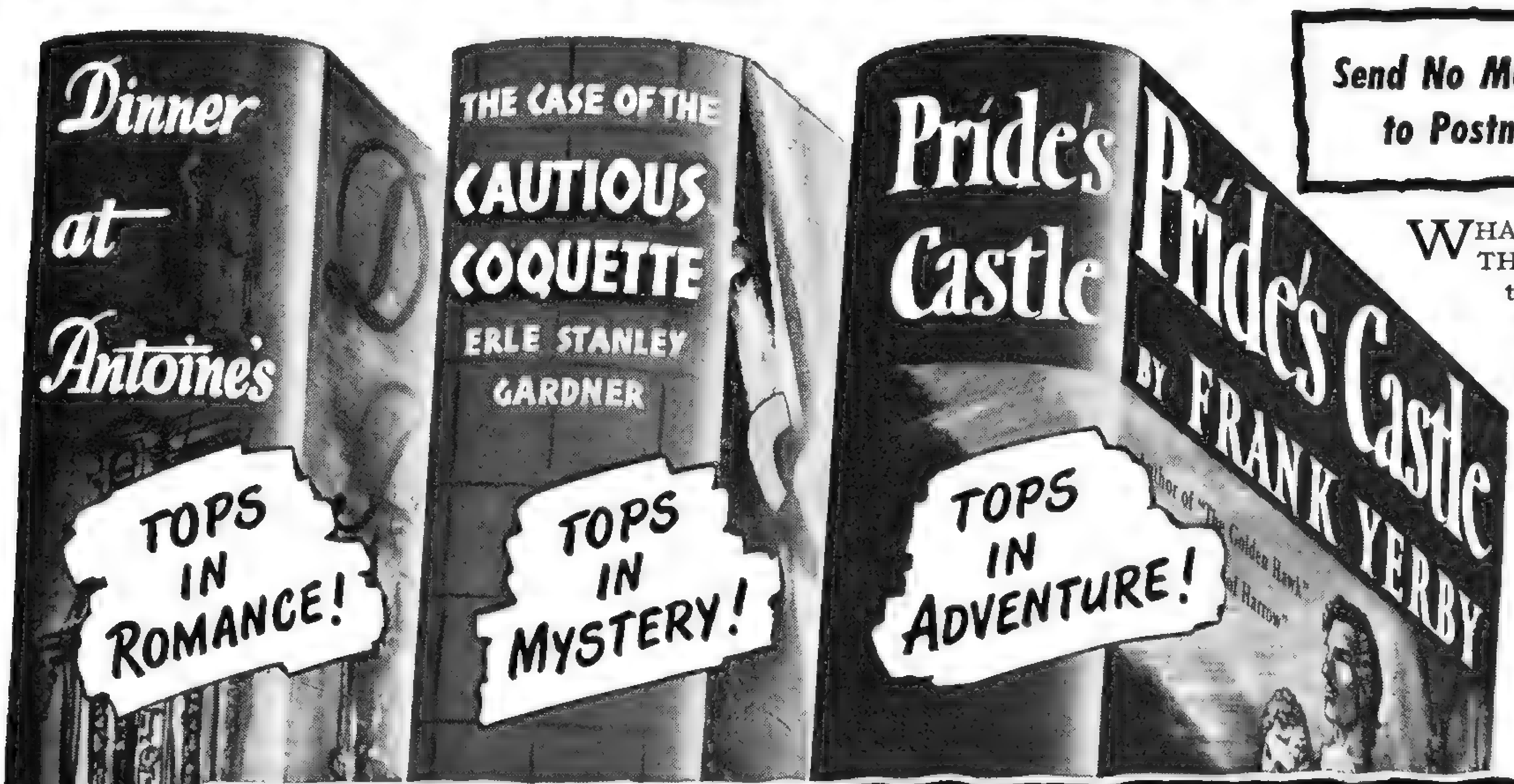

WHAT A bargain! This big TRIPLE-THRILL package of book entertainment — for only $1.00! Three new, full-size handsomely bound books—top fiction hits by America's most popular authors! Their combined retail value in the publishers' original editions is $8.50—yet we'll send you all three for only $1.00 if you join the Dollar Book Club now. Here's a big generous sample of the fascinating reading and huge savings that nearly a million families now enjoy through this bargain book club! Send no money—just mail coupon below!

NEW! by the author of Came a Cavalier

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One Mardi Gras Night in New Orleans —that exploded into Murder!

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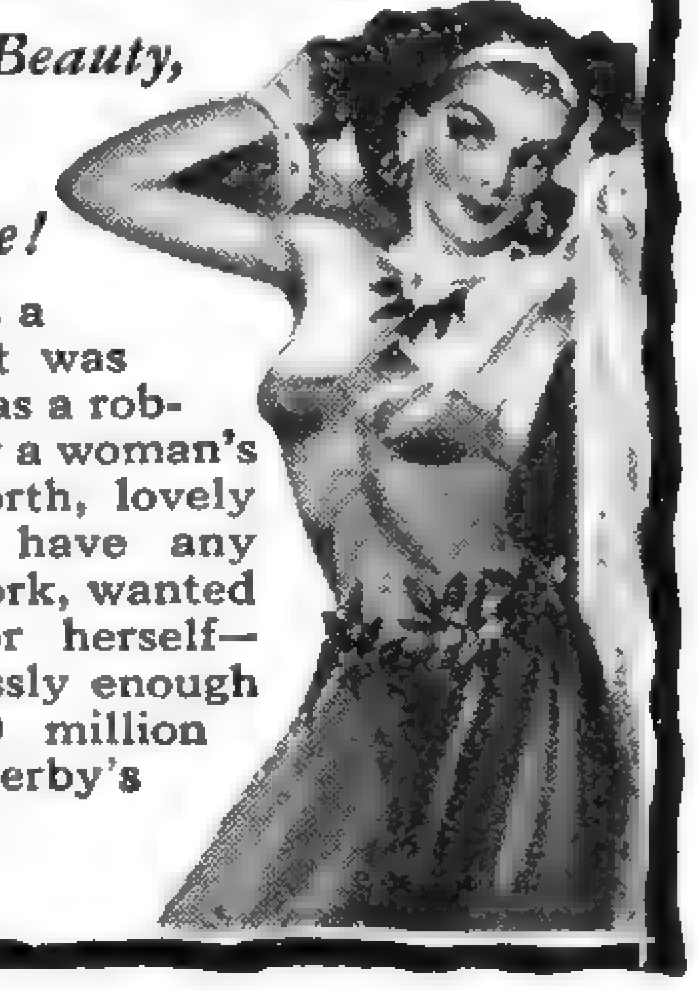

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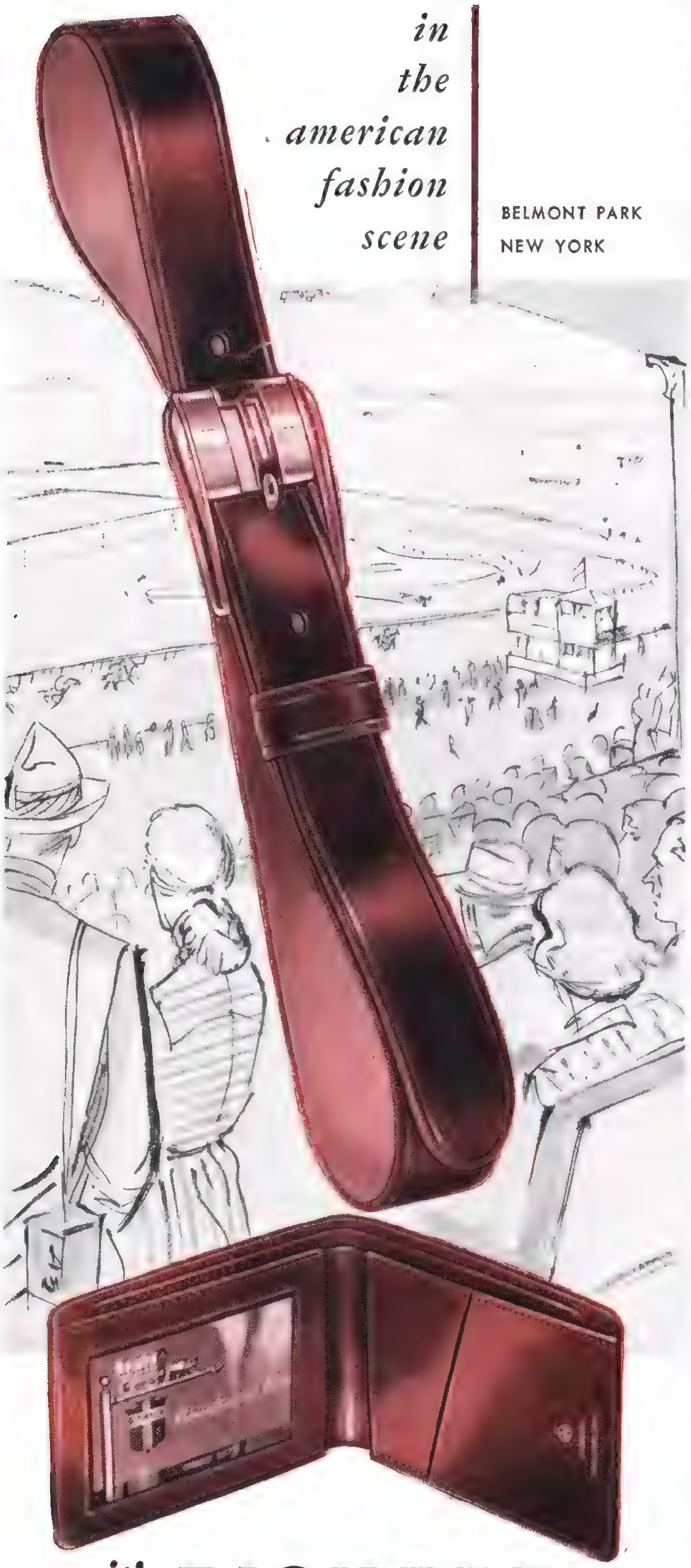

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Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 18

explaining him to Esquire readers (*The Store with No Front*, page 39).

A few days after JOHN KEATING finished the article on Raymond Loewy, *Designer for Living*, page 58, he was invited to a party at Loewy's new apartment in midtown New York. Expecting to see stark modernity rampant, he was surprised to find a mélange of styles ranging from Hollywood Contemporary to Polynesian Primitive. A drum major's baton leaned nonchalantly against a Japanese shrine. Behind a French painting was a television set and on wall shelves were a number of incredibly old and reasonably obscene Egyptian figurines. In the den there was a hula-skirt fringe along the walls, lavender pillows, and native masks. It was a wonderland of whimsy.

William Francis

An author's biography always seems simple when compared to the high-speed lives of his characters, especially when they are a traditionally tough private gumshoe and several pneumatic females. WILLIAM FRANCIS has written a fast-moving, full-length find-the-body out of the following experience: born in Wyoming in 1913, he graduated from Loyola High in L.A., spent two years at U.C.L.A., and served more than three years with the AAF as a photographer; in addition, Francis gained valuable experience making ice cream in New Zealand and painting houses between manuscript sales (his last one for Esquire was May, 1949, *The Sound of Murder*) in the vicinity of his Laguna Beach, California, home. Put it all together and it spells *The Brass Monkey*, page 95.

Having chosen their weapons, DONALD FRIEDE and HORACE MC COY face each other across page 55 for a pro-and-con duel on the subject of Hollywood: does it feed 'em or eat 'em alive? Now working on his second novel, Friede is a somewhat irate ex-Hollywood story agent, ex-publisher (Covici-Friede), ex-bond seller, ex-Yale and Princeton, and ex-resident of at least eleven countries, including Russia where his father had a

Continued on page 22

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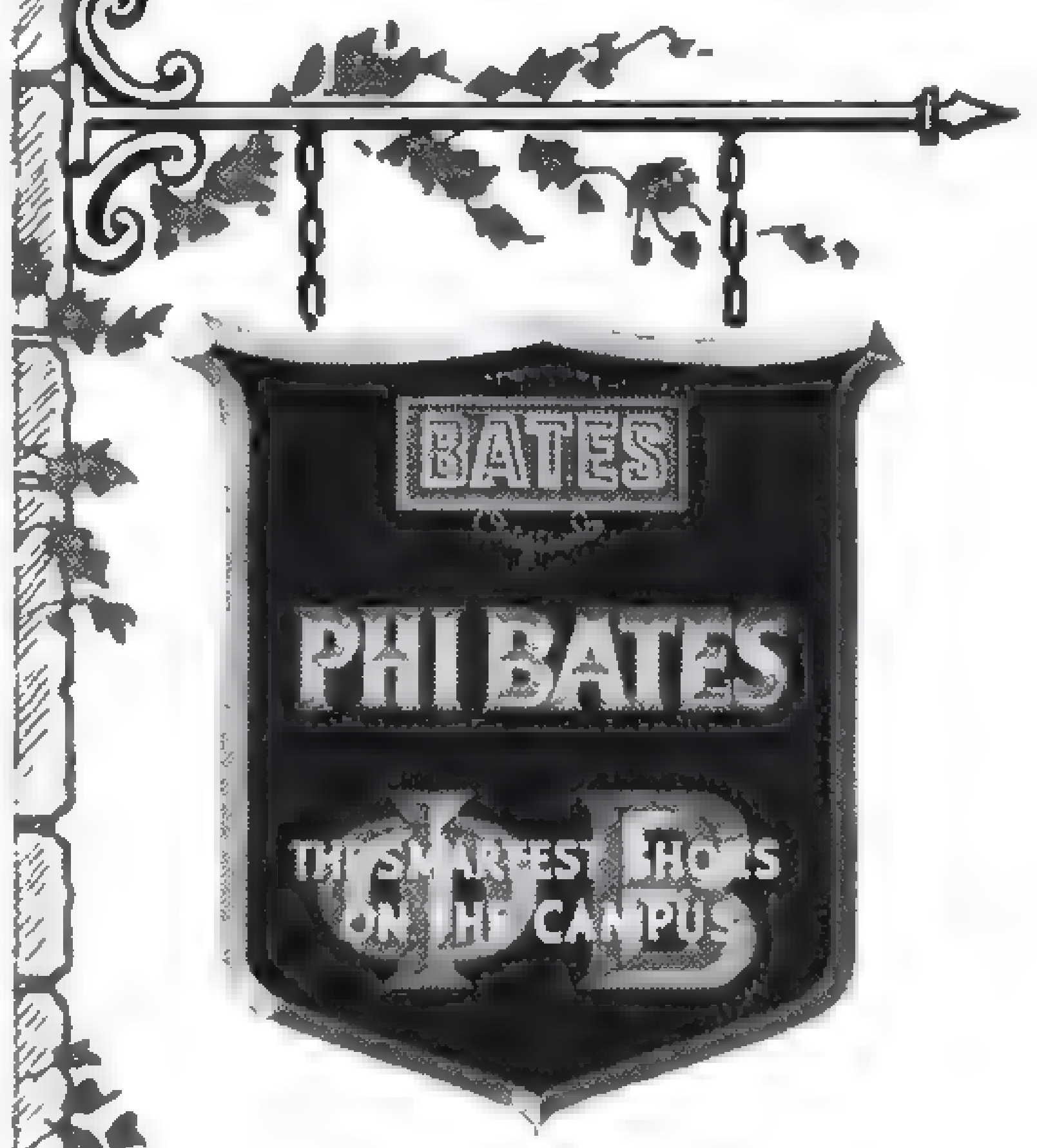
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Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 20

Ford agency before World War I. McCoy, on the other hand, is a contented movie writer with a biography as colorful as his literary style. He is a onetime cabby, coffee salesman, sports editor, merchant seaman, and wounded veteran of St. Mihiel. In France they give him his just desserts for his first novel, *They Shoot Horses Don't They?* (Simon and Schuster, 1935), the remarkable story of a dance marathon. The French rate it with America's best. Last January we published a salivary article by McCoy, *Let's Cook It on the Piano.* In this controversy, you will find a difference of opinion approximately equal to that of *Benzedrine and Oranges.*

At 33, ERNEST LEHMAN is doing rather well, considering that he graduated college astride a Latin pony smuggled to him in a loaf of pumpernickel. He now spends his time writing short stories that sell with the regularity of a beginner's dream. To get to this station in life he had to go through some pretty harrowing experiences: financial-magazine editor, sports columnist, drama critic, and press agent on the Rialto. Then there were three high-flying years as a commercial radio operator with American Airlines. Lehman also did time as a manufacturer of laughing-matter for such radio funnymen as Eddie Cantor and Milton Berle. "For further details," he writes, "consult my wife who is, I'm afraid, in charge of everything." Or for the reason for all of this success, turn to page 42, and read *Return Engagement.*

Martin Gardner

Love and Tiddlywinks, page 76, is the ninth yarn sold to us by MARTIN GARDNER since he clicked for the first time in 1946. Born in Tulsa in 1914, he graduated with a B.A. from the University of Chicago in 1936. Spent a year doing graduate work in philosophy, went into reporting, social work, and publicity writing, and then came the war and a hitch in the Navy. Now in New York, a bachelor, Gardner free-lances for his living. An Esquire "discovery," he also contributes to "little" magazines and academic publications. #

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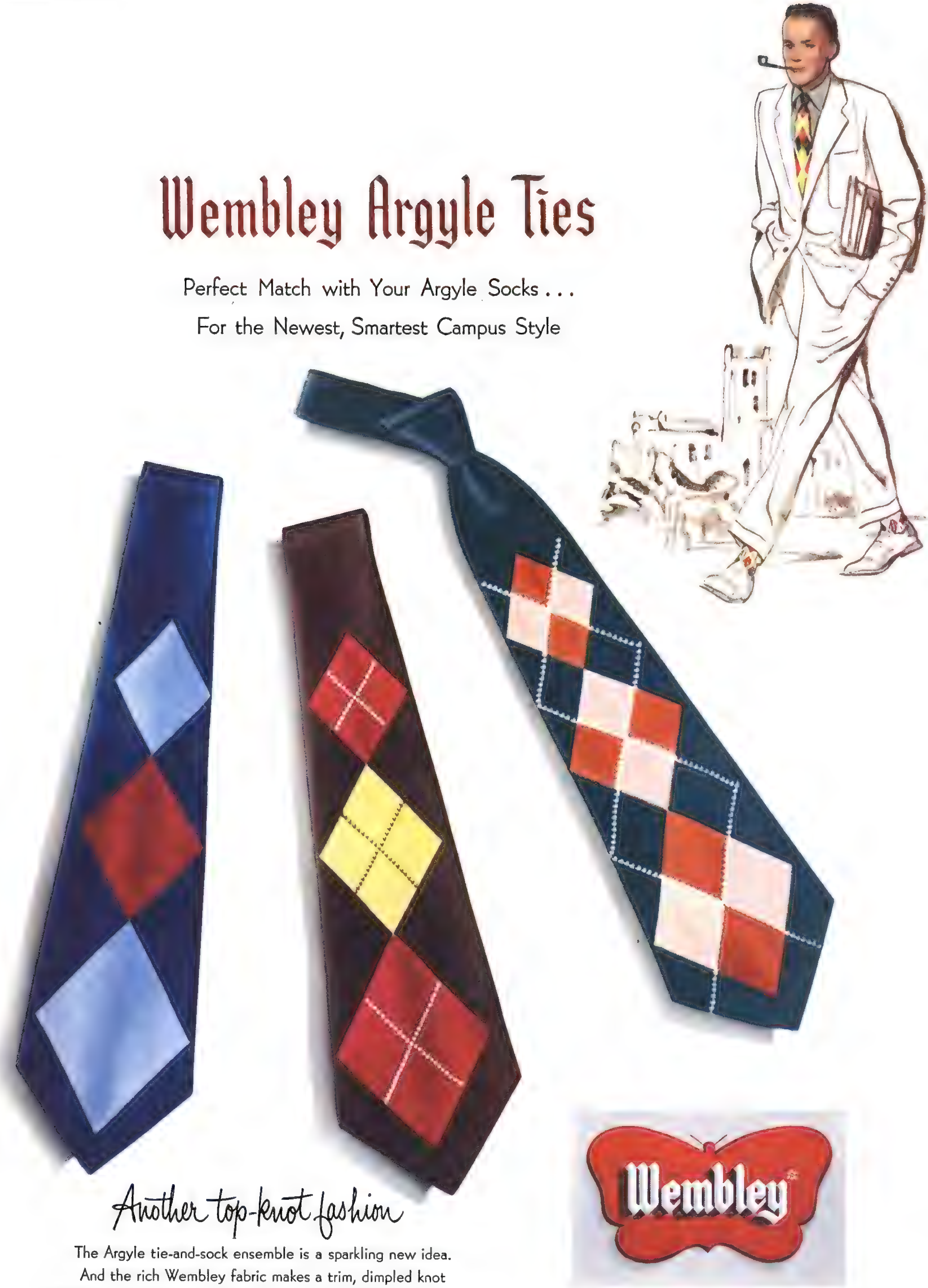

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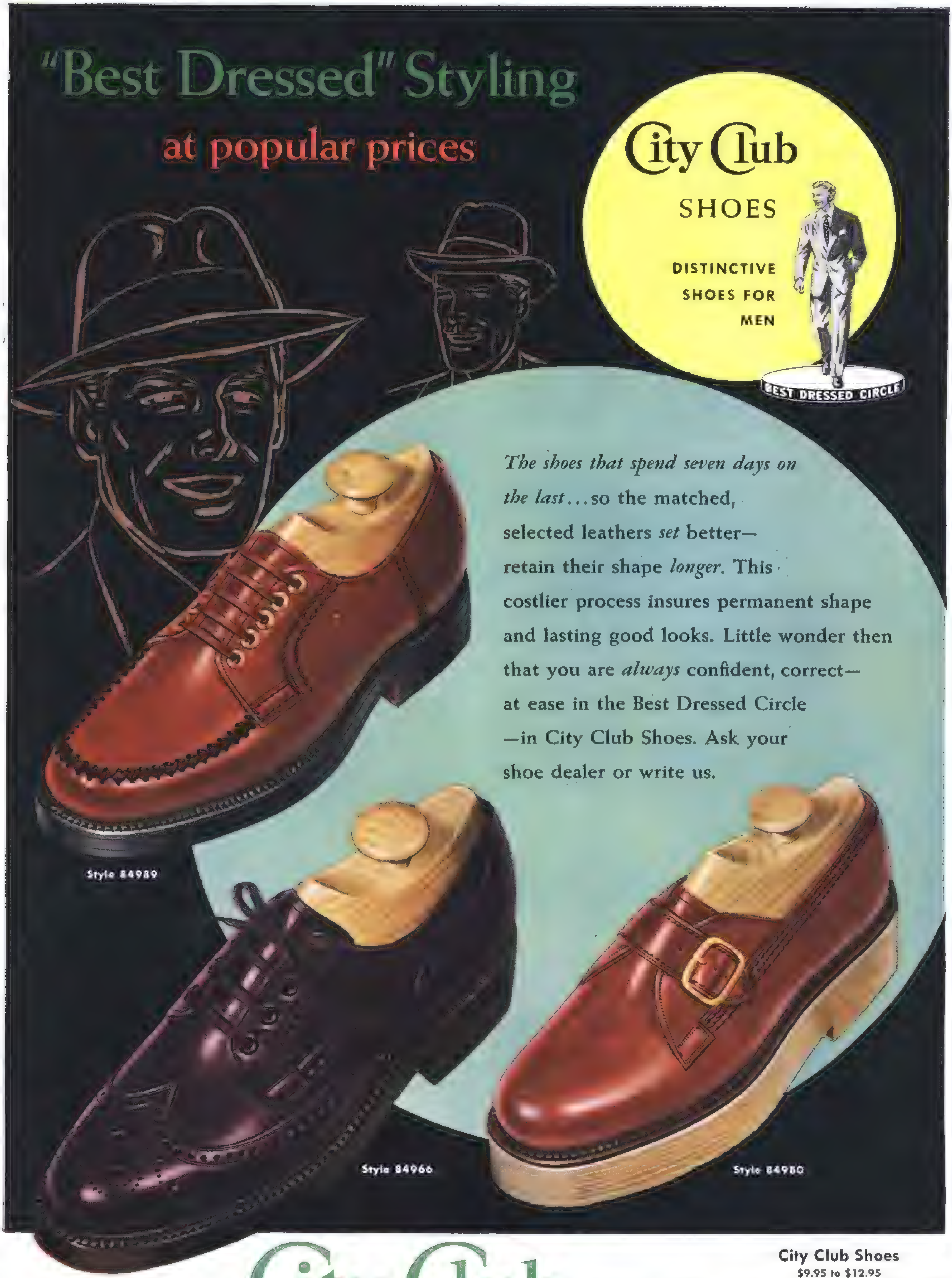

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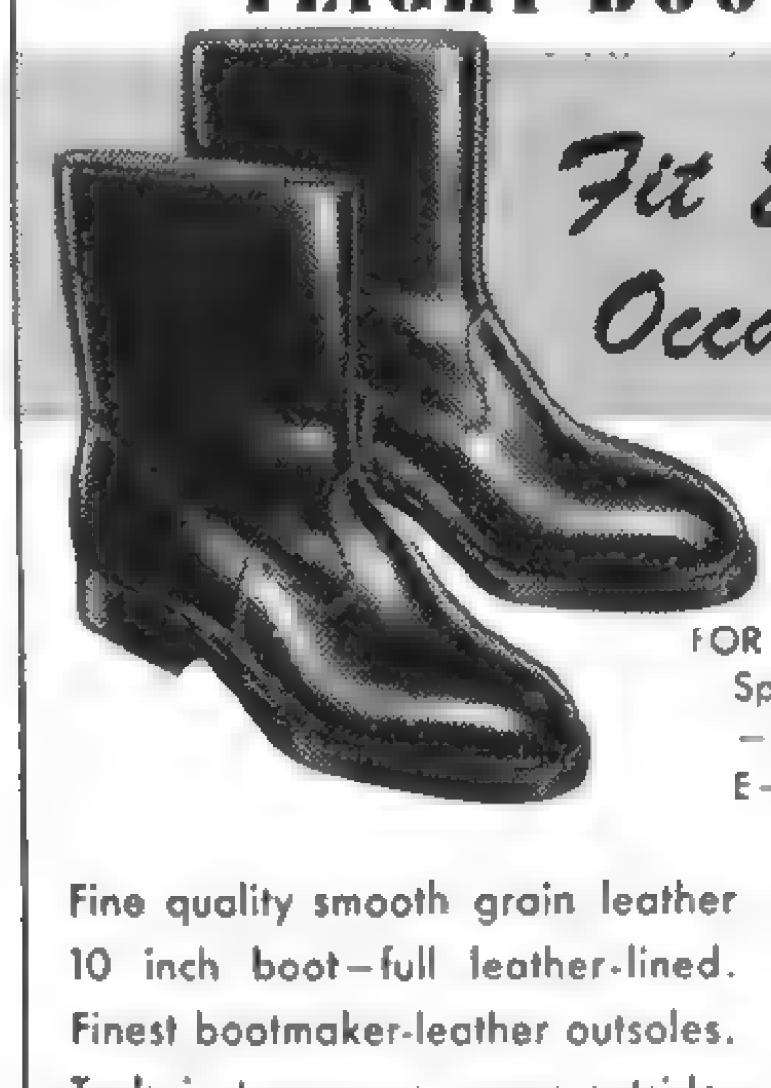

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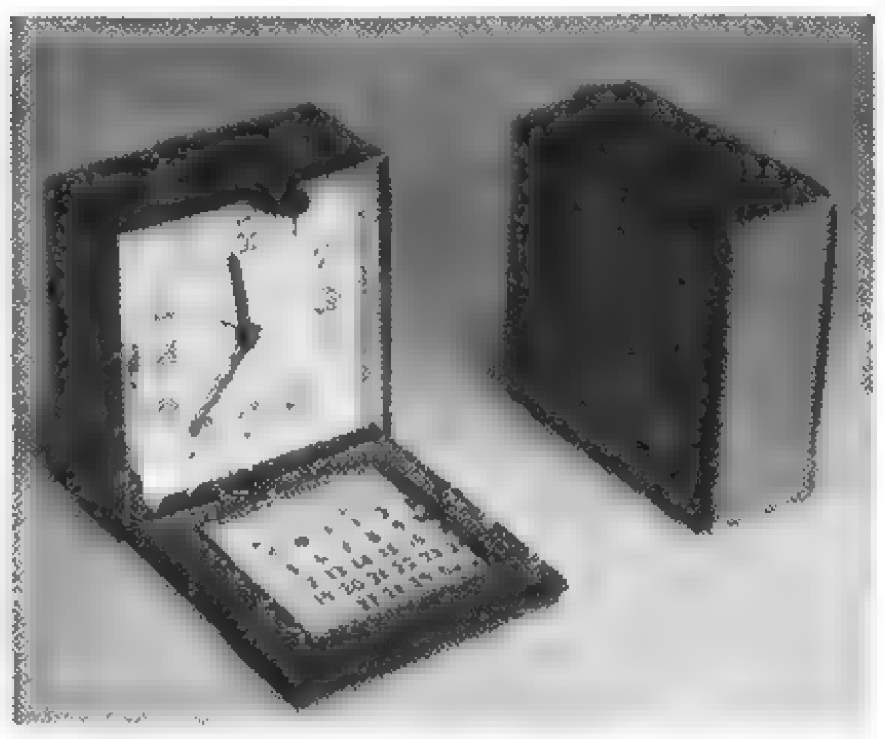
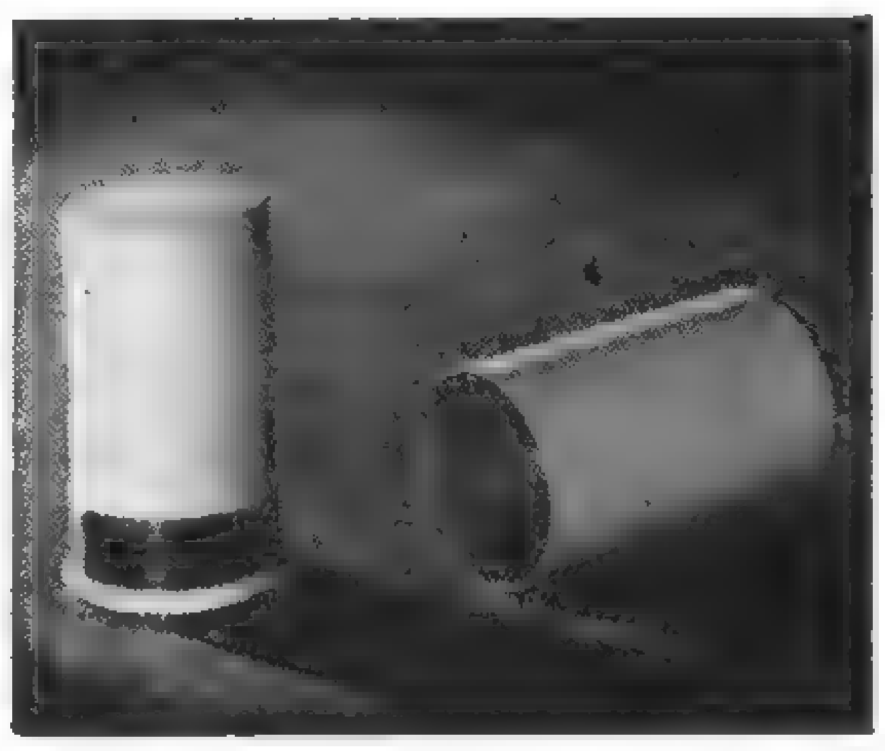


INSTEAD OF packing the clumsy kitchen clock in your suitcase because it has an alarm, take this neatly-packaged traveler's alarm clock. In a firm saddle leather case, it is less than 3" square, has a radium dial and hands that glow in the dark. In addition, the open flap holds a calendar or a photograph — whichever you need most when you're away.



PARTICULARLY PLEASANT, this Active Ozone shave stick is ideal for tough beards and tender skins. It lathers in soft or hard water—either hot or cold—with or without a brush. The extra thick lather is a great beard softener and you will find that it doubles the life of your razor blades. In a metal non-slip holder it is extremely handy to use.

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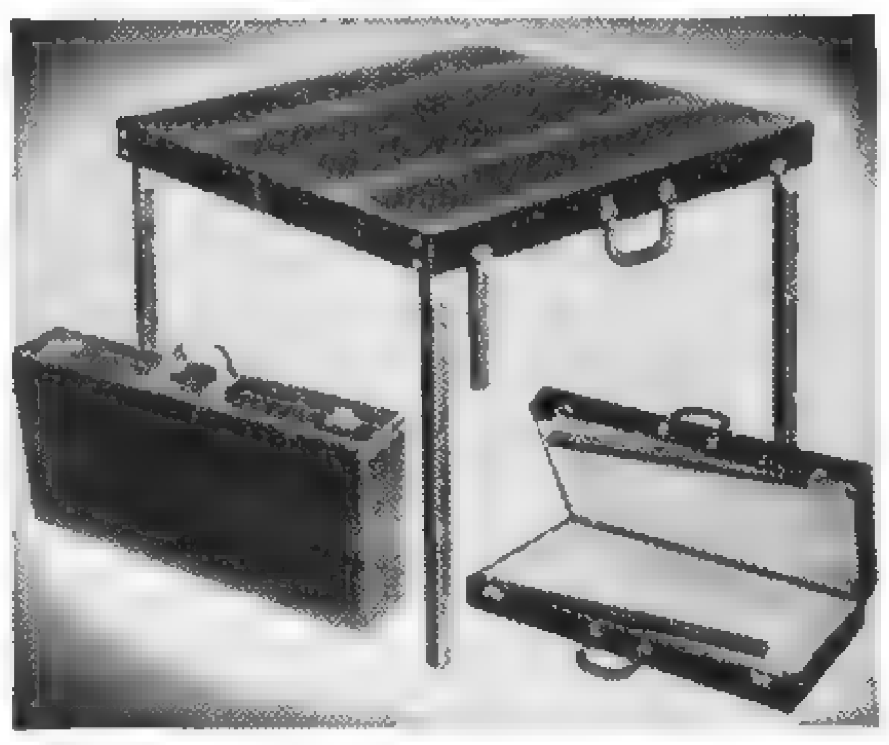

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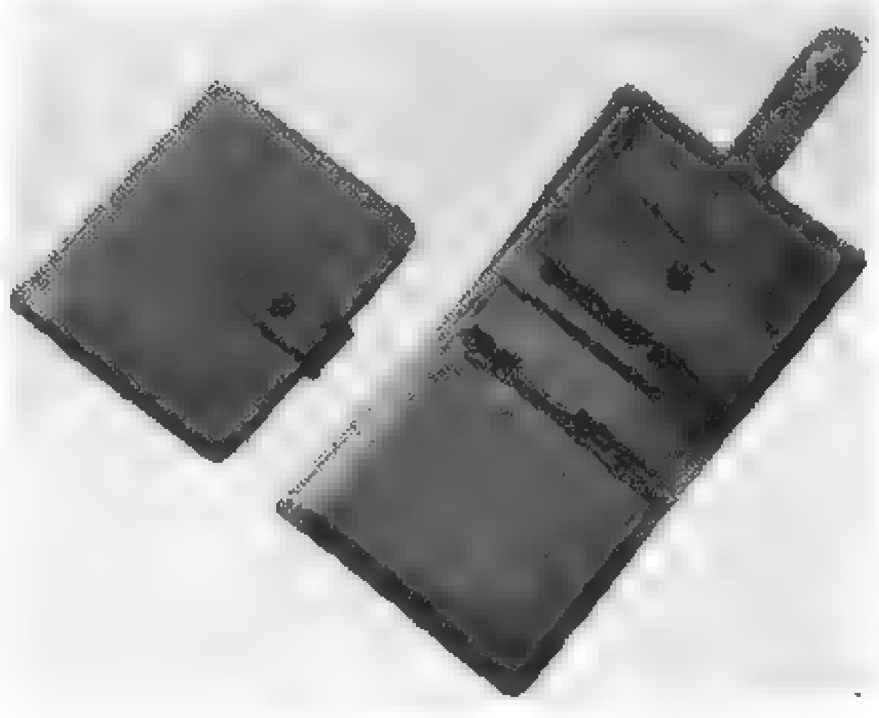

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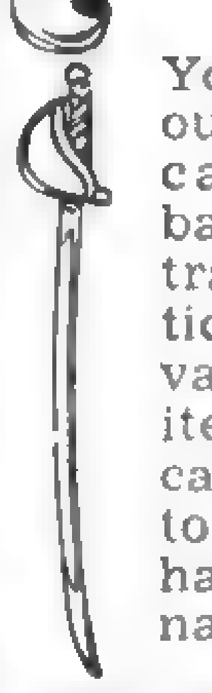

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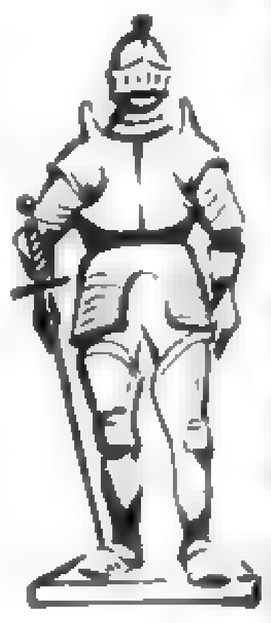

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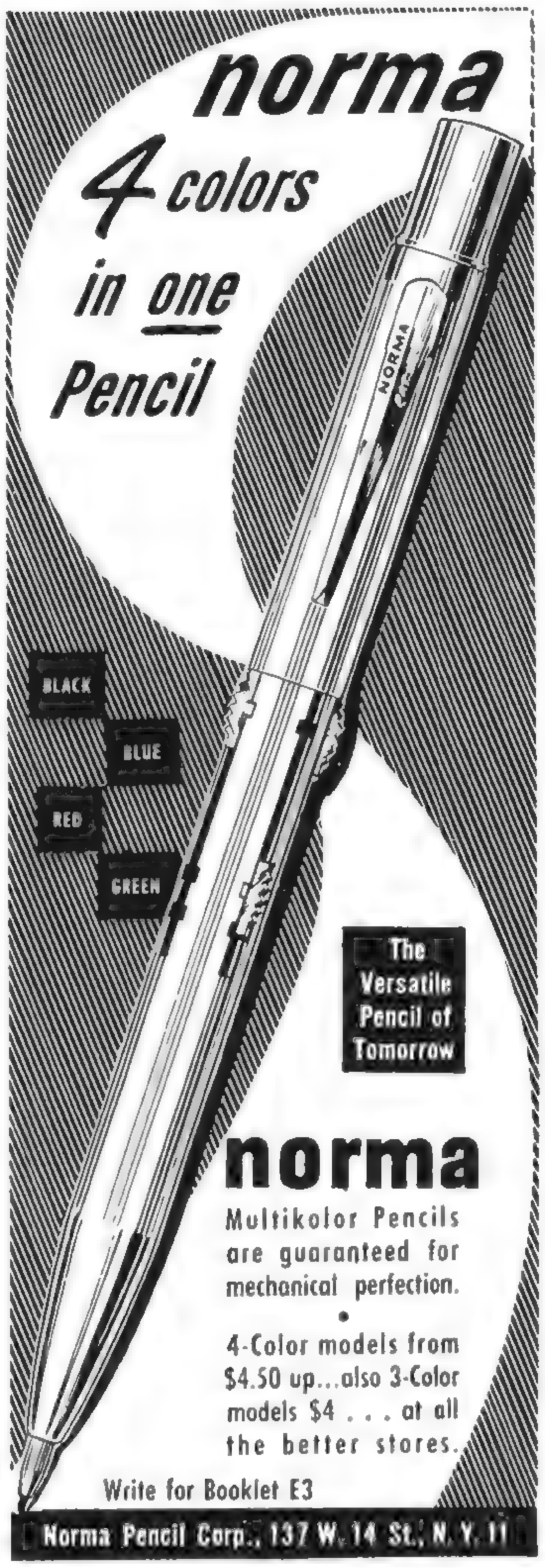

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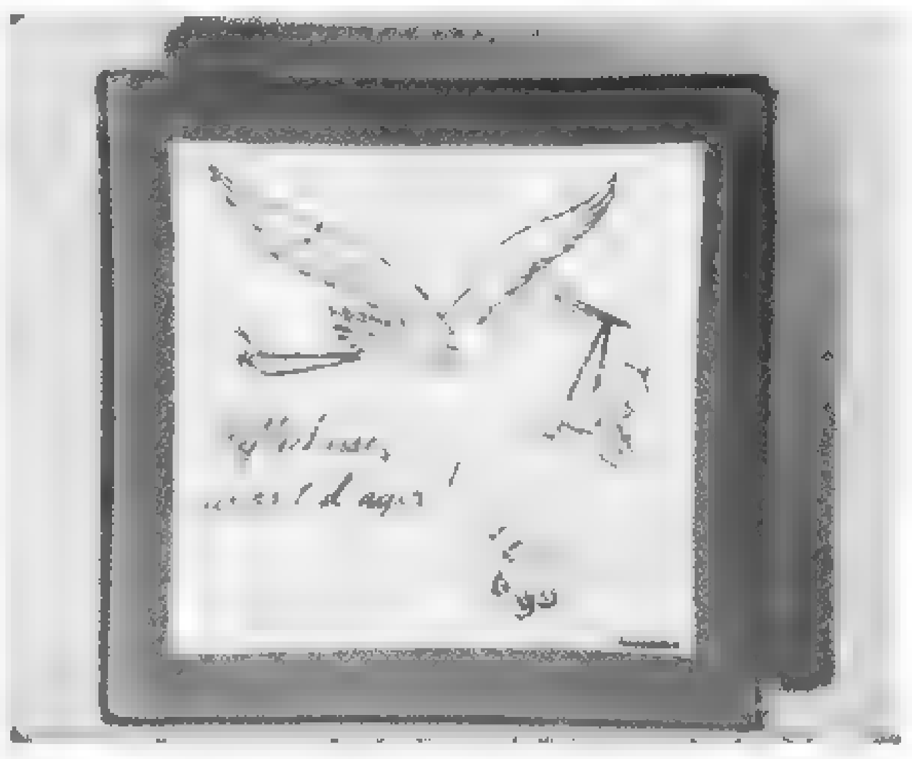
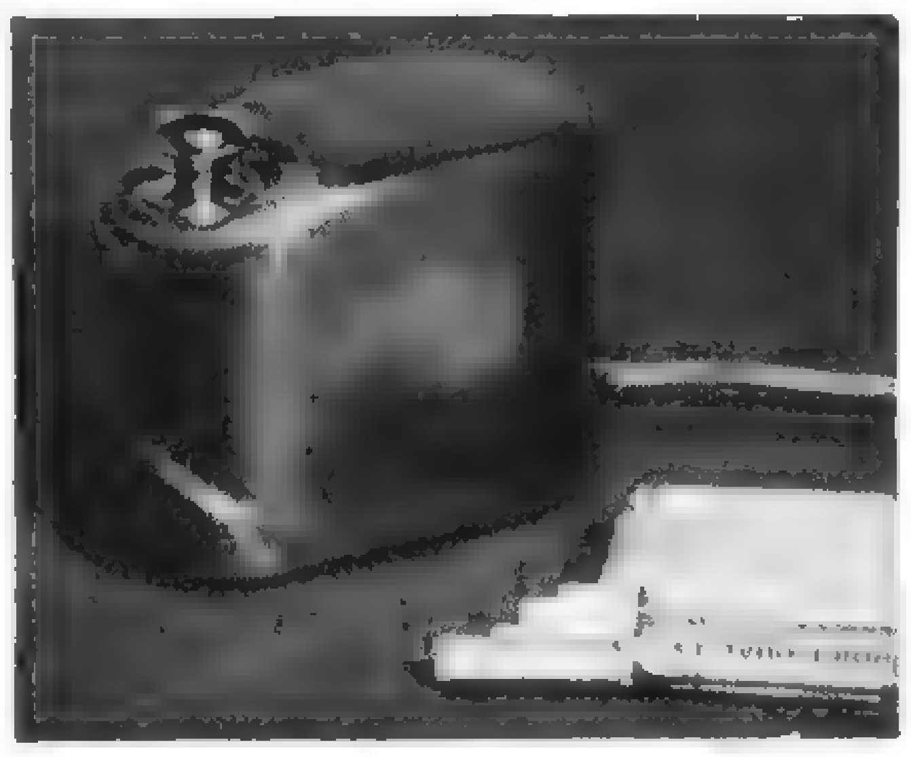
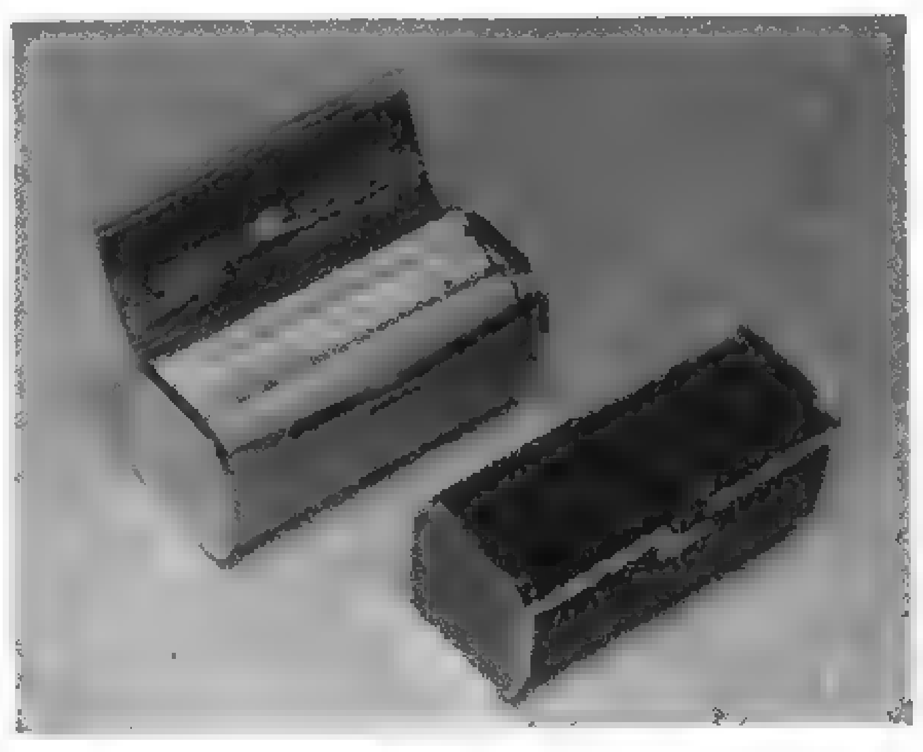


LOOK before you leap is the suggestion on this ash tray. The moral is in French but the illustration is probably universal. It may be an appropriate piece for someone you know or even a steady reminder for yourself. There are also other maxims illustrated Gallic fashion on 5" square bent glass. The border is done in any color you choose.

UNLIKE SOME, when this donkey opens his mouth, it's for a purpose: it holds cigarettes or serves as an ashtray. With his mouth open, his head has a weird way of wobbling like a string on a cello. People are usually startled until you explain that this donkey keeps his head on his shoulders with steel springs. Glazed pottery about 6" high.



STURDY AND RELIABLE, an electric lighter for cigars, cigarettes or pipes operates on an Infra-Red principle. Plugged in on AC current, it needs no fluid, no special attention. Its four-pound weight stands firm and dependable on an office desk or living-room end table. The finish is in chrome, polished copper, bronze, English silver or heavy gold.



A NICE SHAPE and pretty coloring are part of the attraction. This odd little box for a lady's cigarettes is enameled in aqua, red, white and other colors, but the inside and the outside small ends are left in gleaming gold metal. It holds 12 cigarettes and when she doesn't take it along in her bag, it makes a pretty piece for her living room or bedroom.

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

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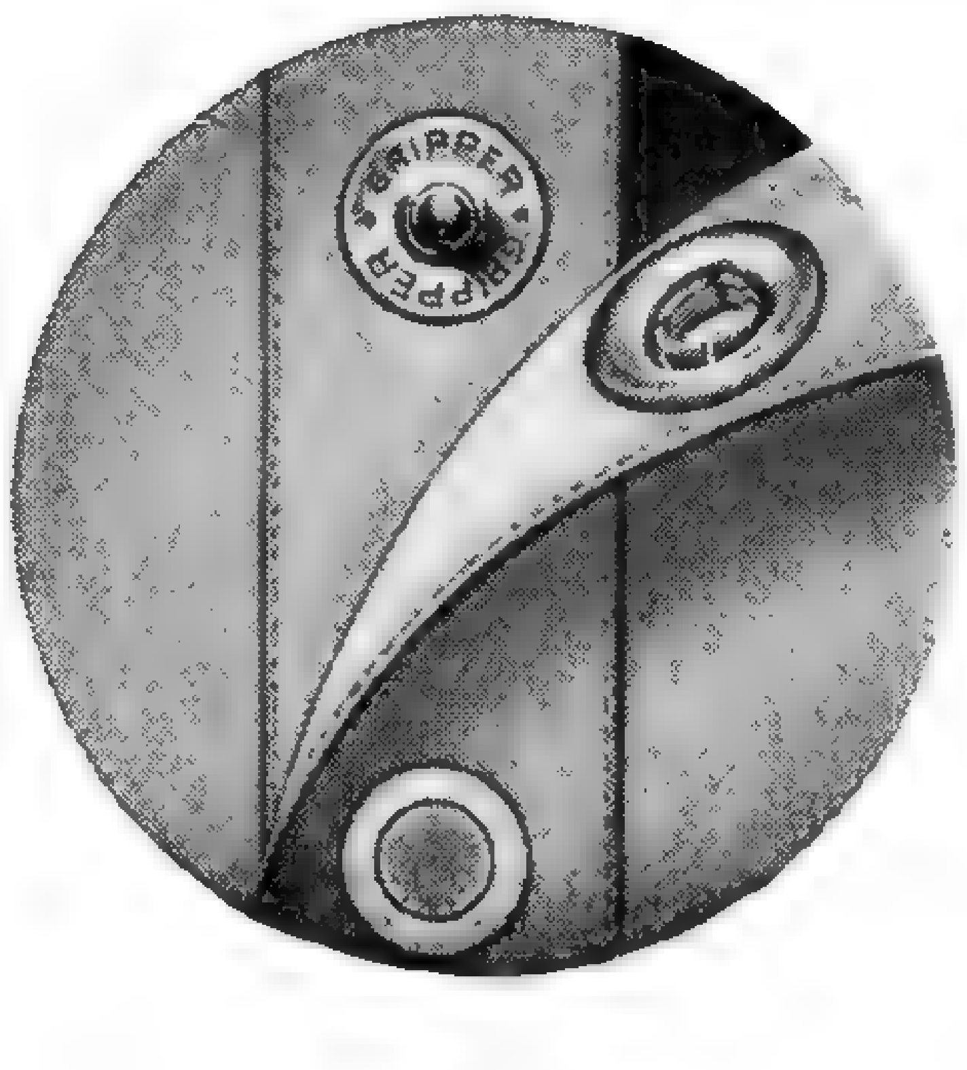

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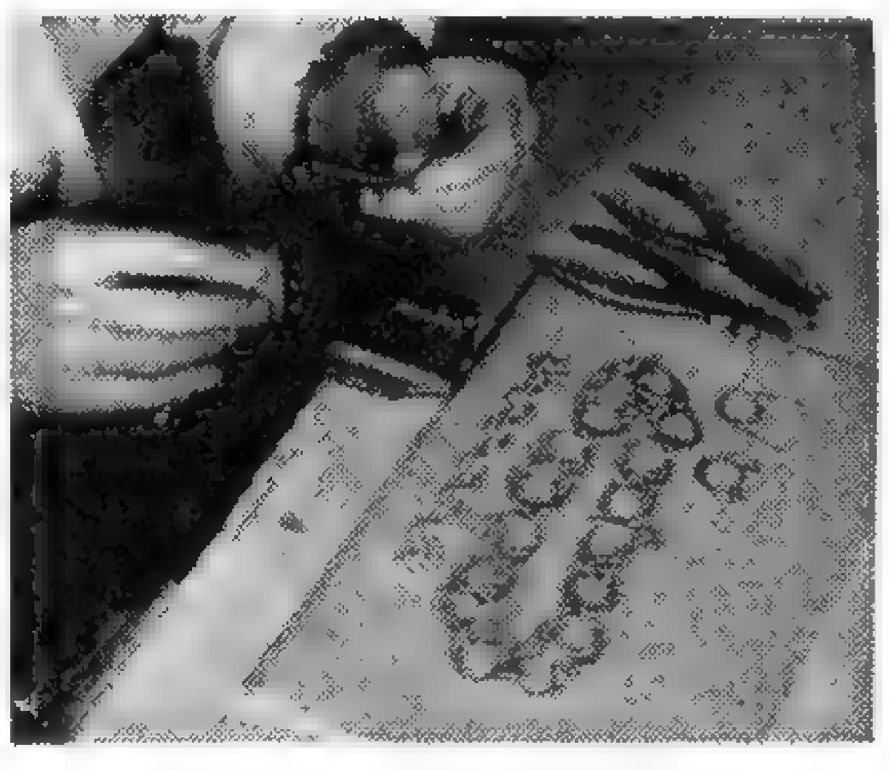
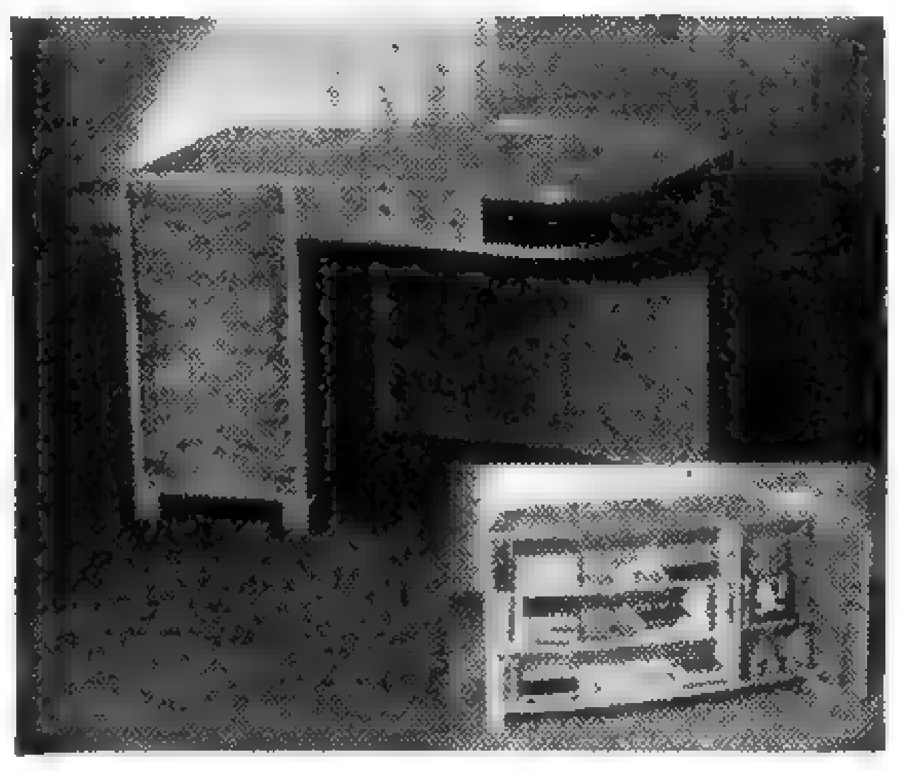
HOW TO MAKE JEWELRY in silver and other metals is explained in an inexpensive booklet for beginners. It gives step by step procedure on 18 projects for which a minimum of tools is required. By C. J. Martin and V. D'Amico, it is based on methods and techniques that were successful in jewelry-making classes at the Veterans' Art Center.



MODERN SCULPTURE. An excellent portfolio includes 40 plates illustrating the work of outstanding artists of our time in Europe and America. Brief text and biographical notes explain current points of view on sculpture today as well as the variety of materials and techniques used. A simplified and absorbing introduction to modern sculpture.

A HANDSOME PIECE of furniture cleverly combines a desk with book shelves and a liquor cabinet. Gracefully curved and made in highly polished birch, oak, mahogany or walnut, it is 27" deep and 53" long. The book shelves and cellaret are in front, the desk drawers and a convenient open shelf for a telephone book or papers are in back.



IN PLEXIGLAS, at least, the world is pretty. In this ingenious medium, the globe is crystal clear and, in addition, is practically indestructible. With the four-color printing all on the inside of the globe, you can make any marks you like on it with a wax pencil and then as easily wipe them off. Made in 6, 9, 14 and 36 inch sizes.

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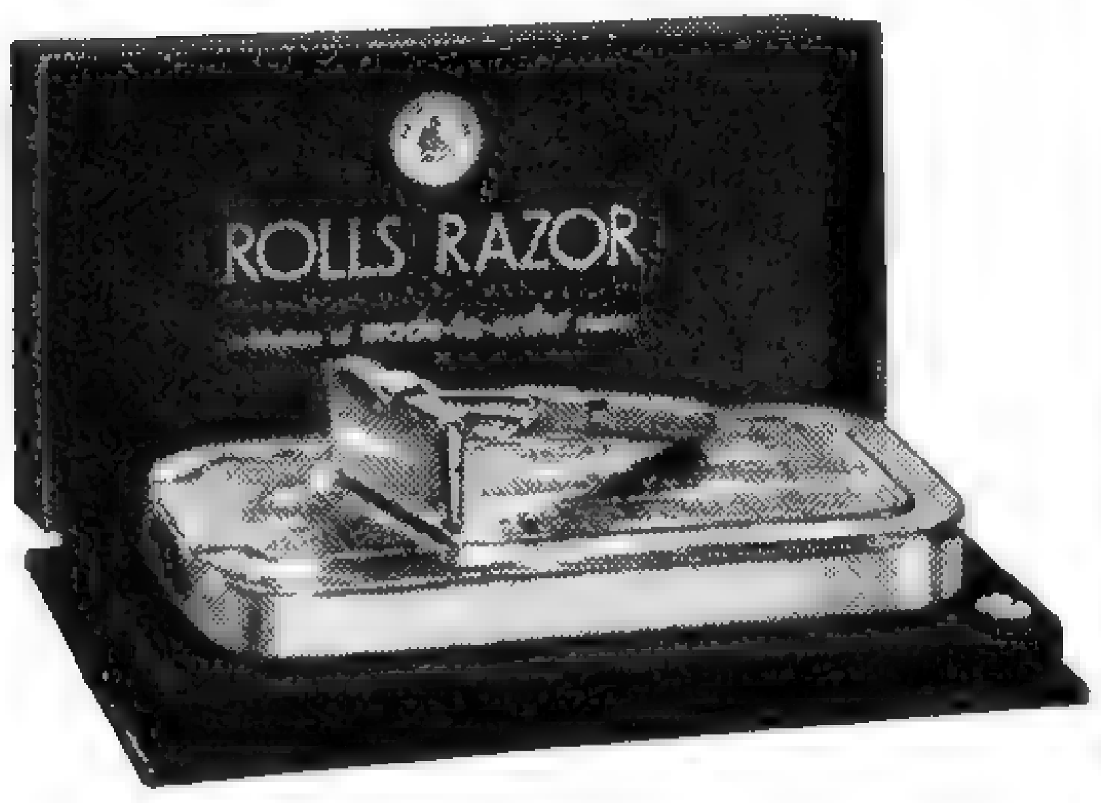

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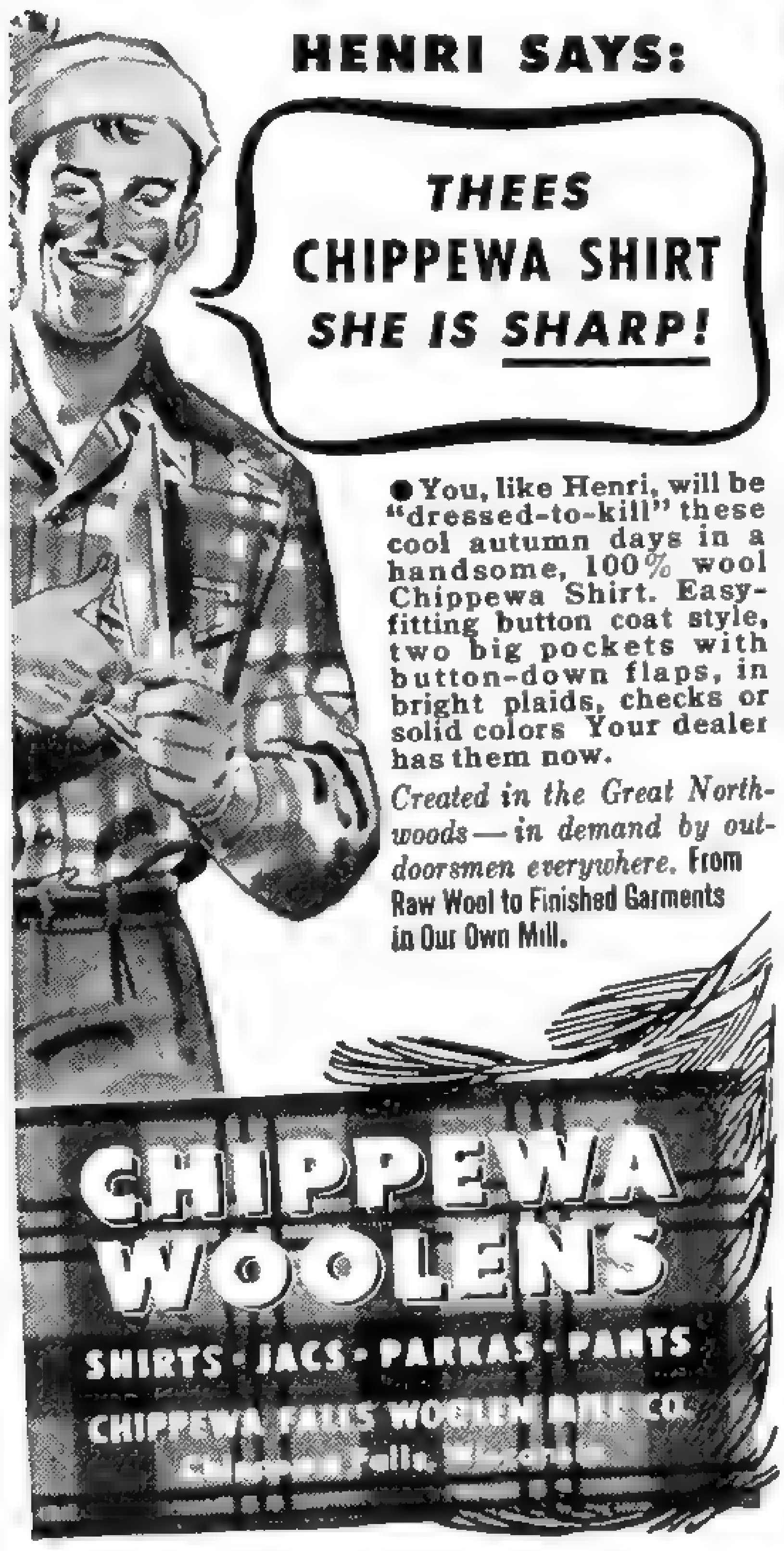
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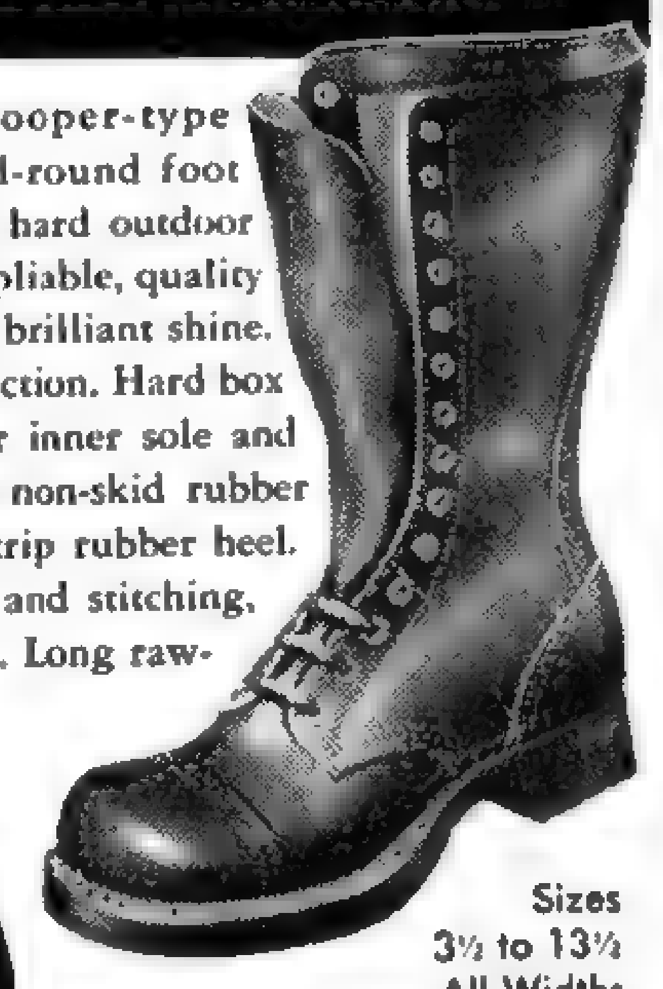

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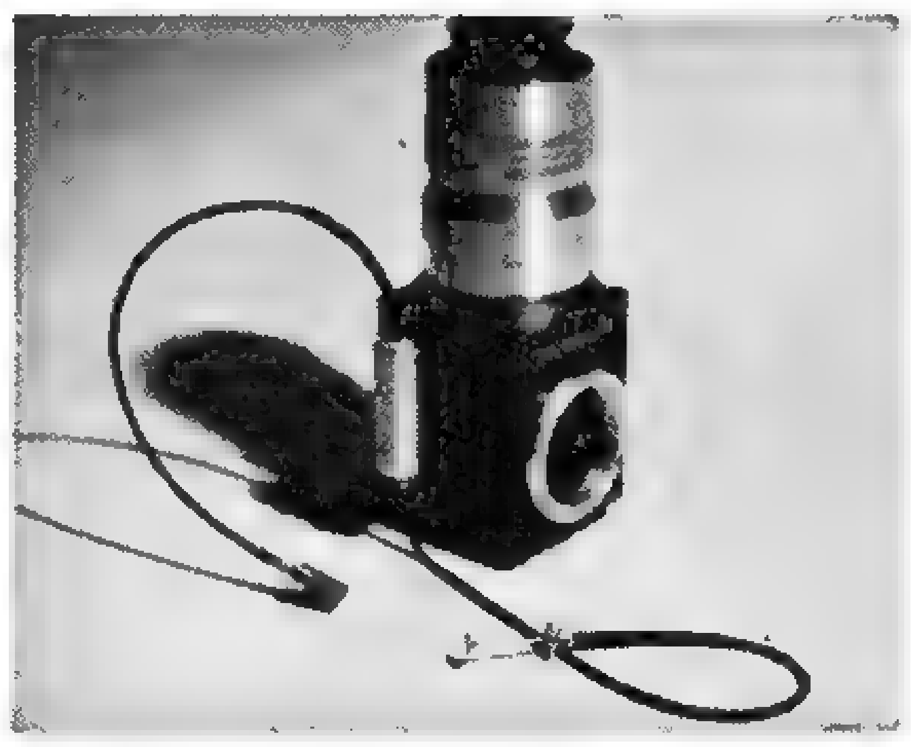

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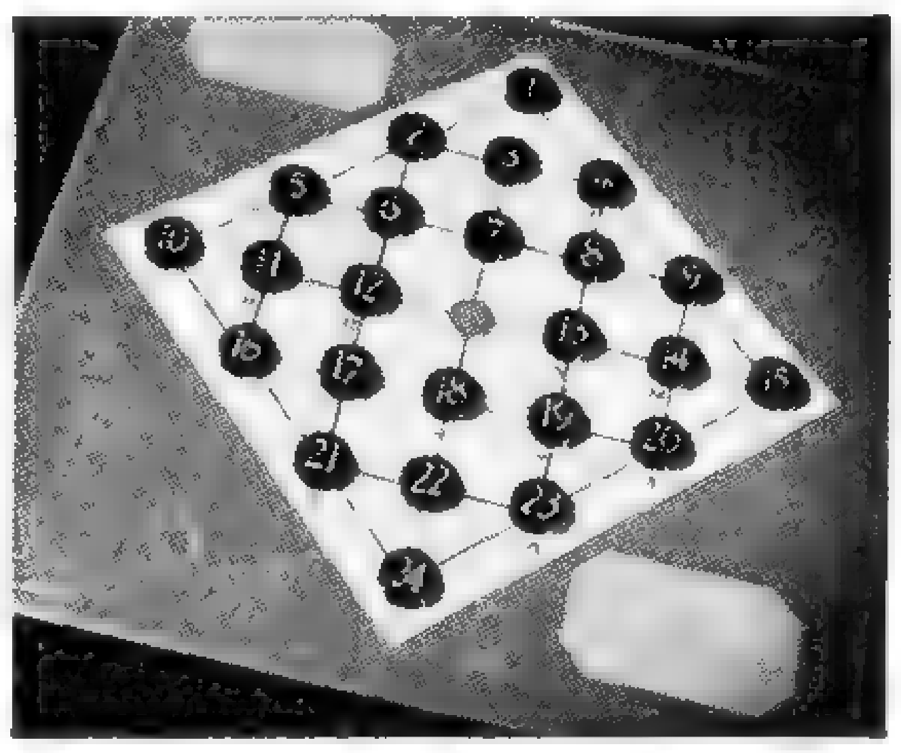
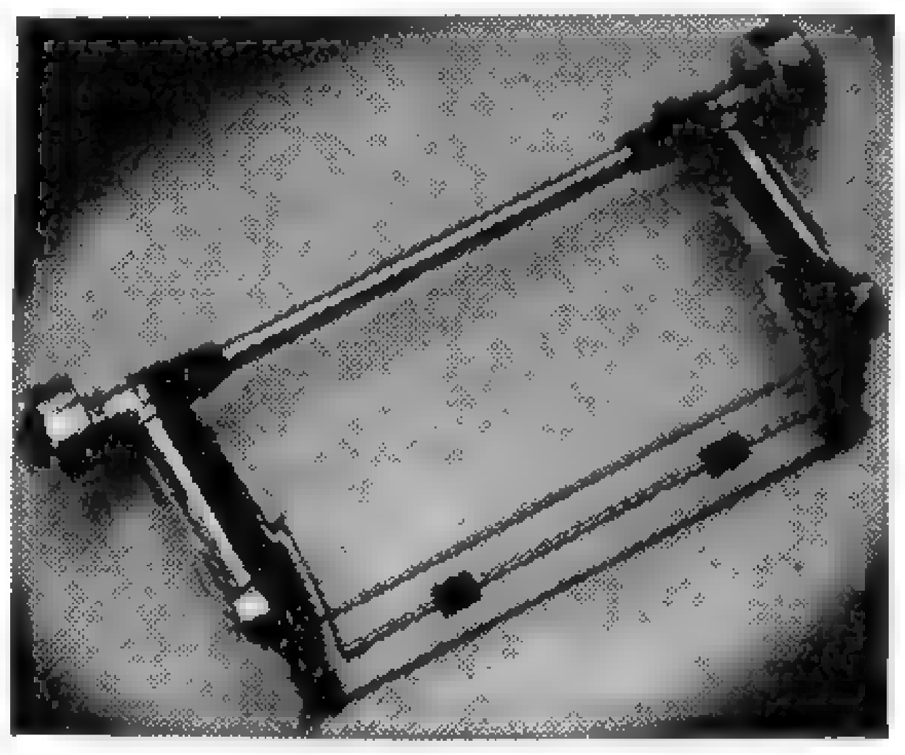


A SOLITAIRE GAME of skill, invented by a world-famous magician is called Scarne's Challenge. It consists of a folding game board, 24 plastic numbered pieces and an illustrated booklet suggesting interesting variations of the game. Each box also includes instructions for the home tournament game offering $25,000 in prizes to the winners.

A BUSINESSMAN, college student or professional writer can find no more adequate typewriter to take with him wherever he goes than this extremely compact portable. Precision built in Switzerland, it weighs about 8 lbs. and is small enough to carry in a briefcase. It is solidly built, has a standard-sized keyboard and plenty of stamina.



A SIMPLE ATTACHMENT on a typewriter eliminates using carbon paper to make copies. With it you can do from 1 to 5 clear copies quickly with no smudges and without the bother of backing each sheet when erasing an error. An efficient device, it fits on all typewriters except portables and provides a steady saving of time, trouble and expense.

ATTENTION FISHERMEN: To repair your landing net, there is a filler made of rustproof wire mesh that is extremely flexible and very strong. Made for both boat and stream landing nets, it fits any standard type hoop, weighs approximately 2 ounces and is easily attached to the frame by wire lacing provided with each net.

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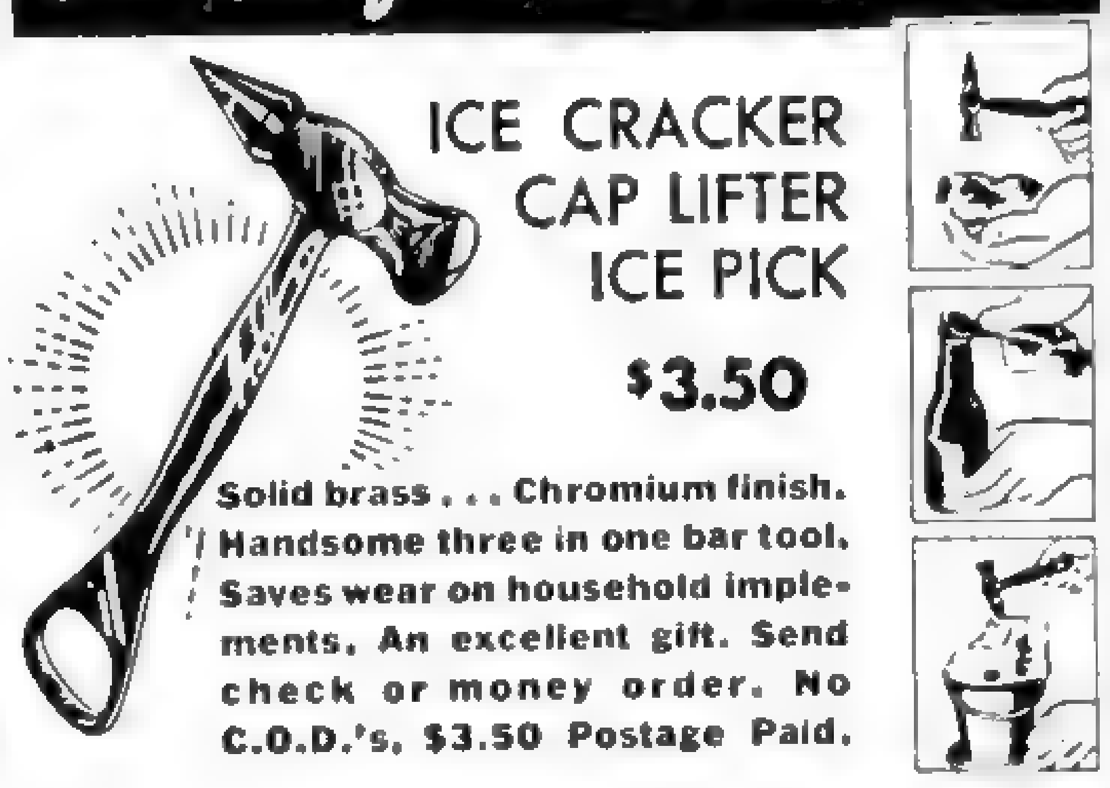

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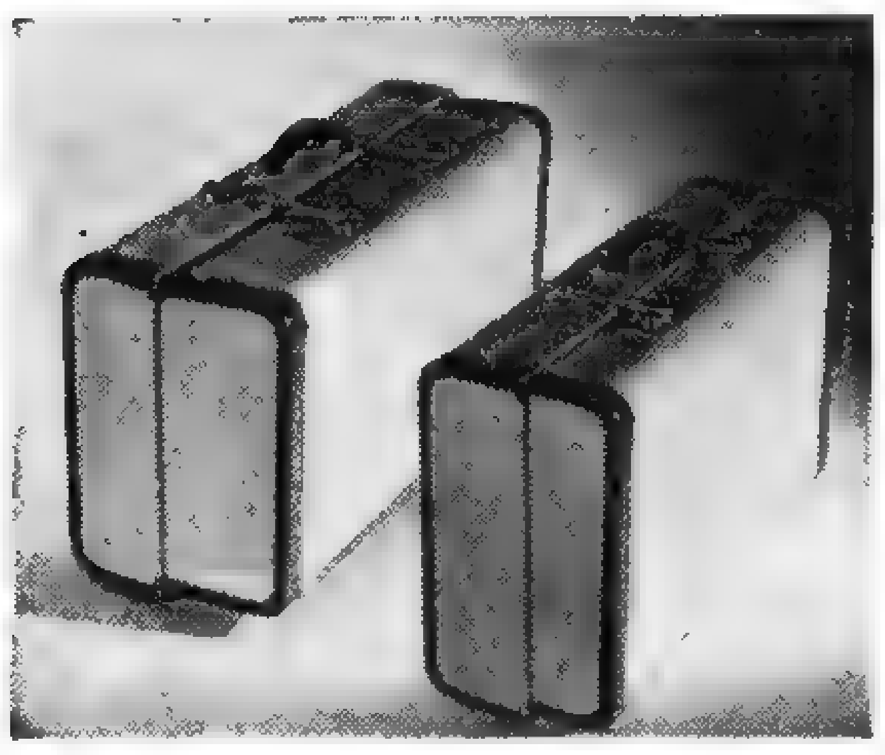

FLEXIBILITY is the keynote here: With a unique arrangement of locks and hinges, this luggage is made to expand or contract as you need more or less space. For example, the 24" size, when expanded, holds as much as a 30" ordinary suitcase. Lightweight, well-made and good-looking, it comes in several different fabrics and in 24", 26", 28" and 30" sizes.

TRADITIONAL TRADEMARK of the pretty model is the hat box she almost always carries. For overnight or week-end trips, the coed or career girl would do well to follow suit with this glossy Vinylite patent plastic box. Light to carry and convenient to pack, it opens and closes with a zipper, has a lock and tiny feet to prevent it from rolling when set down.

A CONVENIENT car item to have on motor trips and for general use is a folding aluminum table tray. It fits onto the back of the front seat facing the front or rear seats and is handy when you stop by the side of the road for a snack or for a picnic lunch in the car. It avoids spilled drinks and awkward balancing on one's lap. Lightweight and rustproof.

TRAVELERS TO EUROPE will find no use for an American type traveling iron because the electric current in most of the countries is different to what it is here. But this English iron is made for use in the U. S. and Europe. In this country it works on both AC and DC current. It comes in a zippered leather case, is just 4" long and under 2 lbs.

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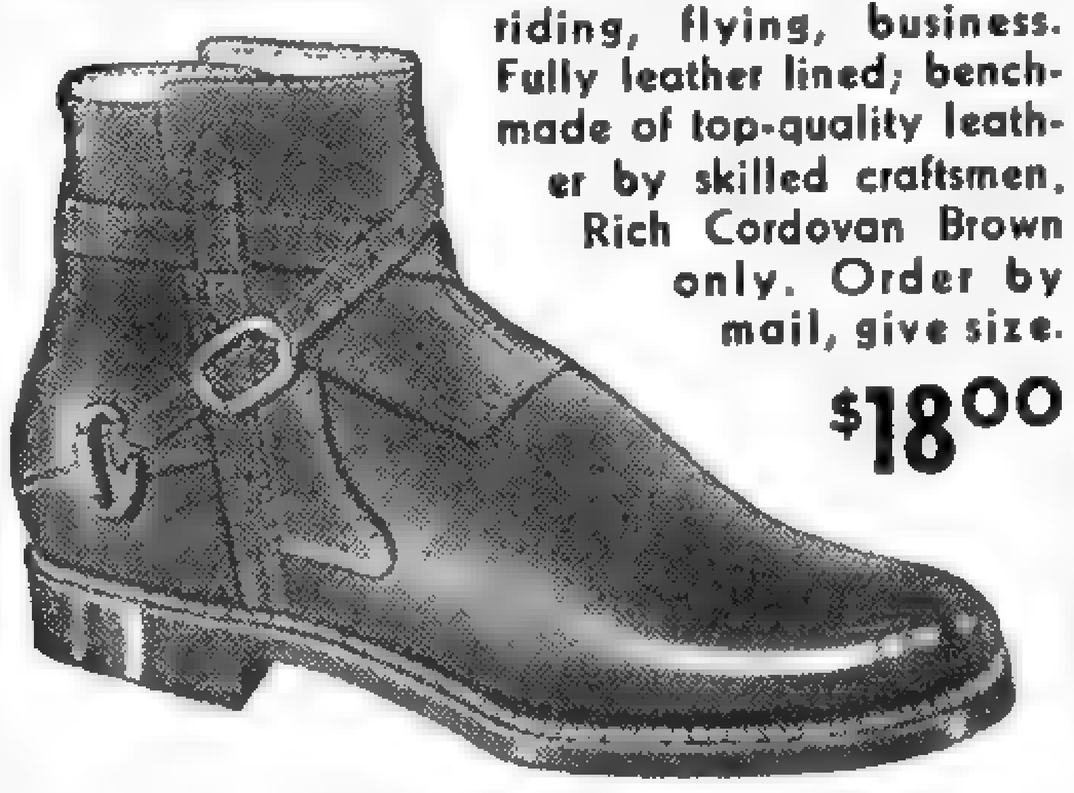

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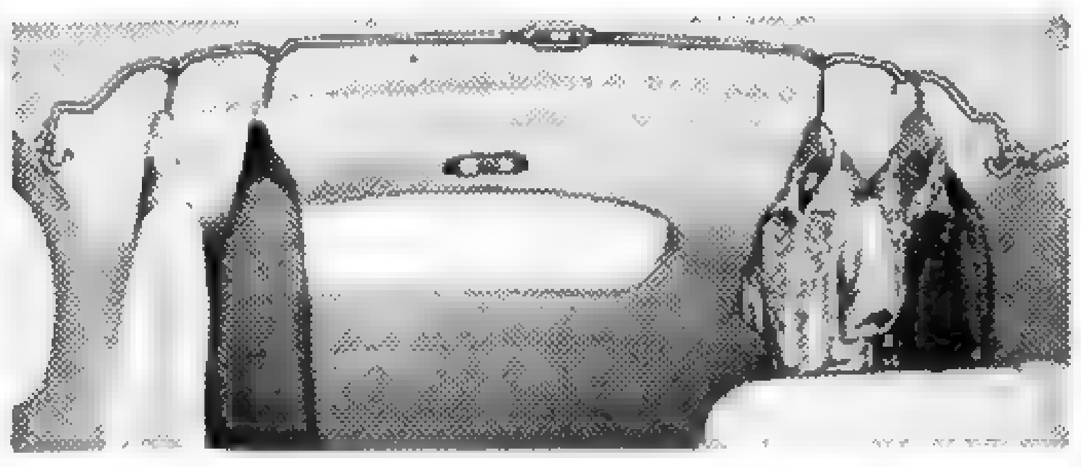

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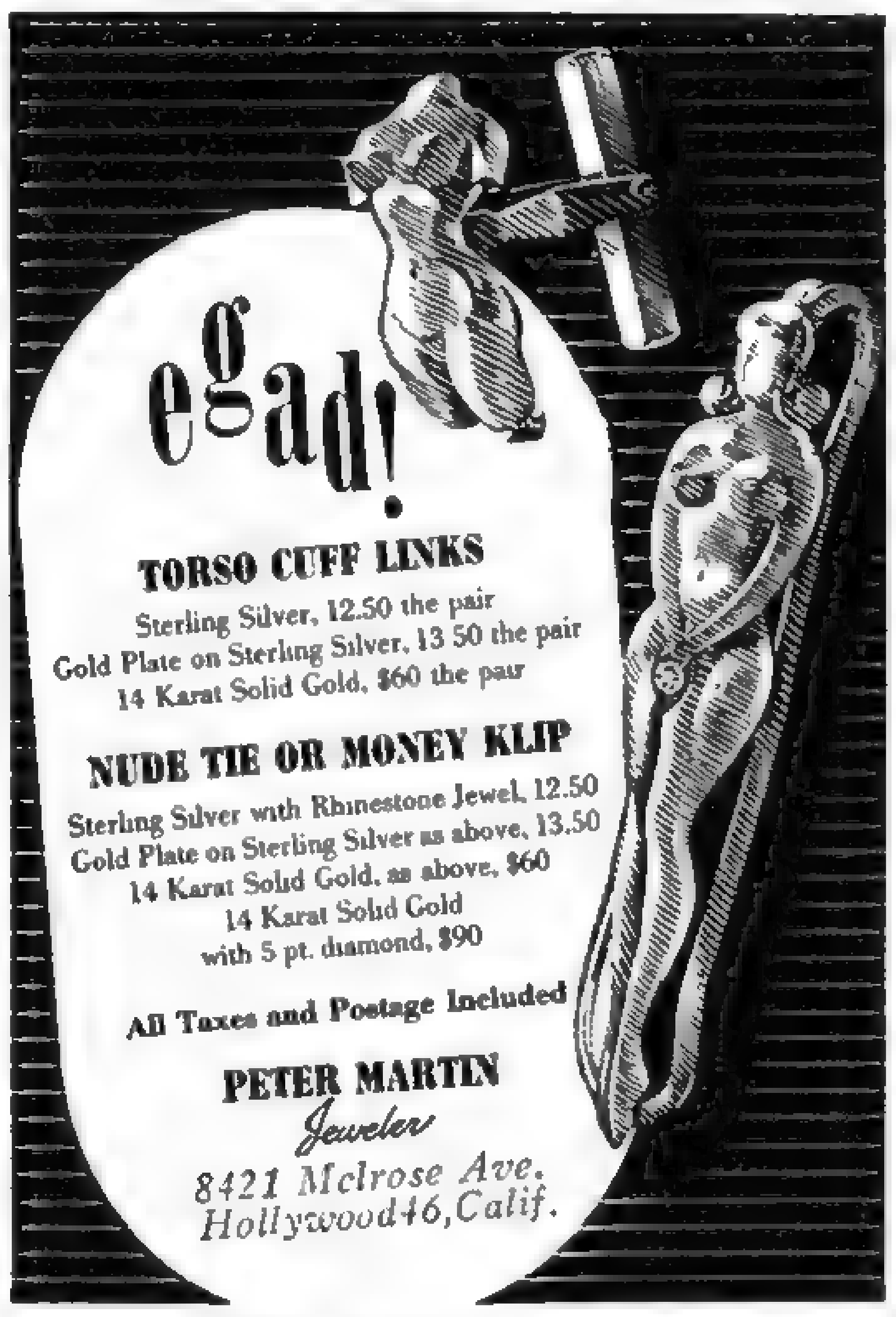

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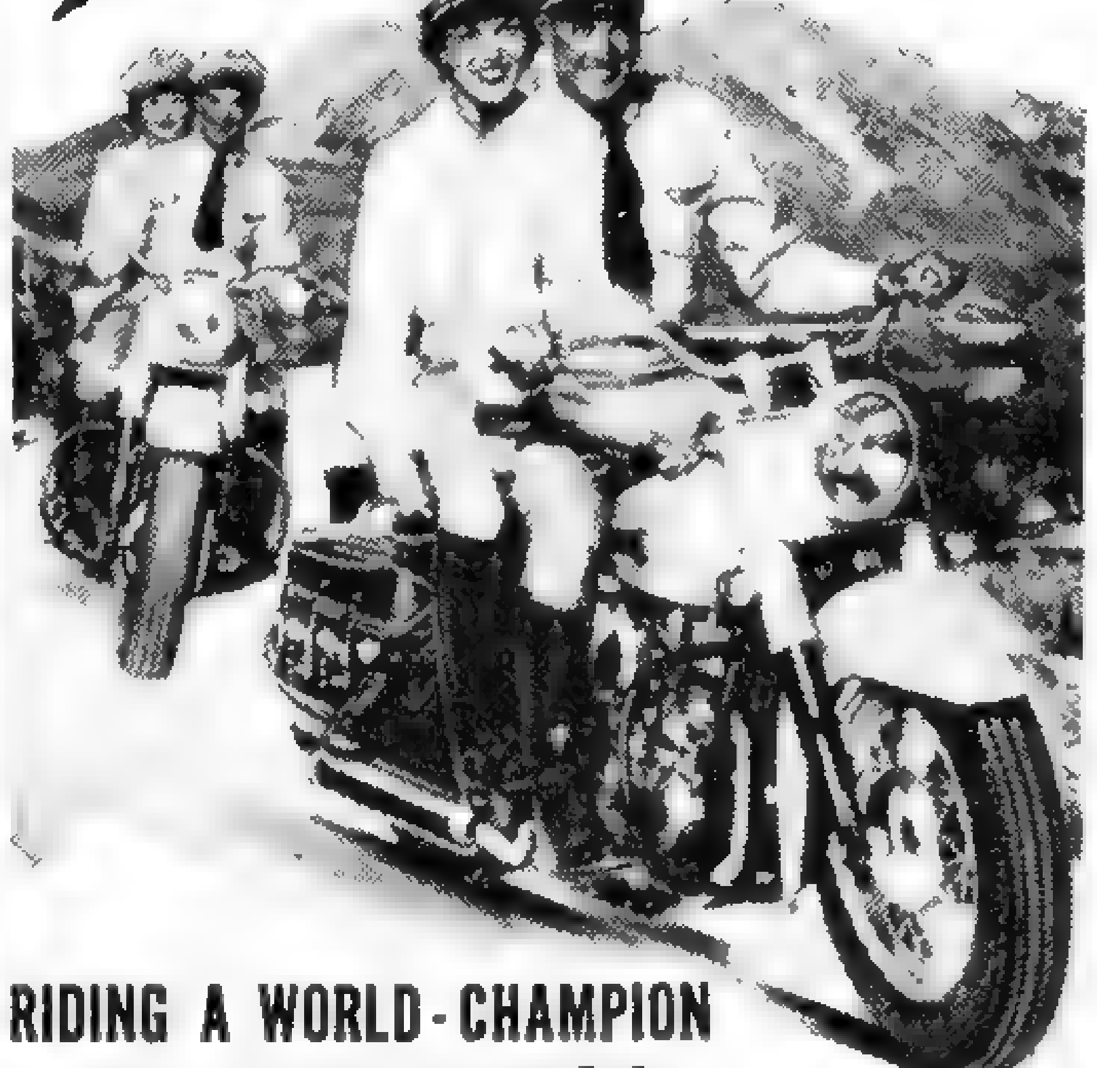

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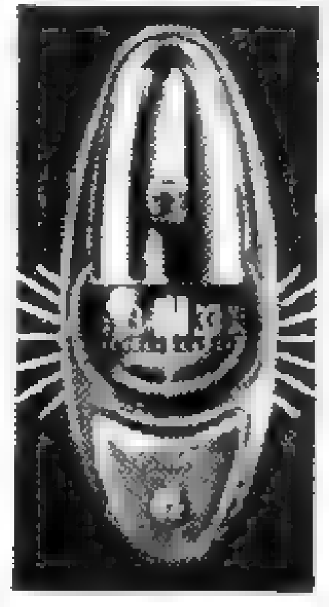

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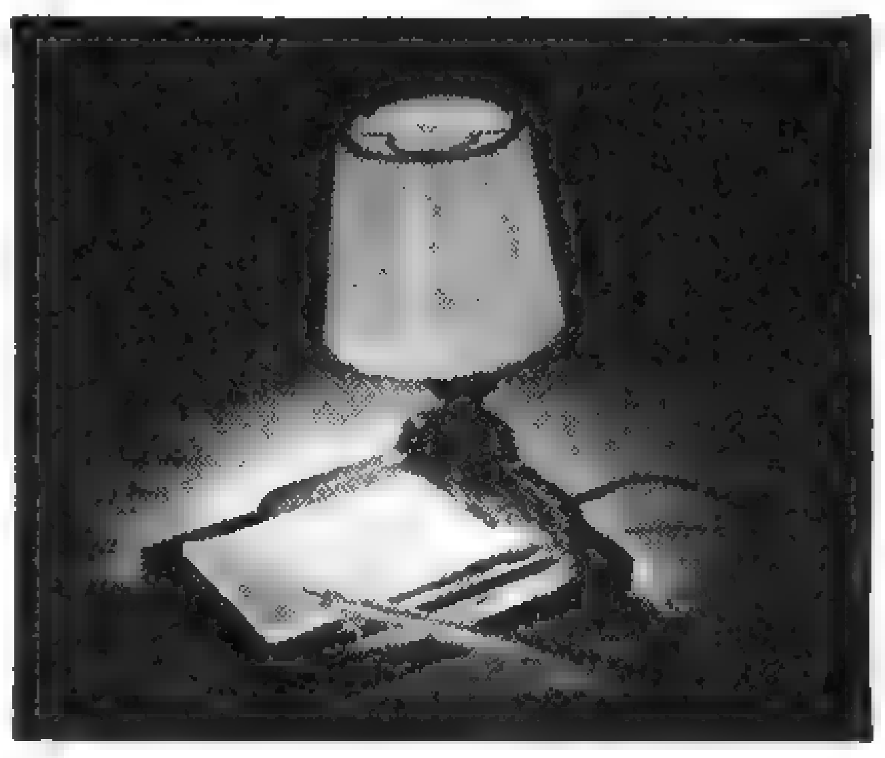
ONLY A CAT has an extra life. And since most serious household accidents are due to falls, you should see to it that all small rugs and carpets are skid-proof. A fast-drying rubber plastic liquid, brushed on the underside will prevent slipping. Incidentally it lengthens the life of a rug, stops fraying and is excellent for repairing or joining rugs.

RECONVERSION. The worn-out seat of a kitchen or diningroom chair can be reupholstered without much effort and at very low cost. The equipment comes in a kit with instructions and a square of Sealtuft—a plastic material that cleans easily with a damp cloth and is resistant to grease, water and wear. Available in red, ivory, green, blue, yellow.

A GOOD IDEA. The pencil beside the memo pad controls the light switch of the lamp. As you lift the pencil to jot down a note or telephone number, the light goes on, replace it and the light goes off. Lamp, pad and pencil are on one small plastic stand—almost unbreakable except for the light bulb. Convenient on a night table or telephone stand.



FEWER CRASH LANDINGS are likely to occur with these drinking glasses. The base of the glass, shaped like the rim of a high hat, gives greater stability. It can absorb a sudden shove by rocking a little but will resist tipping over. With the High Hat glass, a coaster is not necessary. In sets of eight and in three sizes—10, 5 and 1½ ozs.

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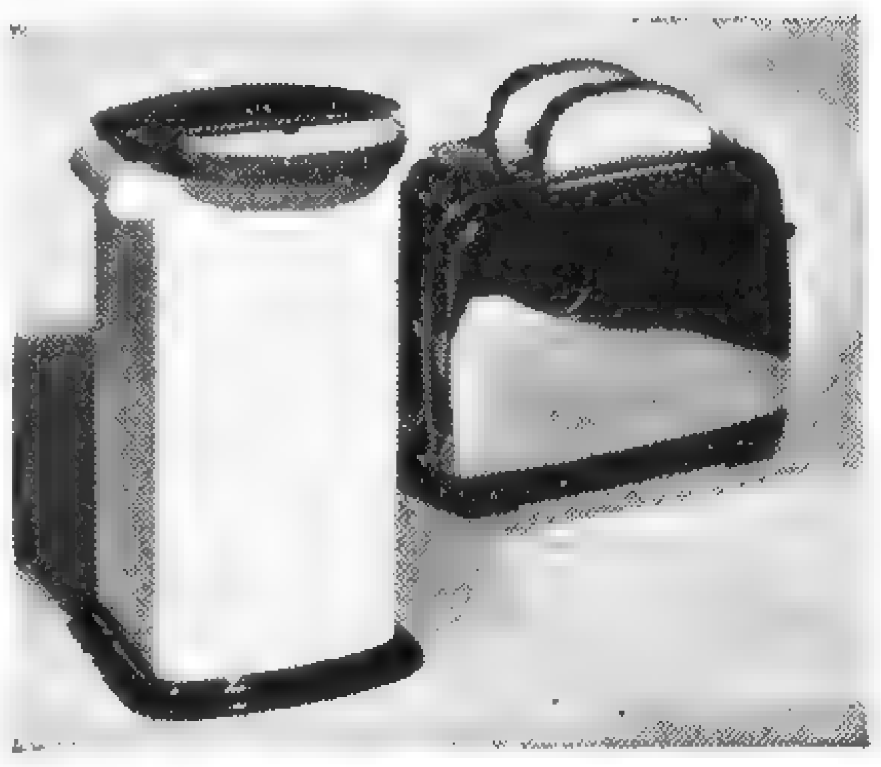

For answers to all shopping queries, please send 3c in stamps and return address to Ranger, Esquire, Inc., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City 17, New York

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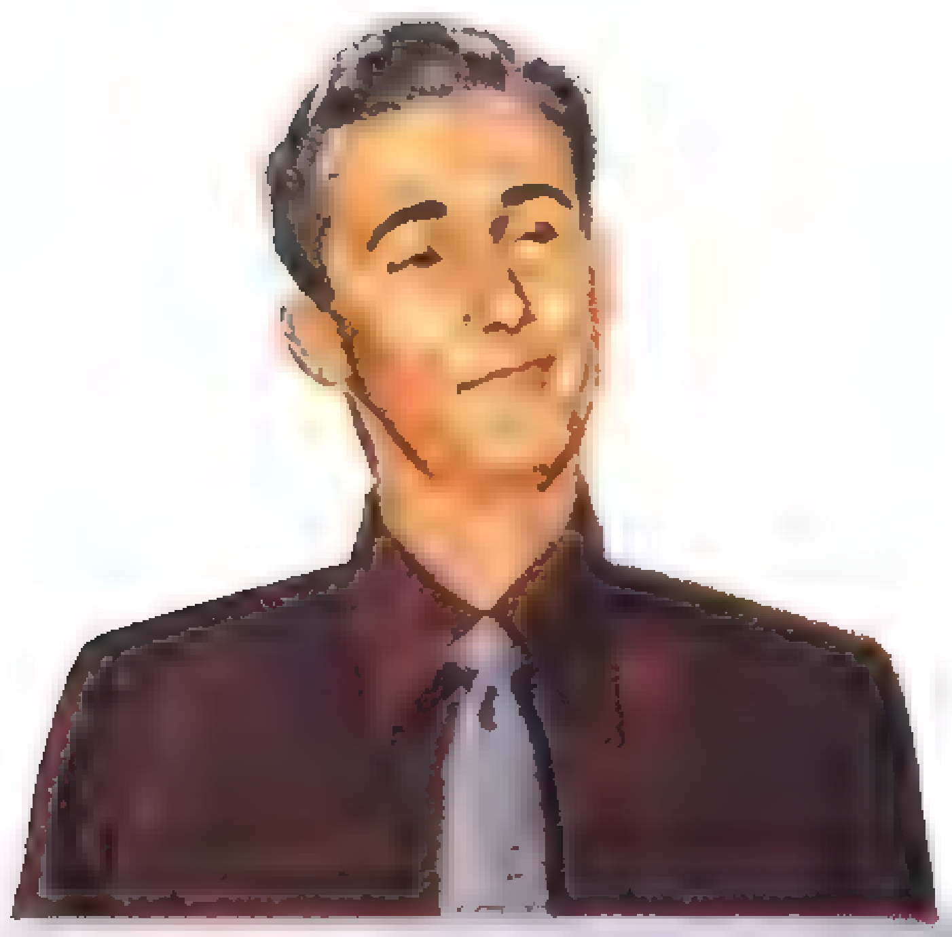
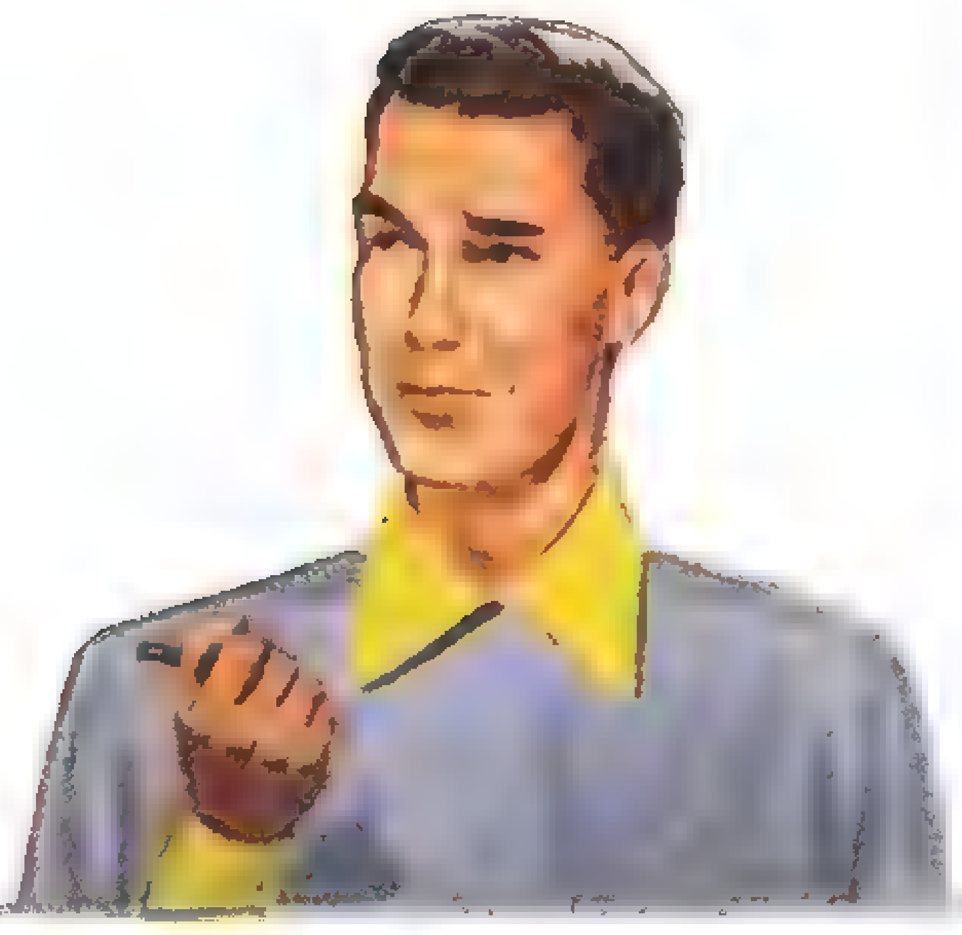
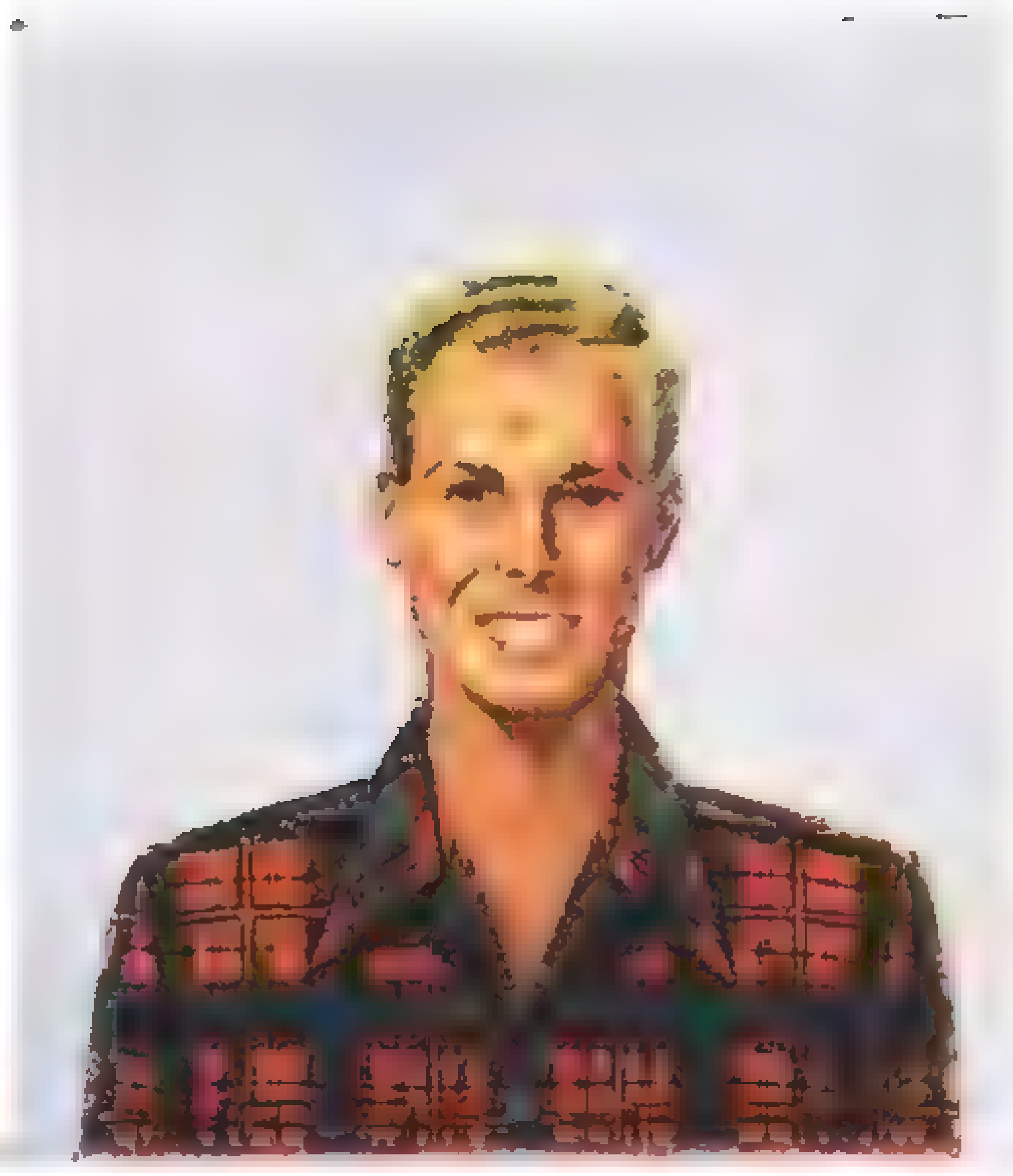
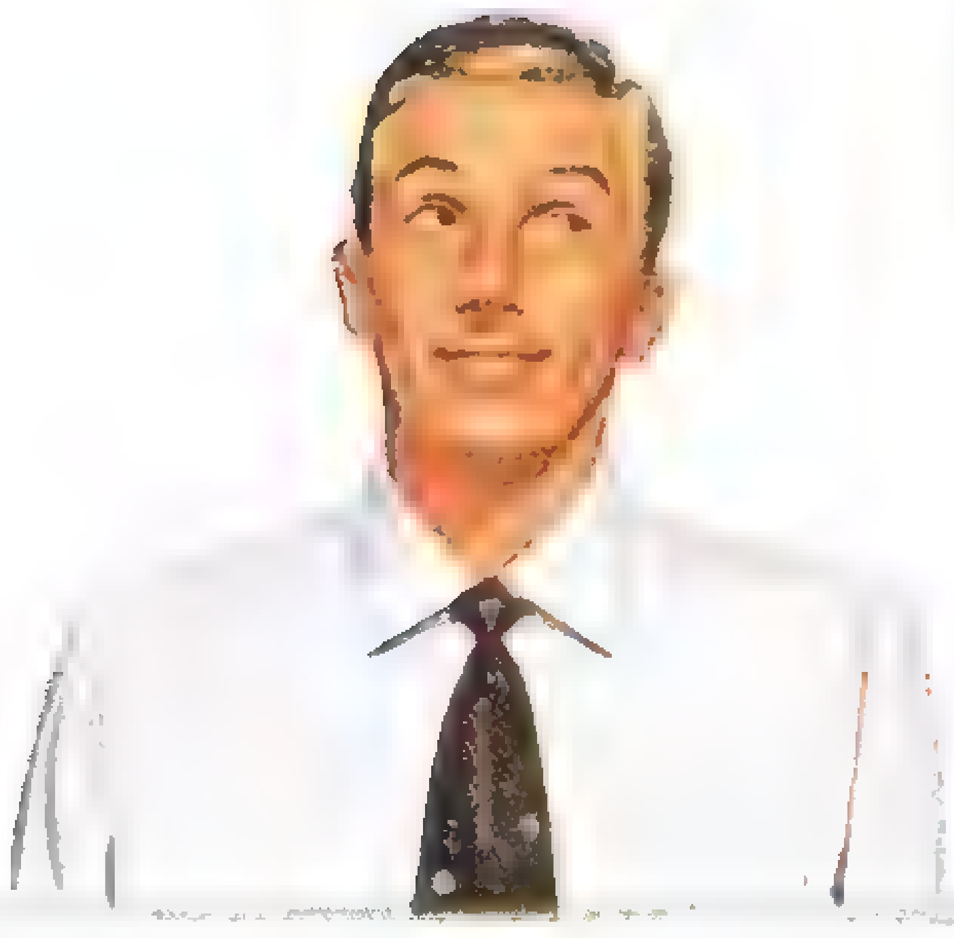
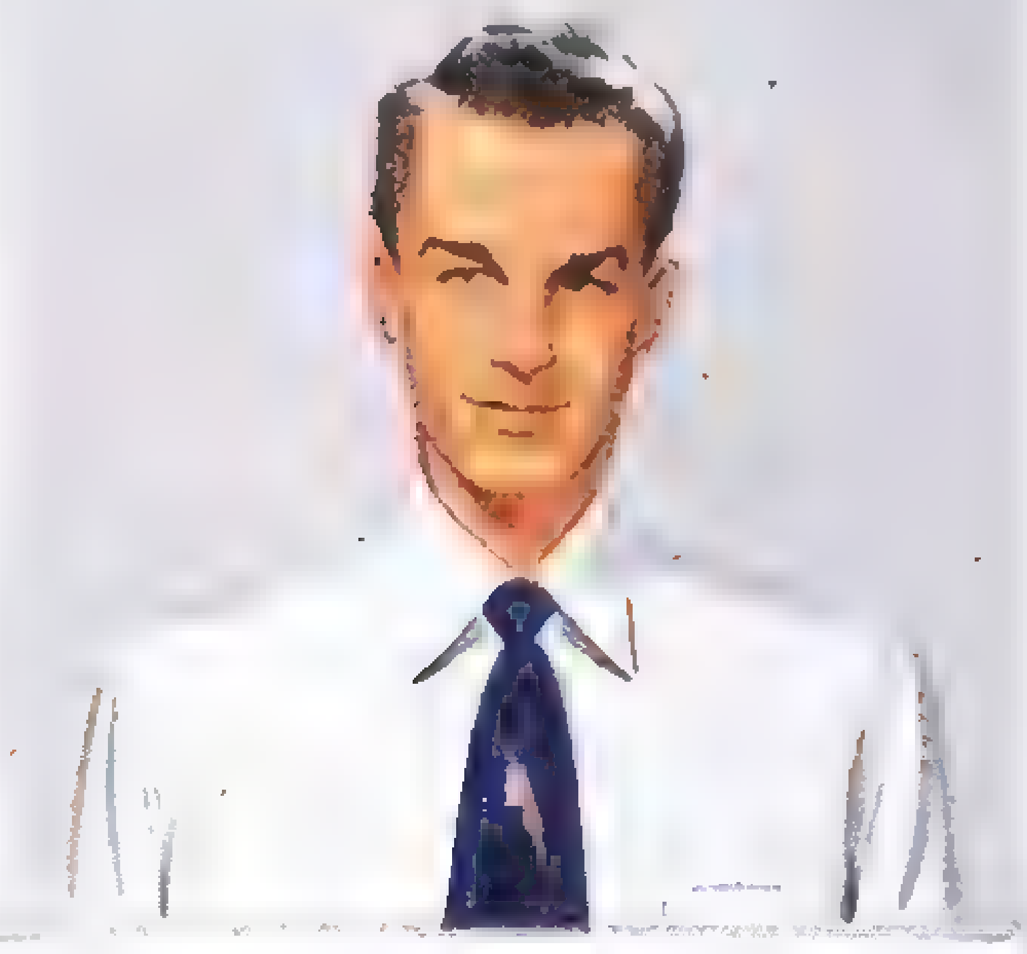
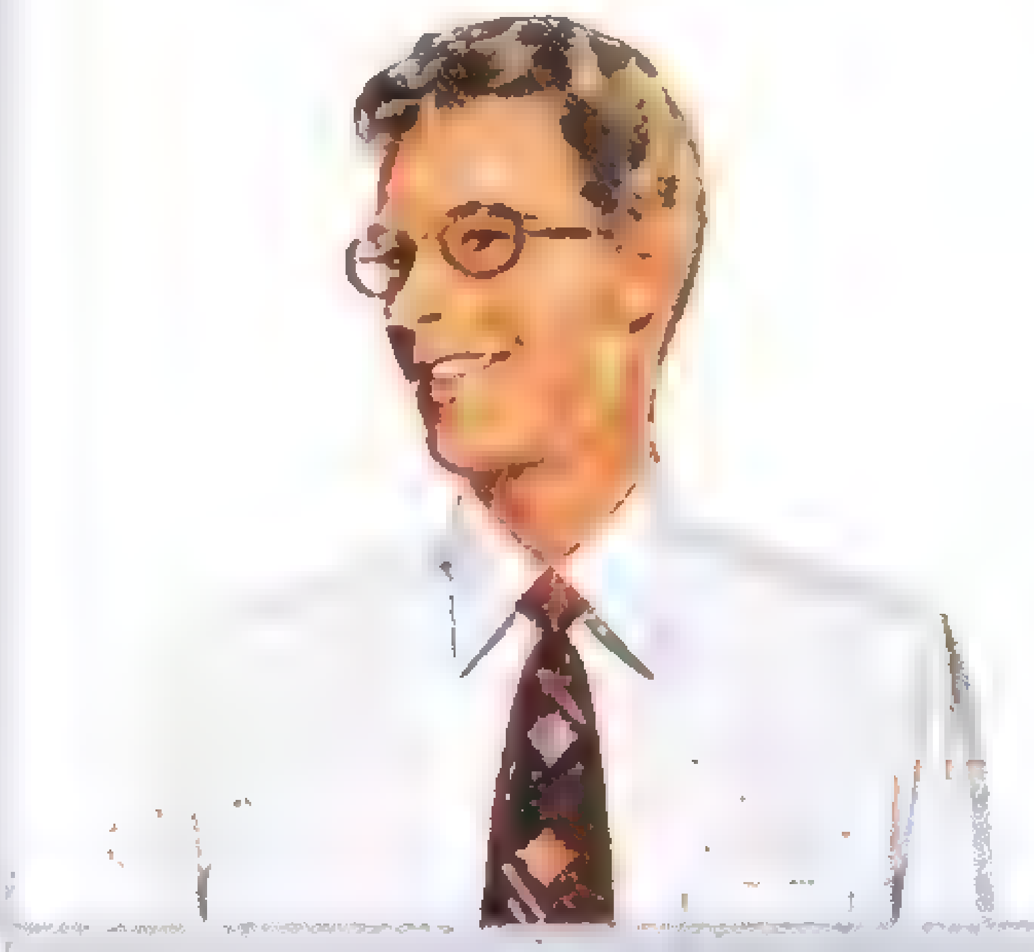

1 All-around sport shirt, Van Gab gabardine. Famous Lo-No two-way collar . . $4.95

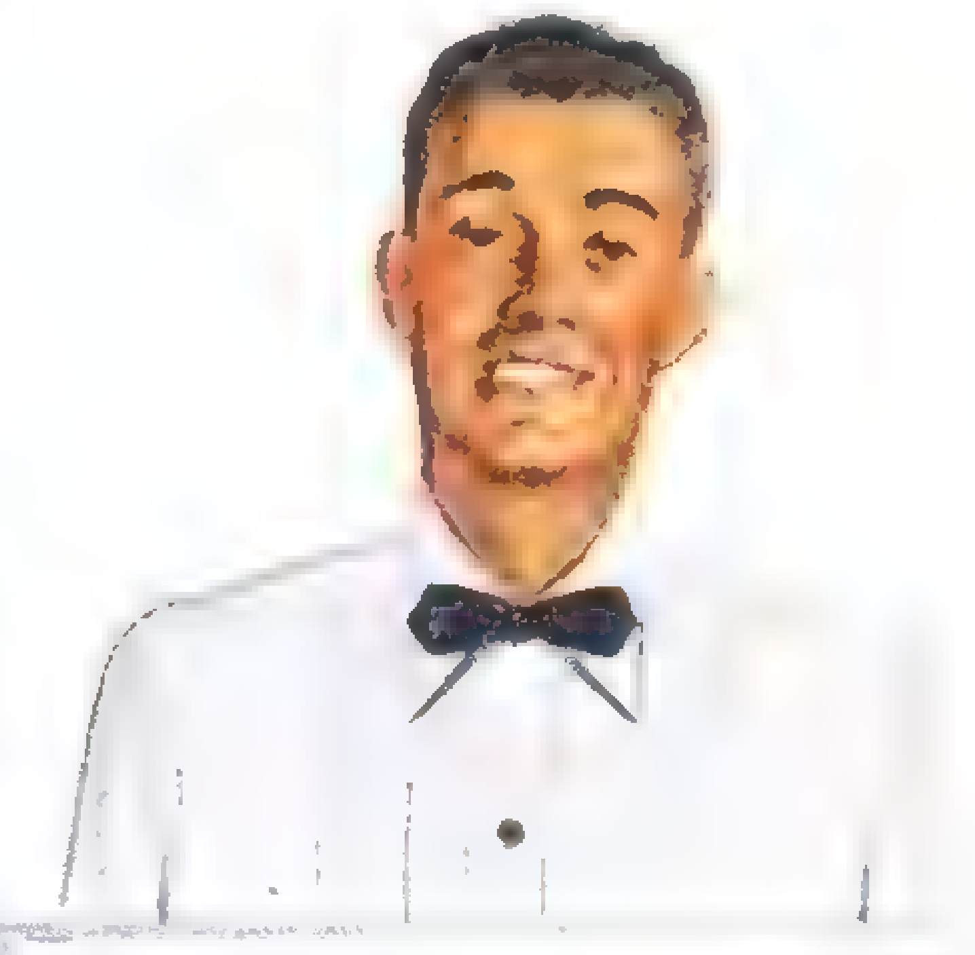

2 Look athletic in Van Trix gabardine pull-over. Knitted collar, cuffs, waist $3.95


3 Pick a plaid in Vanaca flannel, 100% wool sport shirt. Week-end must $7.95


4 Wide-spread Van Britt in broadcloth or oxford $3.65. Tie, Van Cruise Foulard $1.50


5 Stock up on always popular oxford button-downs, in white or solid colors $3.65


6 No education complete without Century shirt's "won't wrinkle ever" collar $3.95


7 Van Tux, fine pique tuxedo shirt. Collar, regular or wide-spread, is attached . . $5.95

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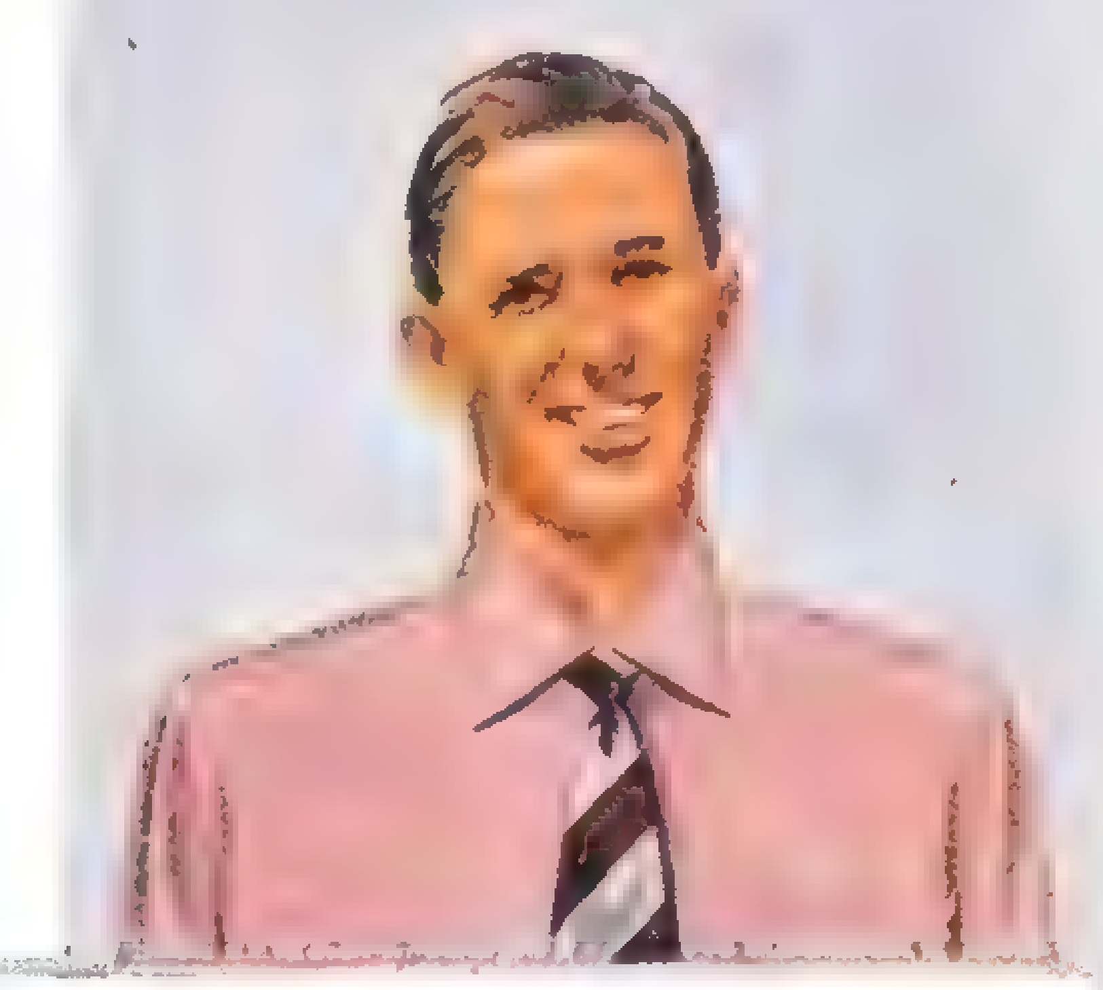
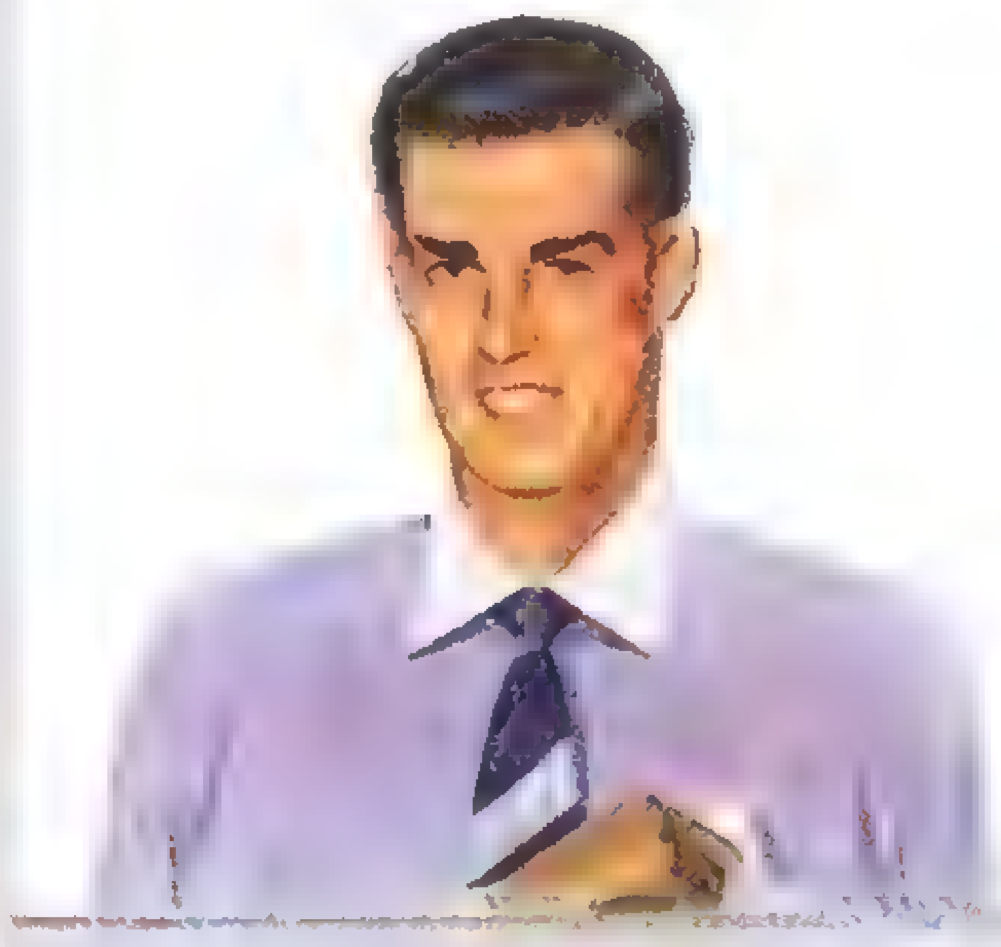
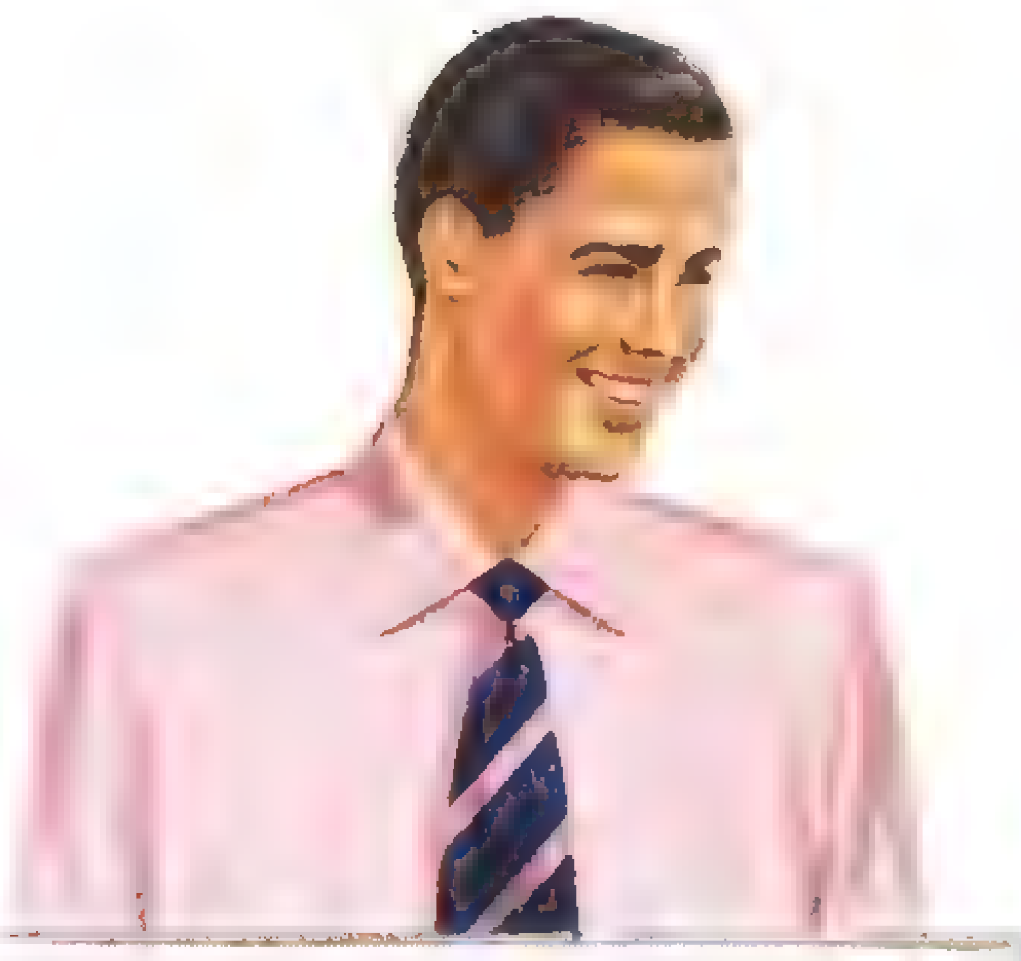
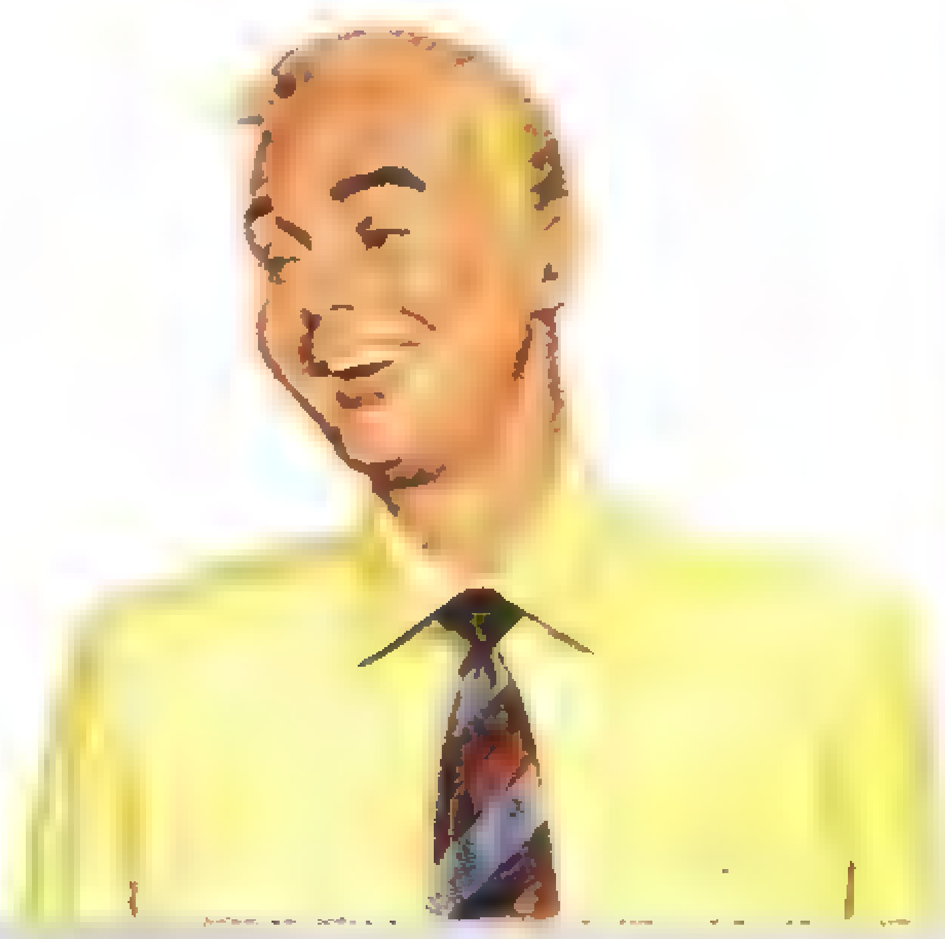
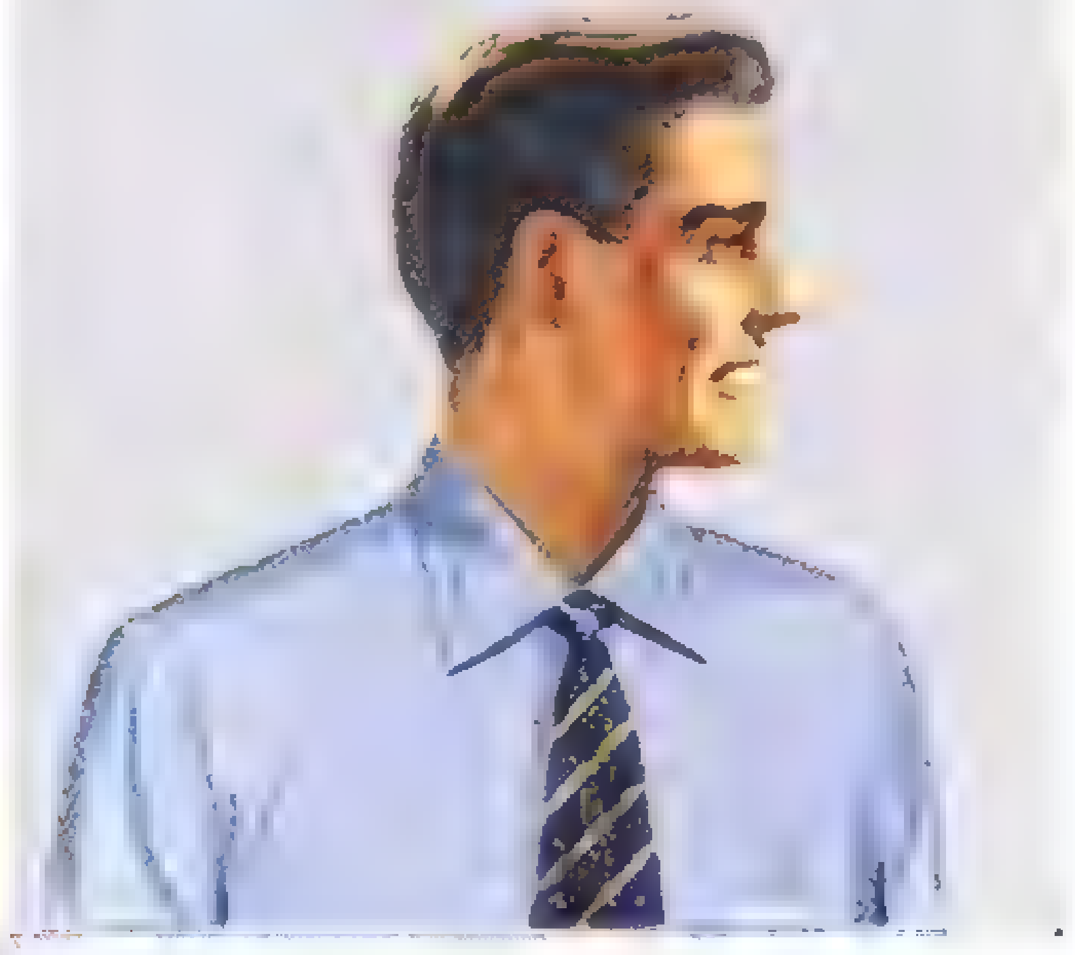

8 Wide-spread Van Britt comes in Bolder Look pastel colors, fine broadcloth . . . $3.95


9 Two-tones rate high for style. Solid color shirt, white collar and cuffs $3.95


10 Bolder Look shirts, $3.95 call for Bolder Look Repp ties in shirt-mate colors $2.00


11 Take your choice of many bright, Bolder Look pastel colors and white $3.95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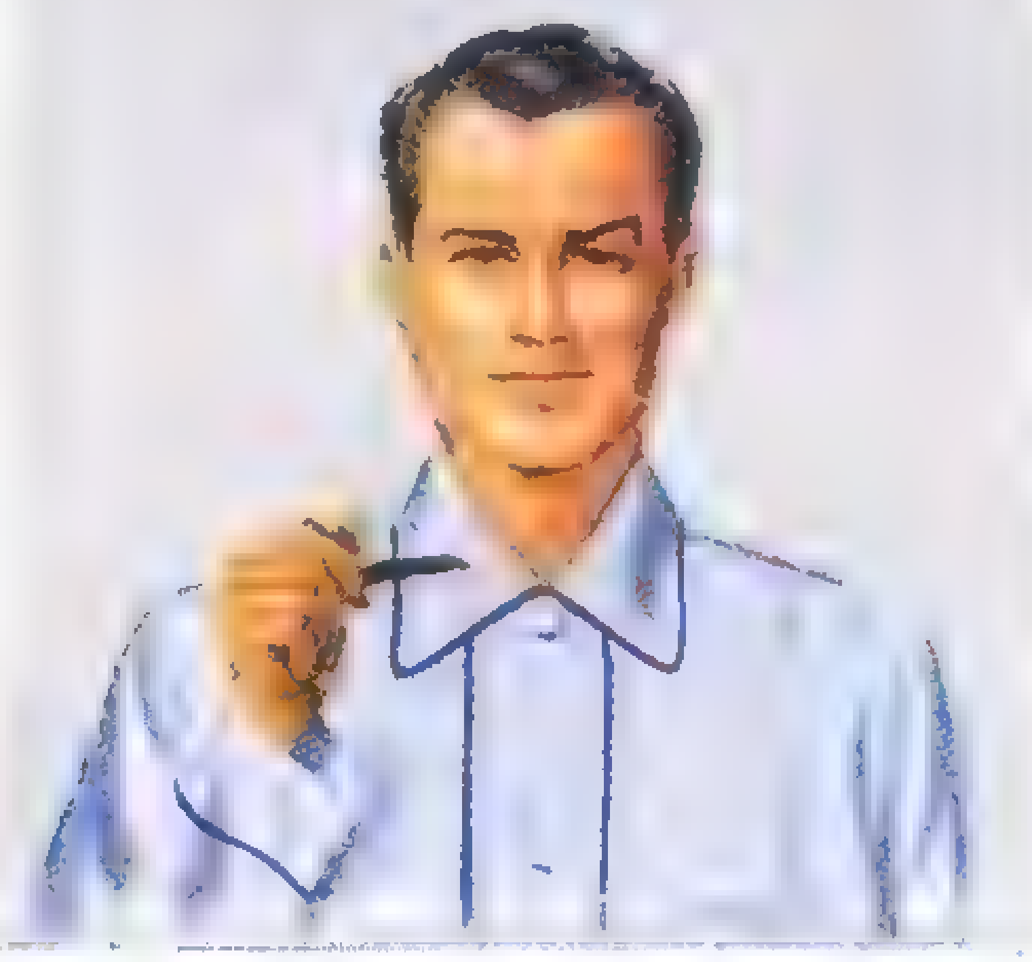
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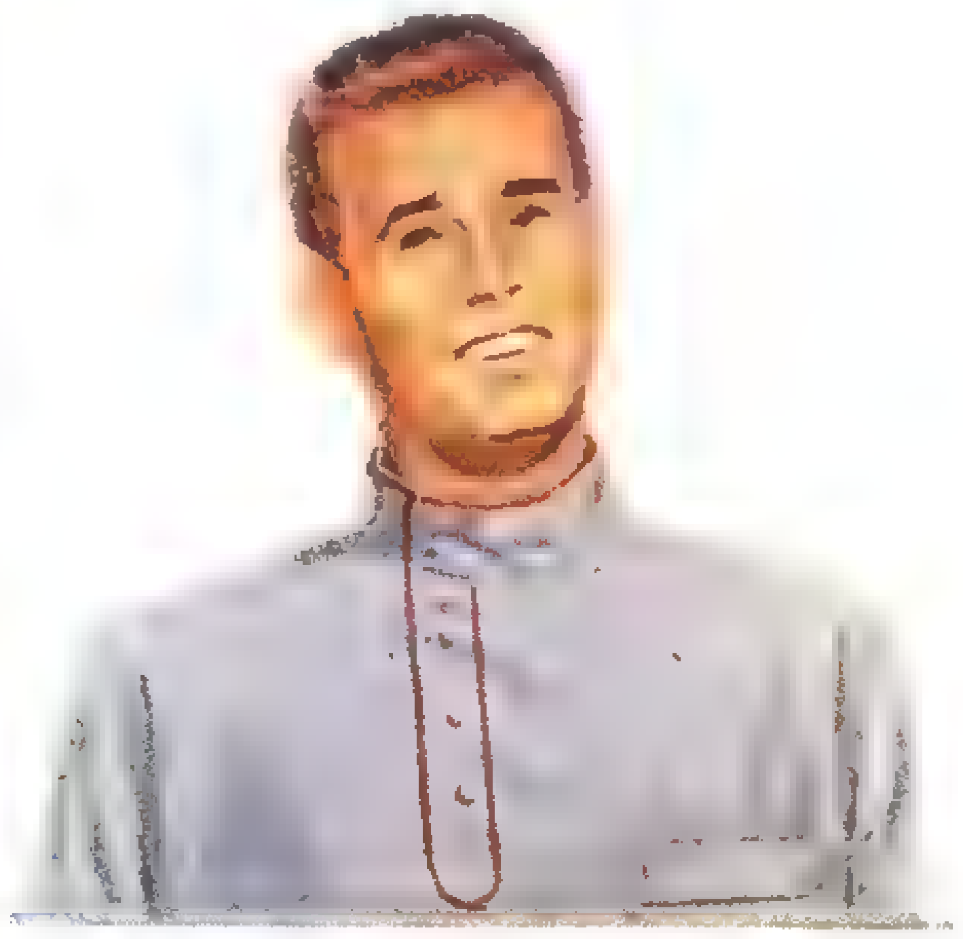
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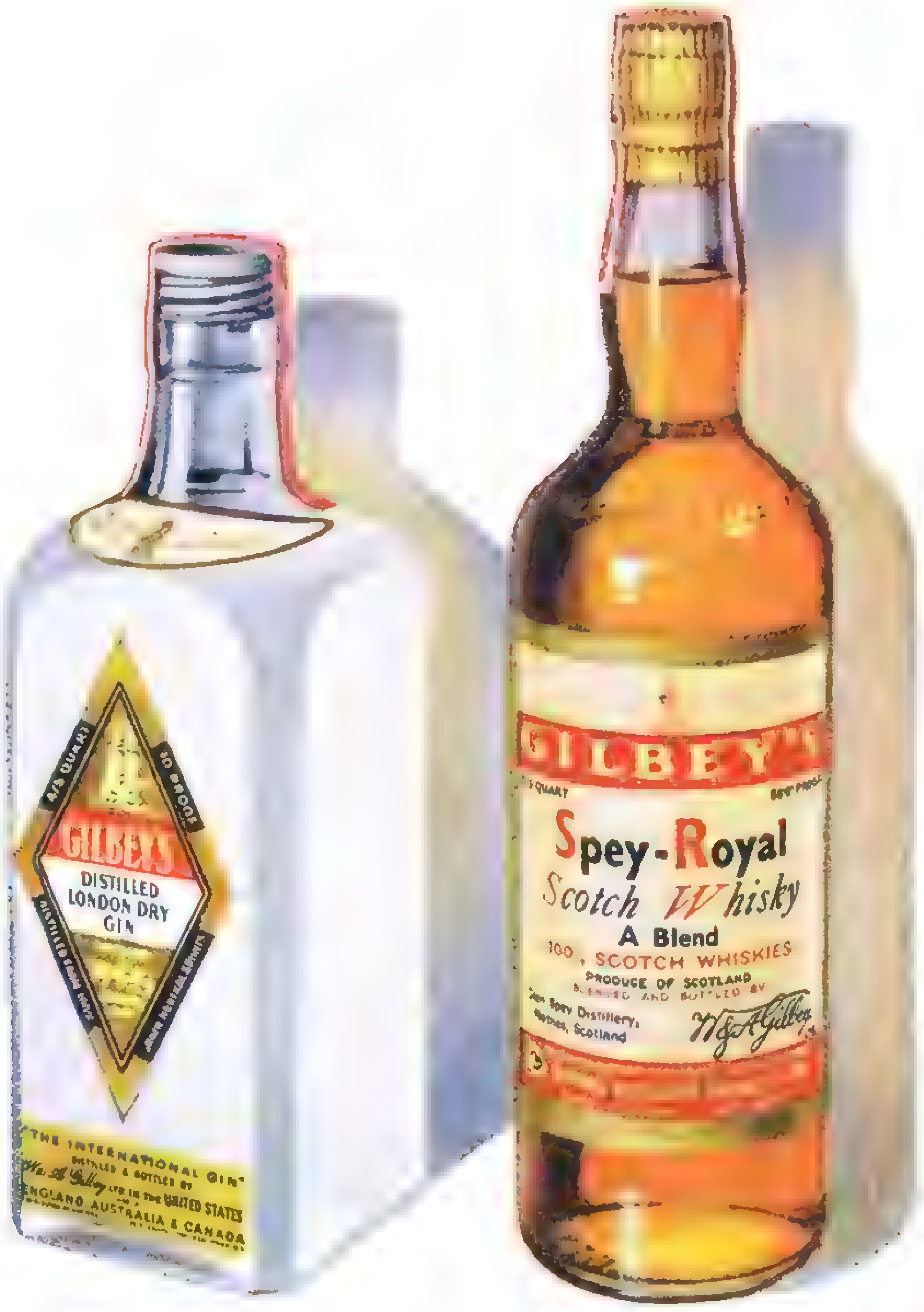
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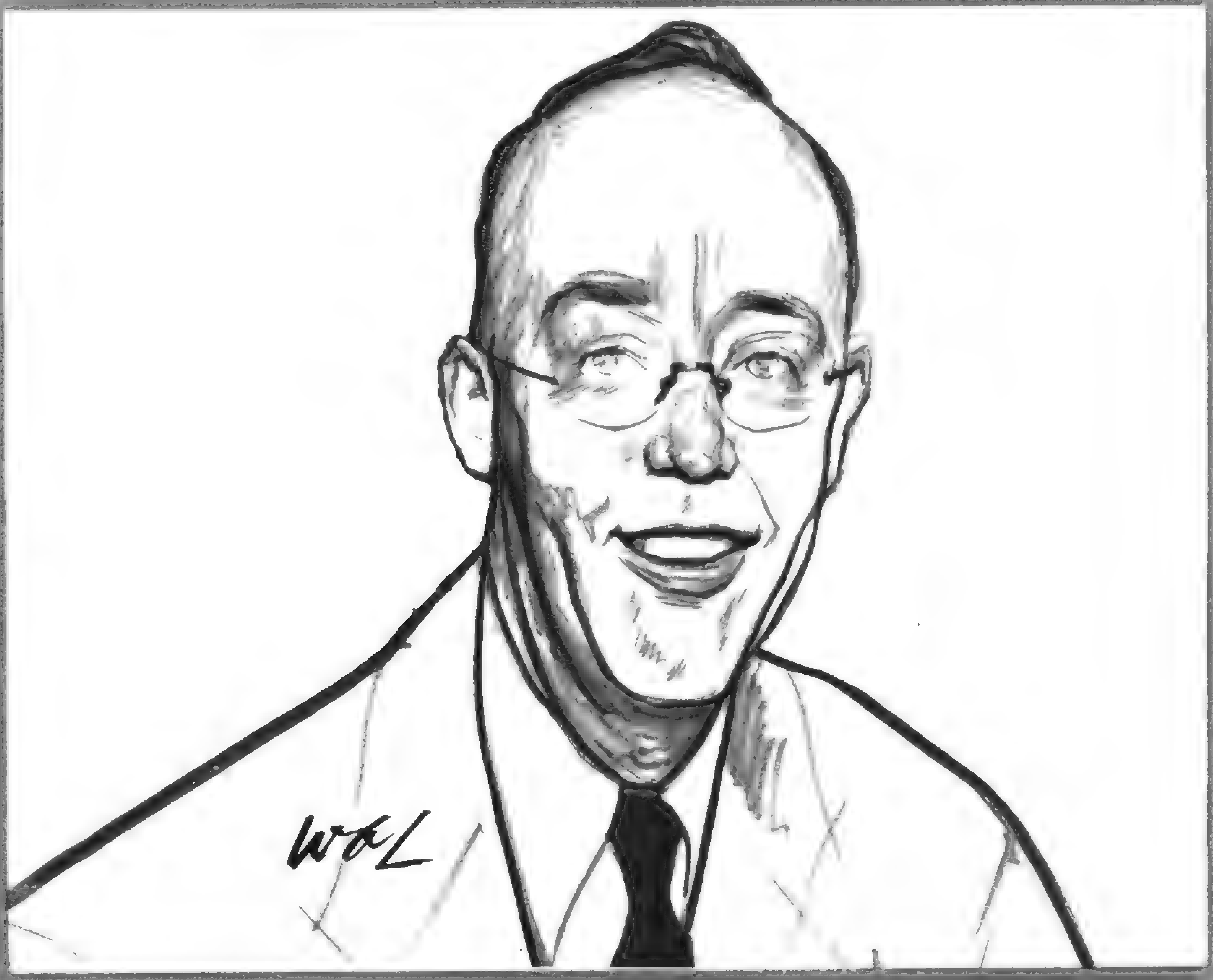


The Irreverent Mr. Smith

The sports pages of newspapers usually spark hot debates, but there's one thing everybody agrees upon and that is that this guy Smith is terrific

An Article by

JAMES POLING

"WHEN this onlooker was a languishing convalescent recovering from the effects of extreme youth it was the custom for college baseball players to support themselves during the summer months playing professional baseball under the name of Woxcjziewivczj pronounced Chumley . . . If a rival team happened also to have a guy named Woxcjziewivczj, pronounced Chumley, and he recognized his namesake as Kelly, the regular right fielder for Notre Dame, he maintained a discreet silence. Because the chances are he was a fellow named Jones who played second base for Northwestern . . . Coming East later on, one discovered it was the practice for a ballplayer named, say, Jones, to play professional baseball during the summer under the name of Jones. In the fall he went back to school, registered under the name of Jones, played under the name of Jones and everybody was happy because everybody did the same thing. On the whole, the Eastern system seemed to be better, because it is not every undergraduate who can spell Woxcjziewivczj."

These fine-feathered words from a newspaper column entitled "Views of Sports" offer a typical example of the sane, astringent, and refreshing ribaldry with which the column's author, Red Smith, treats the world of sports. Red is probably the country's finest sports columnist, and opinions about his syndicated column—which uses the New York *Herald Tribune* as a home base—are monotonously laudatory. One of Red's former editors, Stanley Woodward, says, "He is the best newspaper writer in the country." Frank Sullivan, a top-drawer newspaperman himself before he became a leading humor writer, speaks of Red as "a humorist of purest ray serene." Frank Graham, a rival columnist on the New York *Journal American*, says he is "the country's best sportswriter and the most exciting figure to hit New York sport pages since the death twenty years ago of the great W. O. McGeehan." Others say that Red is today's only direct descendant of such old-time greats as Damon Runyon and Ring Lardner. "Views of Sports" has a potential audience of eight million, and Red has letters from readers who insist that they would sooner give up their morning coffee than his morning column. Which is praise, indeed.

Red is a man with a singleness of purpose. All he asks of life is a plinth. "Give me my daily plinth," he says, "and I figure to do all right." Since the dictionary defines a plinth as a base for a column, his daily craving makes sense. And, given a plinth, he can produce prose sprinkled with such delightful phrases as those he once used to describe a famed sports announcer: " . . . spraying the premises with bits of shattered syntax"; a stunning track upset: "It was the most sensational reversal since Serutan"; and a coach being interviewed for a new job: "He was grilled in a well-bred manner, like a frankfurter at the Waldorf."

No one knows better than Red that the proper habitat of a sportswriter's tongue is in his cheek. Though he loves sports wholeheartedly, he always calls the play with an unflagging sense of proportion. At forty-four, Red has yet to meet a Gridiron Colossus, mistake a baseball game for a Waterloo, or watch a Team of Destiny engage in The Battle of the Century. If he writes with laughing irreverence, it is because he distrusts the hyperbole, the awe-struck hero worship, and the semihysteria with which many writers and fans approach sporting events and their stars. "I can get excited while a game is underway," he says. "But ten minutes afterwards I always like to remember that it is (*Continued on page 135*)

KODACHROME BY WILLIAM STONE

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S GREATEST STORY WAS WRITTEN FOR EVERY MAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: It would not be hard to find critics who consider this one of the finest stories of our time. It has won many prizes since first appearing in print in Esquire thirteen years ago, but no prize greater than the feeling of satisfaction it gives to every man who reads it. Recently 20th Century-Fox paid one of its highest prices for the film rights. It will doubtless be one of 1950's top movies.

The picture at the left, one of the most striking ever taken of the famous author, shows him in meditative mood on the terrace of his Havana, Cuba, home. At the moment he is in the polishing stages of a novel long eagerly awaited.

Meanwhile, for those who have read *The Snows* before, twice is not enough. For those who have yet to make acquaintance with Hemingway, there is no better sample than this.

KILIMANJARO *is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called by the Masai "Ngàje Ngài," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.*

"THE marvelous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you."

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?"

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

"They've been there since the day the truck broke down," he said. "Today's the first time any have lit on the ground. I watched the way they sailed very carefully at first in case I ever wanted to use them in a story. That's funny now."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said.

"I'm only talking," he said. "It's much easier if I talk. But I don't want to bother you."

"You know it doesn't bother me," she said. "It's that I've gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes."

"Or until the plane doesn't come."

"Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do."

"You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You're a good shot now. I taught you to shoot, didn't I?"

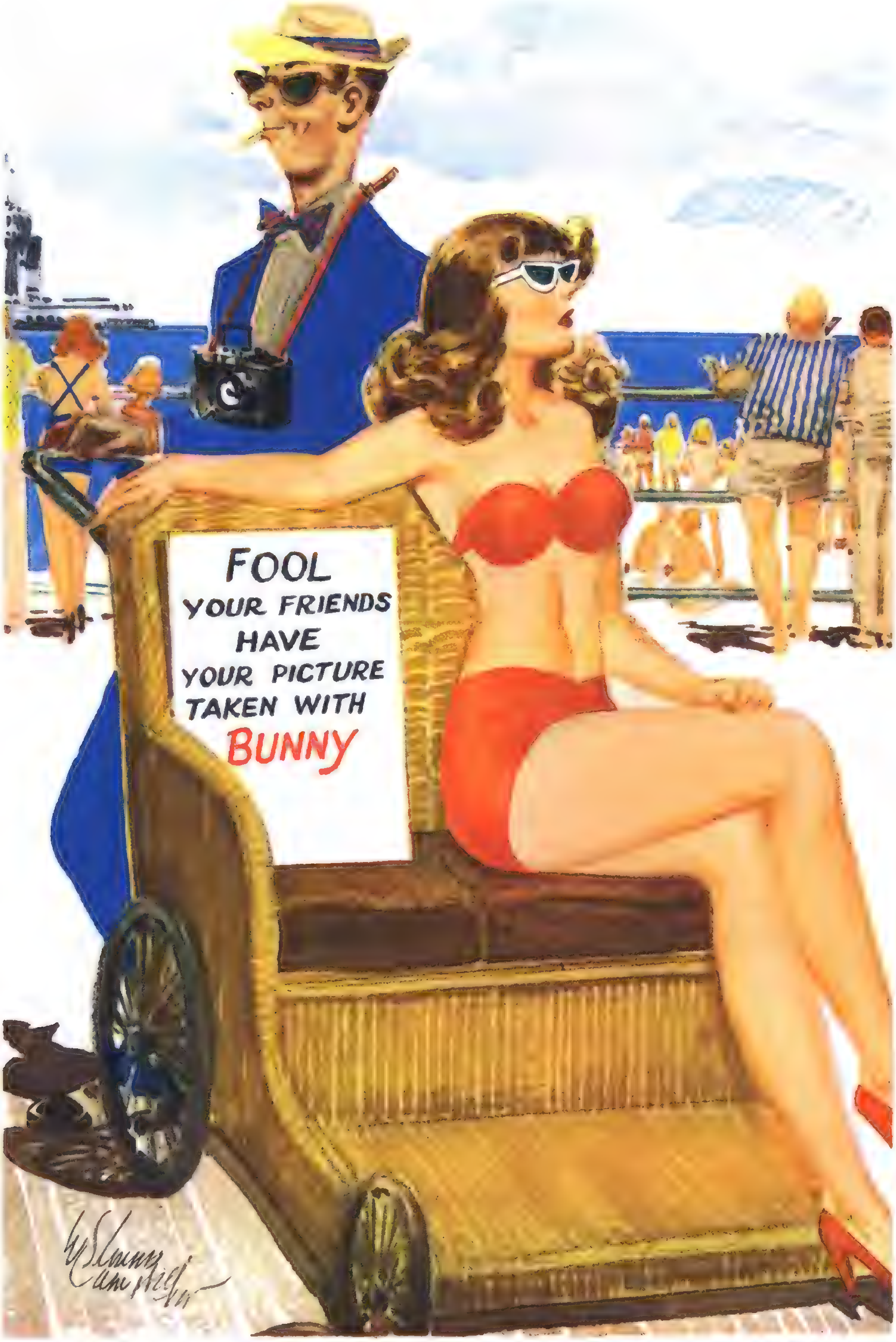
"Please don't talk that way. Couldn't I read to you?"

"Read what?"

"Anything in the book bag that we haven't read."

(Continued on page 106)

Reprinted from THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST FORTY-NINE STORIES *by Ernest Hemingway; copyright 1938 by Ernest Hemingway; used by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons*


FOOL
YOUR FRIENDS
HAVE
YOUR PICTURE
TAKEN WITH
BUNNY

The Store with No Front

Clark Hamilton is an Idaho merchant who threw away the book on how to succeed. His store is untidy, crowded, purposely disorganized, unpredictable, and profitable

***An Article by* KATHARINE BEST *and* KATHARINE HILLYER**

In Clark Alexander Hamilton's business, which is that of running a general merchandise store in Weiser, Idaho, it is the accepted fashion to hang out a sign bearing the name of your establishment, display your goods tidily and attractively, and treat all your customers cordially.

Clark Hamilton knows these rules, and others, but he has never bothered to abide by any of them. Nowhere on the broad expanse of garish, multicolored bricks which make up the front of Hamilton's Country Store is there a sign saying anything. "Idaho people already know where Hamilton's Store is," the Weiser townsfolk rationalize, "and out-of-state people pass that nightmare front and feel compelled to find out what's behind it." Clark Hamilton himself merely shrugs. "I've been meaning to hang a sign on this store for fifteen years," he says. "But there just hasn't been time."

In spite of the store's extensive floor space—it reaches back for a city block—it is far from adequate to hold the profusion of heterogeneous merchandise Clark Hamilton refers to as his "junk." It's not junk; it's just everything you can think of, from rickrack braid to cream separators. And it all lies and sits and leans and hangs about the store in utter—and methodical—chaos.

Swinging from the rafters are garden rakes, palm fans, coffeepots, wrist watches, rubber boots, Hallowe'en false faces and Christmas bells. Piled high and haphazardly on tables which crowd the store from front to back are daffodil bulbs, nylons, lampshades, milk cans, rolling pins, dress patterns, Easter hats, piggy banks. Leaning against the walls, stacked in the aisles, and stuffed onto sagging shelves are all conceivable items in the grocery, drug, dry goods, hardware, farm implement, and household equipment lines.

It has taken Hamilton fifteen years to perfect the method in his store's madness, which adds up to the shrewdest kind of assault on his customers' buying instincts. "When I want to get rid of stuff fast," says Hamilton, "I just leave half-unpacked crates of it lying around. Folks buy me out in no time. Think it's new and they might not get in on it."

His other schemes for moving, at a profit, some slow or dud merchandise are equally foxy. He will hide it behind stacks of boxes. "Customers feel obliged to find out what's behind those boxes." Or he will hang it up, out of reach, from a rafter. "People used to steal our watches, break toys and finger baby clothes with dirty hands," he says. "So we hung them up. It worked, too. Hang something out of reach, and it'll sell like pancake mix." One hanging item which is not for sale is a pair of crutches. They are for loan only, to any customer who needs them.

His aisles are purposely so cluttered it is almost impossible to get through them. "Keep your aisles cluttered," he advises, "then people can't move around fast, and the first thing you know they'll see something they've been needing for a long time." He has groceries stacked in all corners of the store, he has bed linen here and bed linen there, kitchen clocks up front and kitchen clocks in back. "I mix my stuff up and people get befuddled. They see a can of sardines and remember their grocery list. They come across a mattress and are reminded of a blanket. So they buy these things from me, and two other stores have lost two customers."

Clark Hamilton, steadfastly aware that he lives and conducts business in a farming community, never forgets the farmer. He keeps his store open twelve hours a day, seven days a week. And he never has sales. Farm people, he reasons, cannot leave the fields and come into town for a sale. Therefore a sale is unfair.

Few people react neutrally to Clark Hamilton. He is a slight, greying, bespectacled, boyish-faced man fifty years old who holds, and expresses, the stanchest opinions on everything from spirituality to garbage collections. To some people he is a man of conviction; to others, obstinately opinionated. To his friends, his occasional sassiness, while waiting on customers, is a delightful form of cordiality; to his enemies it is inexcusable insolence. To many people Clark Hamilton is a crusader for all the things that are right; to others he is "the feller who runs that screwball store around the corner."

Not long ago the driver of a light potato-chip wagon came into Hamilton's store, his face wreathed in despair.

"Clark," he said, "I've been arrested for not having the gross weight posted on the outside of my truck. It wasn't fair. The truck had just been painted, and the painter forgot to put the weight on. They wouldn't listen to me and fined me eight dollars. Clark, I can't afford that. Is there anything you can do?"

"You aren't a big operator, are you?"

"I'm my own bookkeeper, buyer, stockman, janitor, order clerk, salesman and driver. Secondhand truck."

"Ever been arrested before?"

"No."

"Paid all your taxes, licenses and stuff?"

"Sure."

"How much do you make on a bag of potato chips?"

"Less than a quarter of a cent."

Hamilton telephoned the office of an official in charge of state law enforcement in Boise, told the man's story, spat out the word "tyranny," asked if that office didn't think common sense and reason had a part in law enforcement, and hung up. The next day he bought a column in the Weiser *Signal* and wrote a red-hot editorial about law enforcement, in which he said among other things: "This man is a careful, law-abiding citizen and deserves consideration. Name on request and also a picture of his wife and three kids he is trying to support, in spite of the competition offered him by the State Cops."

For fifteen years Hamilton has been buying "thought space" in local papers, some of which have recently found it advisable to pay him for his "thoughts," they are so popular. He has written about life, dreams, heaven, friendship, fried chicken and the high cost of certain overseas parcels.

No proof exists that Hamilton has, through his column alone, moved any mountains. But when he

(Continued on page 140)

Leaping Lightning

Rabbit-happy greyhounds hitting better than thirty-five miles per hour in the homestretch

HARD-RUNNING greyhounds shown above in the homestretch of the Taunton dog track at Taunton, Massachusetts, are in mad pursuit of a rabbit who is even faster than they are: a mechanical bunny held on a steel rod twenty feet (at an average) in front of the lead dog. They cannot smell him, but their eyes and ears are as sharp as a hoot owl's and as they pound around the night

KODACHROME BY HY PESKIN

track under the glare of thousand-watt bulbs, you get an idea of the terrific speed and stamina that made the greyhound a great hunting and coursing dog long before anyone laid a blanket or a bet on his back.

Close to a quarter million dollars is bet nightly by the average crowd of 14,000 who jam Taunton during the fifty-night season. Most American records were set in Massachusetts by two dogs: Never Roll holds two; Lucky Pilot, running four years later in 1946, racked up four records. The two greyhounds are tied with the mark of 39.1 seconds for three-eighths of a mile at Wonderland. The best a race horse ever did on a circular track for the same distance is 32 seconds—with a stride almost twice the average greyhound's sixteen-foot leap.

Hounds, like number 8 above, that have a tendency to veer to the right are started in outside lanes, but the ones that like the rail have to fight for it. A breakdown in the machinery may leave the bunny to the dogs, who have an understandable grudge against him. A muzzle never stops them from tearing poor Peter to bits that can only be picked up by a blue serge suit.

Return Engagement

When a guy gets on the Hollywood treadmill, he thinks the rest of the world is standing still. Todd Gunters found out that it had been spinning away all the time

A Story by

ERNEST LEHMAN

It was like any good hotel. They could put you up in an ivory tower thirty-four stories above Park Avenue and they could shut out the noise of the city and protect you from the sycophants who swarm to incoming movie stars like ants to a picnic. But they couldn't shut out what was inside you, they couldn't protect you from the deals you allowed yourself to make with your studio . . .

When the phone rang he warned the press agent, "I'm not in." But Harrigan was saying, "He's right here, honey," and thrusting the receiver at him with a sly grin.

"Todd, darling," Verna Marlowe said, "it's so horribly lonely up here in this big beastly penthouse and you down there only three little floors below me. I think it's cruel of you, darling."

"Look," he said, "our date is set up for the Stork at midnight. Let's leave it at that, shall we?"

"But, darling, we haven't been alone since we hit New York, not *really* alone."

"Why don't you save the bedroom voice for the sound tracks?"

She cursed him harshly. "I was good enough for you out on the Chief and—"

He hung up quietly.

"I'll lose my job." Harrigan's voice trembled. "How can I sell you two to the papers as a romance if you can't even hold her hand in public without twisting her arm? A week, Toddy boy, that's all we're asking of you—a week. Now we're meeting Earl Wilson at the Stork at midnight and I got Sobol lined up at Twenty-One after that and—Hey! Where you going?"

"Out," Todd snapped. He walked down the hall to the elevator. He had waited long enough. If he didn't find Jeannie now, he knew he'd never look for her.

Eddie the thoughtful was on the elevator. "Yessir, Mr. Gunters. Nonstop. Let 'em ring till they wear out their fingers. Mr. Gunters goes down express."

It was wonderful how five dollars could buy such perfect understanding. At the main floor he put on dark glasses and hurried through the crowded lobby, coat collar up, hat brim down, eyes fixed straight ahead until he reached the safety of the dark street outside. But they were there as usual—five of them, bright-eyed and tearing at him, thrusting things in his face.

"Lay off, kids, not now," he muttered, brushing past them into a waiting cab. "Straight ahead," he called to the driver. He had to get away from those kids, the hotel, the crowded sidewalks, away from Todd Gunters of Hollywood. That was the only reason he had let the studio talk him into this publicity trip to New York—that in coming back he might find the old Todd Gunters before he was forever lost, the Todd Gunters who had been known as Harry Gurneke and who had been in love with a girl named Jeannie.

He stared out at the crowds, trying to go back the two years when he had been one of them—the small roles in second-rate shows, the little money that was all the money in the world, the nights with Jeannie, the walks in the Park, and every foolish, wonderful thing they had done together . . .

Two years ago—and then sharp eyes in the audience had spotted his blond hair and the way his eyes crinkled at the corners when he grinned, and he was out on the Coast working in pictures, an air-mail's throw from Jeannie—kind, understanding, patient Jeannie who would wait for him to send for her. Two years in which the crinkly eyes and blond hair had been parlayed by clever men into a new screen sensation and in which somehow there had never been time to buy an air-mail stamp and a lost dream had been replaced by a clamorous emptiness.

The cabbie was talking to him. "Say, Mac, did anyone ever tell you you look like Todd Gunters, the movie guy?"

"Is that good?" he asked bitterly.

"Hah," the cabbie cackled. "Is that good, he says. Are you kidding, Mac?"

Suddenly he had to get away from this man. "Let me off here," he said.

He walked aimlessly through strange familiar streets, hiding behind dark glasses and an upturned collar, and when he found himself on 45th Street, he knew he was going to Marchetta's . . . because that was where Jeannie had waited for him in the old days, and if anyone would know what had happened to her it would be Hilda . . .

She was hanging up a man's hat and coat when she saw him. "Surprise, surprise," he called out, trying to sound exuberant.

Hilda's face remained expressionless. "No surprise at all, Harry. I read about Todd Gunters' triumphal return in the *News*."

"Look, honey," he said eagerly, "where is she? I don't know where to start looking."

Hilda eyed him coldly. "Prince Charming has come out of the West to rescue Sleeping Beauty from the sweatshops of Broadway, is that it, Harry? Time stands still in the East. She ought to be waiting for that letter, Harry, shouldn't she?"

He peered beyond her through the dimly lit room to the corner table where Jeannie had always sat watching the entrance for him, always there after the show, waiting. And then suddenly he saw her, and she was more beautiful than his memory of her and his heart leaped. He wanted to run to her, but he just stood, because she was gazing at a young man who was sitting at the table with her and he was gazing at her and her hand was in his and there was something about the look on their faces . . .

"They were married last week," Hilda said.

He walked slowly from the restaurant and stood on the sidewalk, dumbly signing autograph albums and scraps of paper. Then he went toward Broadway, and he turned his collar down and took off the glasses.

"Hello, Mr. Gunters!"

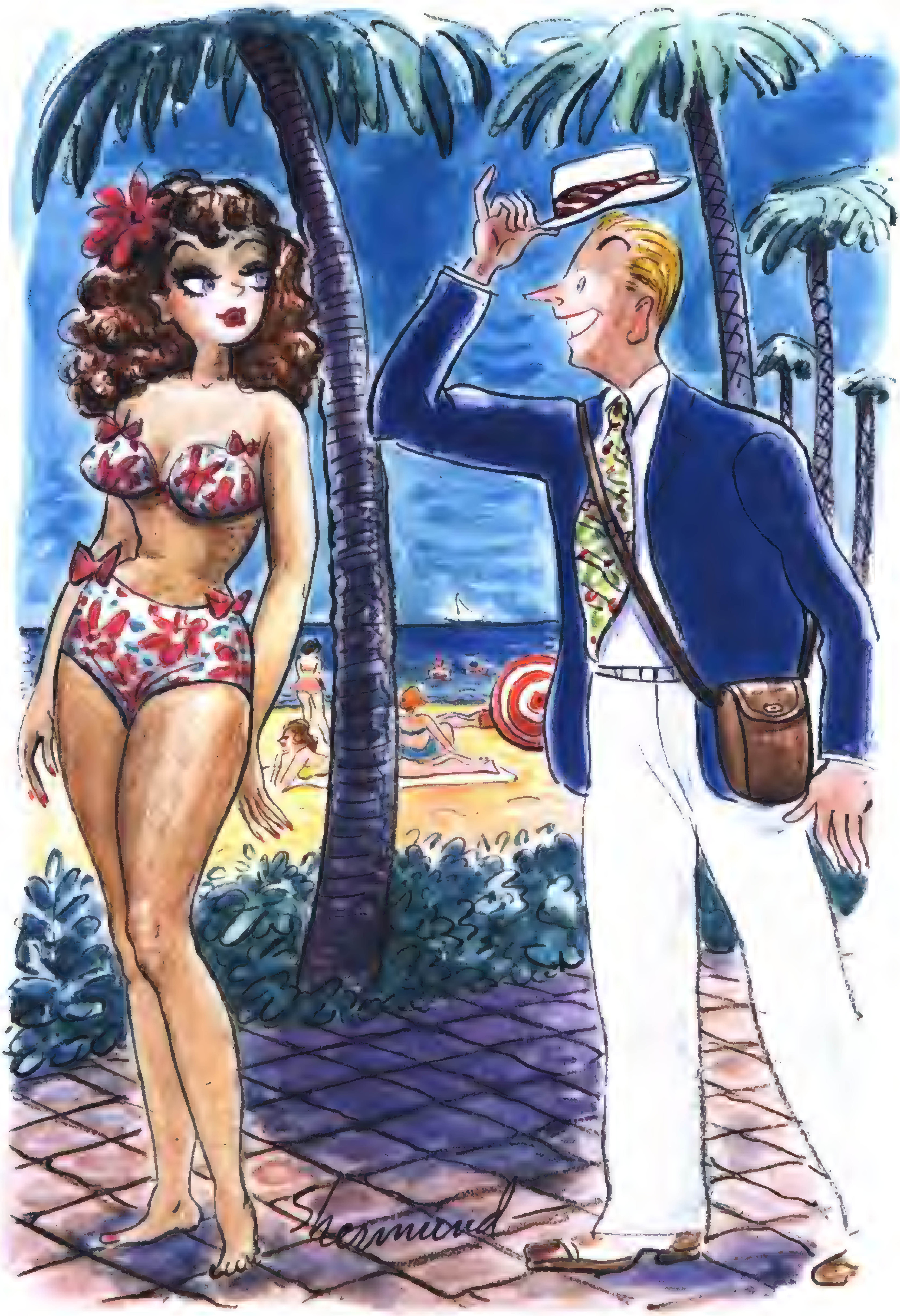
He was aware of faces coming alive with recognition. Voices called out to him. People smiled and waved to him and he nodded in return. He quickened his stride now, walking in the middle of the sidewalk, in the thick of the crowds.

Back at the hotel, Eddie was still on the elevator. "Yessir, Mr. Gunters, thirty-fourth floor, nonstop — no waiting — no people."

"No, make it the penthouse," Todd said. "And you can let the people on, Eddie."

He'd be needing them now. They were all he had left. #

"Where's the fire? Right in your big blue eyes, Sir"



"Haven't I seen you on a travel folder someplace?"

Right: Crews ready spinnakers for a hard week
Above: The races from Larchmont Yacht Club

Above: Rain doesn't stop a real salt. *Below:* Judges check racers from their committee boat

Below: Commodore George Isdale of the Larchmont Y.C. presents the hardware to one winner

Sail, Sound and Sky

The Larchmont Yacht Club Regatta is an 8-day week of good sailing, tradition, and keen competition

Not too long ago, Yankee skippers were racing sleek clipper ships around the Horn and New England oilers were scraping paint off the North Pole in their search for the whale. *Moby Dick* is a story every American can appreciate, because every American still has the surge of sea tides, the call of rolling surf, and the cool tingle of flying spume in his veins. Part of our heritage as a young nation with the greatest accessible sea coast in the world is the American male's love of sailing. But the intensity of the love affair between the part-time sailor and blue water and snapping sails is something to give pause to the student of national characteristics. Maybe the attraction springs from the memory of those Yankee clippers; maybe it's the male animal's urge for basic struggles like wrestling with the sea or going out to hunt up his own food; or maybe it's just the near-poetic charms of white sails, blue skies, and sparkling waters. Whatever the reason, thousands of American males dream all year of getting out where the scud is flying.

For those amateurs with salt water in their veins, a high point of the yachting season is the annual Race Week of the Larchmont Yacht Club on Long Island Sound. Race "Week" is a group of eight days in the middle of July when men who have been making the bulls jump on the Exchange break free of ticker tape, slap on a yachting cap, and make their crews hop to. The only dip they care about then is the one at the prow of their boats; the only boom that matters is the one swinging over their heads. They race boats ranging in size from big International One-designs to 16-footers like the International Ghosts over courses laid out by the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Last year, in the Golden Jubilee of Race Week, 372 craft started in the races on the first day. In all, there were 140 senior races, an average of 20 each day. Of the eight days of the regattas, only three—the first Saturday and Sunday, and the last Saturday of the Week—were officially recognized by the Yacht Racing Association. But official recognition has little to do with the spirit of the competitors, and what may read like the dullest race of the day in the record books is packed with the thrills that got the racers out on the water in the first place.

The Larchmont Races of last year were plagued by poor sailing weather, which, though never foul, was unco-operative. For most of the sailing days, the wind played hide-and-seek with the sails. Sailors who have taken class honors for two years running are pretty sure of repeating if the race is conducted under normal conditions. But let the wind get gay, and lubbers who have been trailing the field for all their racing careers find themselves dusting off a spot on the mantelpiece for a trophy.

In the twenty classes of boats that crisscrossed Long Island Sound in a quadrangular course in Race Week in 1948, only four winners repeated victories of 1947. *Bumble Bee* again showed the way to the Internationals; *Rogue* led the Lightnings; *Carolina*, the Atlantics; and *Flamingo*, the Rhodes Eighteens. The young skipper of *Rogue*, Jack Webb, won the Anne Kathleen Cullen trophy, awarded to the sailor whose boat leads all classes in percentage for the week.

Most of the Race Week entries don't expect to get any closer to the awards than an appreciative stare, but they do expect to win a lot of fun out of matching their skills with those of the leaders in each class. The Larchmont Yacht Club holds open house during the Week, so that the part-time sailors can get to talk jibs and tacking with the men who know. If they can't win a trophy, they may learn something. But even if they don't learn anything, they still get more thrills and fun—and a better tan—than the sedentary brethren who take all their recreation via video and a handy Seltzer bottle. #

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALLACE LITWIN

It's a sight to make a sailor's heart leap
when the bellied sails of the Atlantic class cut their
clean white profiles into the blue summer day

THERE WAS A MAN:

“SOLDIER” OATES

The Englishman who calmly walked to death in an antarctic blizzard's slow cruelty had made the hardest decision a human being can tackle

BRAVE men die many ways. In battle, they take on crazy odds and kill the enemy with inhuman skill until they are blasted down. They treat their own blood and flesh and bone with the careless distaste of a butcher as they look into the retreating eyes of those without bravery. And other men, who are turned by conflict and war into sick and pitiful weaklings, keep on wondering all their lives at this explosion of physical grandeur that makes a man into a hero.

Such is the great fighter, the soldier who seizes the moment. But take away the drama and whittle it down: —take away the enemy, the excitement, the challenge of the moment, and ask a man to think it over and then accept Calculated Death. Take away the trappings. Give him his choice, life or death, while there's still a chance of getting away. Give him time to think it over and wait for someone else to throw away *his* precious life. And if your man elects death then, because it may help his comrades, takes it when he doesn't have to, you've got a *man*, and such a man was "Soldier" Oates.

The time was during one of the world's great delusions of perpetual peace. There was no war: it was 1910. "Soldier" Oates was a humble member of a glamour expedition that left England in June. Led by Captain Robert F. Scott of the British Royal Navy, a picked group of antarctic explorers were set on the high adventure of beating Amundsen and his Norwegians in the dash to place the Union Jack first on the unconquered South Pole itself.

Sixteen Englishmen set out from Cape Evans on the ice-rimmed lip of the Ross Sea. It was 922 miles to the South Pole. As supply depot after supply depot was laid down, eleven men turned back. On January 3rd, 1912, only five determined men still slogged south. The bull's-eye lay ahead: 150 miles of drift, wind, hunger, and cold. On January 18th, they stood in its innermost circle—five unkempt, exhausted, heroic, disappointed men: Scott, Wilson, Bowers, Evans, Oates. Before them was Amundsen's flag. The Norwegian had won.

The Englishmen turned back, not quite as jaunty as before, but good losers, as Englishmen are. And then the antarctic hit them. You've got to die from cold first to know how it feels. In books and movies it always says you want to lie down and sleep in the snow. Don't kid yourself. You want to get the hell out of there, fast.

At 40° below, the moisture in your nose freezes and you have to clear out a hole through your nostrils with the point of your knife so you can breathe. The wind throws snow in your eyes like sand, and drives up the tears, and they freeze until your eyelids work like heavy, creaky shutters. Your knees won't bend; you walk like a man of ninety. Your face turns into an iron mask; only the eyes still live. Your fingers stopped feeling long ago. But you don't want to *sleep*. The cold drives the You that was in your face and hands and body down deep inside where there's nothing left but fear—and hope and courage if you have it. If you do, those eyes of yours, in that frozen mask you can't even move, will glisten when you meet the look of your pals.

Five men. 922 miles to go with death in frozen crystal on the way. Death in a loose parka fastening; in food ration fallen short; in stomach-ache to slow you down, in a loose boot sole. Death with five men all the way.

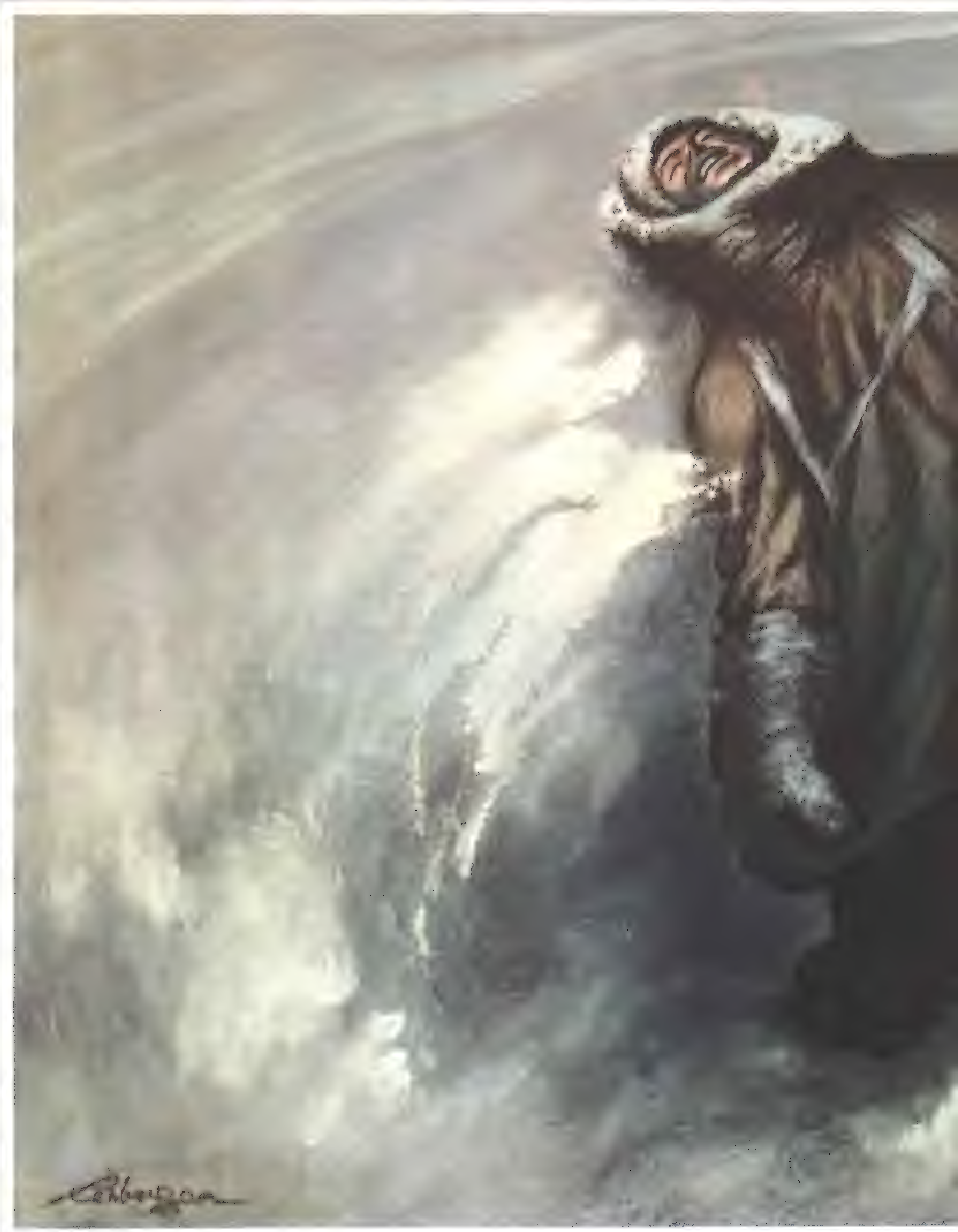
Evans died on February 17. Next day, the four survivors reached a depot and they even began to hope again. But the antarctic said no in its own way. *It is the night of March 17. Four tough men, almost licked but not quitting, are bivouacked in their tent. Twenty-four miles away is One Ton Depot and food and safety. Oates has been sick and weak. Captain Scott notes in his diary that Oates' "hands as well as feet [are] pretty well useless." Oates ponders the Calculated Death. Without him, his companions might make it. He knows how sweet life is to them, because he still hoards his own warmth. He looks at them in the dim light—Scott, Wilson, Bowers. Good men, not ready to die. In the morning, a blizzard howls outside, and they look at each other in wonderment and almost despair. Except Oates, who is deadly calm. He gets up and faces them, and they read in his eyes what he has decided to do. And what they see there is too big to argue with. He says: "I am just going outside. I may be some time."*

And Captain Lawrence E. G. Oates, formerly of Eaton, onetime cavalry officer in the Inniskilling Dragoons, coolly steps outside to greet his greatest enemy, alone.

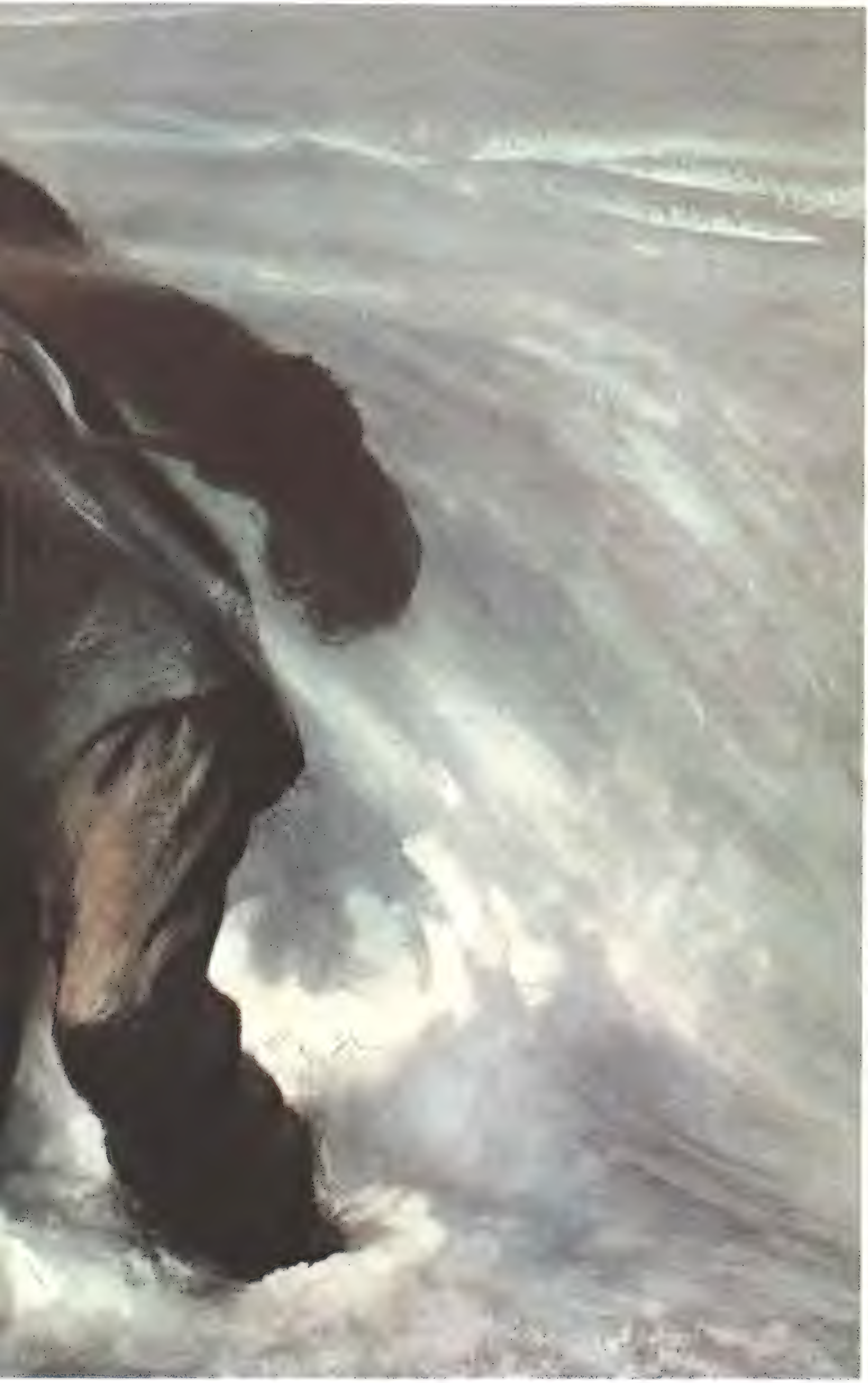
The survivors walked four more days, covered another eighteen miles. But the antarctic beat them all at last.

All but Oates. He had picked the Calculated Death. A man like that is not beaten: he wins. He won when the others were able to move on even a single mile, unhampered by his stumbling. He won, finally, in the very second when he sank down into the ice pack and the glisten froze on his eyes, and the cold cornered the last flicker of life deep down in him.

Veritably, he was a man. #



THERE WAS A MAN: "SOLDIER" OATES DIES TO SAVE HIS COM



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

PANIONS ON THE SCOTT SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION

THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY AL MOORE

Perfectionist

Everyone knew Alicia. She was rich, talented,
and breathtakingly beautiful. All her young life
she had done things to perfection.

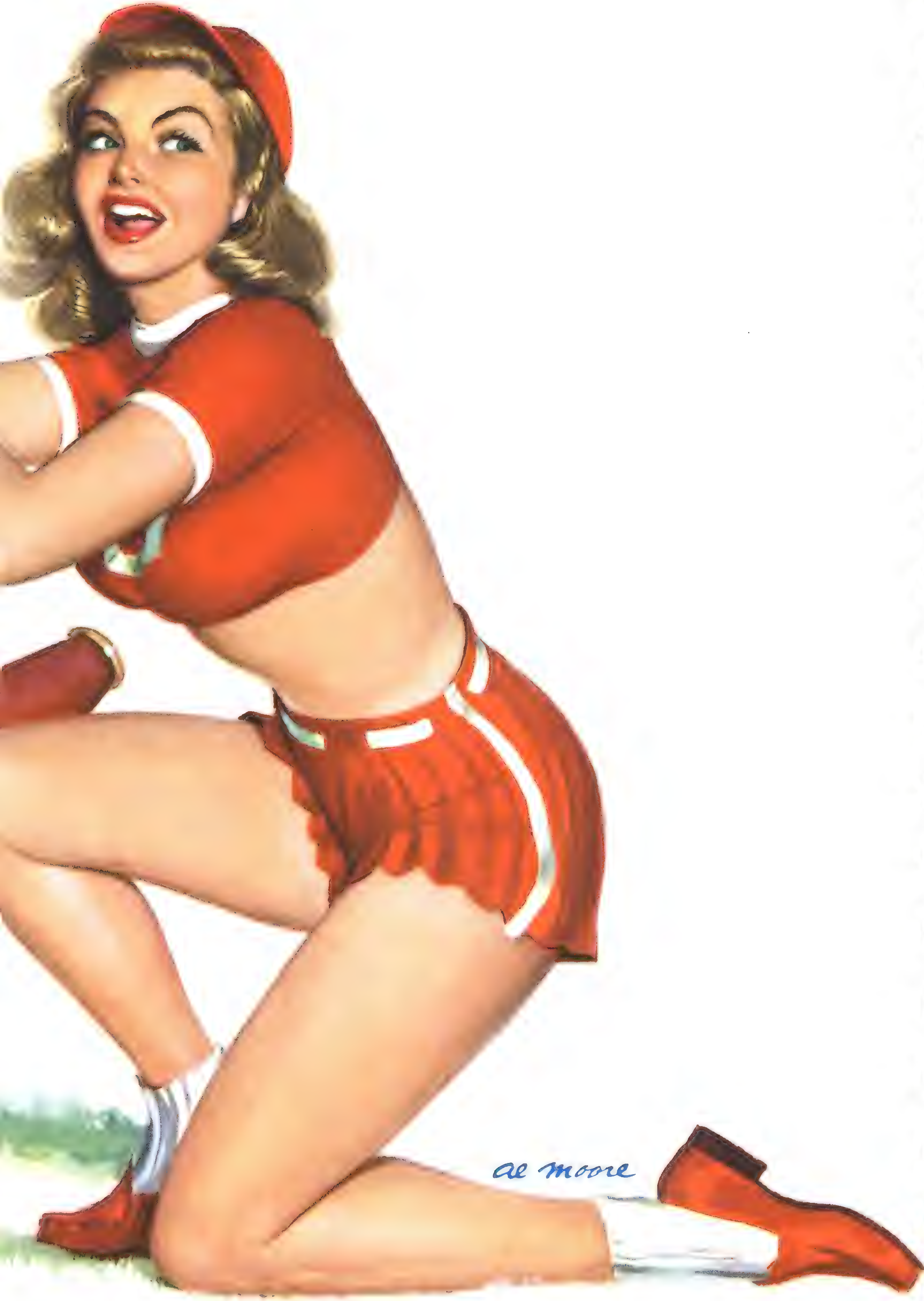
If the piano caught her interest she studied in private until
she could play bop or Beethoven with equal ease. If fashion
found her fancy she learned everything she needed to know
and came out with gowns that put her on top of the best-dressed list.

It was only natural, then, that she went about snaring a husband
in the same way. She studied the field carefully,
picked her man, and brought him in with meticulously planned
strategy. He was Don Whan, wealthy, handsome, and undeniably the best catch of the year.

Everything was perfect.

But Alicia's zeal for perfection didn't end there.
Her marriage was going to be the best one possible. She
began attending a marriage course offered by a leading university. She applied
herself diligently to her studies and worked very hard to get
the highest grade in the class.

After graduation Alicia came home and found a note from Don:
"Sorry, darling, I'm on my way to Reno.
Too much schoolwork. Not enough homework."


al moore

A LOT OF THINGS:

Protest by an Ignoramus

Four calls on the sportswriter's beat: college football, the sad and suspicious Main Stem, baseball's unsung champion, and the new girls with familiar faces

by JIMMY CANNON

Where I came from a young man's services were for hire as soon as he could get his working papers from the Board of Education. We believed a man who went to high school was a slacker. We judged the pursuit of learning to be the flight of a crafty bum from toil. We forgave doctors who exposed themselves to colleges because we understood they would be pinched if they suggested a patient take a dose of salts without first being licensed to practice medicine. We conceded the physicians were the most intelligent men in the neighborhood, but serving a sentence in a university seemed worthless when all they charged was a deuce a call whether the complaint was the cramps or chicken pox. They were frequently cheated out of that because the gentle people were paid last, down on the West Side of New York. The bookmaker came first because if you fell behind in your contributions he sent collectors who broke your leg as a reminder that markers were not to be sluffed off after Saturday, which was payday. So I admit it is possible to trace the hostility expressed in this article to envy because I was an office boy in a wholesale fruit house at fourteen, although the law compelled me to go half a day every week to what was identified as a continuation school. My animosity gets acute at this time of the year because my job as a sports journalist is concerned with reporting football games involving universities in all sections of the country.

Investigation has not reduced my original prejudices against brain stores. On Saturday afternoons in the autumn I watch young men spit out teeth and gag on their blood as they represent institutions of culture. Stretchers are used to remove the foolishly valiant and memory fades in aching heads as concussions make the process of thought difficult. Such mayhem is celebrated by singing and regimented shouting, and cops stand by and permit these organized riots to proceed unmolested. New rules may modify football and minimize the list of casualties, but it can't be changed much as long as there is blocking and tackling.

The reason for such ferocious competition, if you listen to the faculty, the alumni and the athletic associations, is to bring honor to the school. They also claim the purpose of the sport is to help young bodies to become better servants of the mind. I don't understand how a broken arm improves a boy's physique. Up to now a fractured skull has never made anyone think clearer. But now in September the old graduates will be begging me to do a piece which will proclaim the greatness of their school. They stake me to slobbering testimonials dedicated to the wonderful college years, but rarely do they mention what else they did besides watch or play football. They never solicit publicity for a guy on the debating team and not once have they ever bragged about the wisdom of a professor. It mystifies me how you honor a university by relating the cruelty of its students. Brutality is necessary in a football player. It is impossible for a kindly man to excel at the game.

I must oppose those reformers who denounce the commercialism of university football players. The player should be paid for every game he works and many of them make more than the guys in the pro leagues. It is a system which should be encouraged because why should a guy pay to attend a college which makes a profit from his talents as an athlete? The rates should be high because the dressing room of a college town resembles an accident ward more than it does a clubhouse for the young and the sound. It is not uncommon for a man to play with previously fractured bones held in place by braces. Only a few don't require special pads to protect old hurts. The majority need first aid even on days when all they do is scrimmage among themselves.

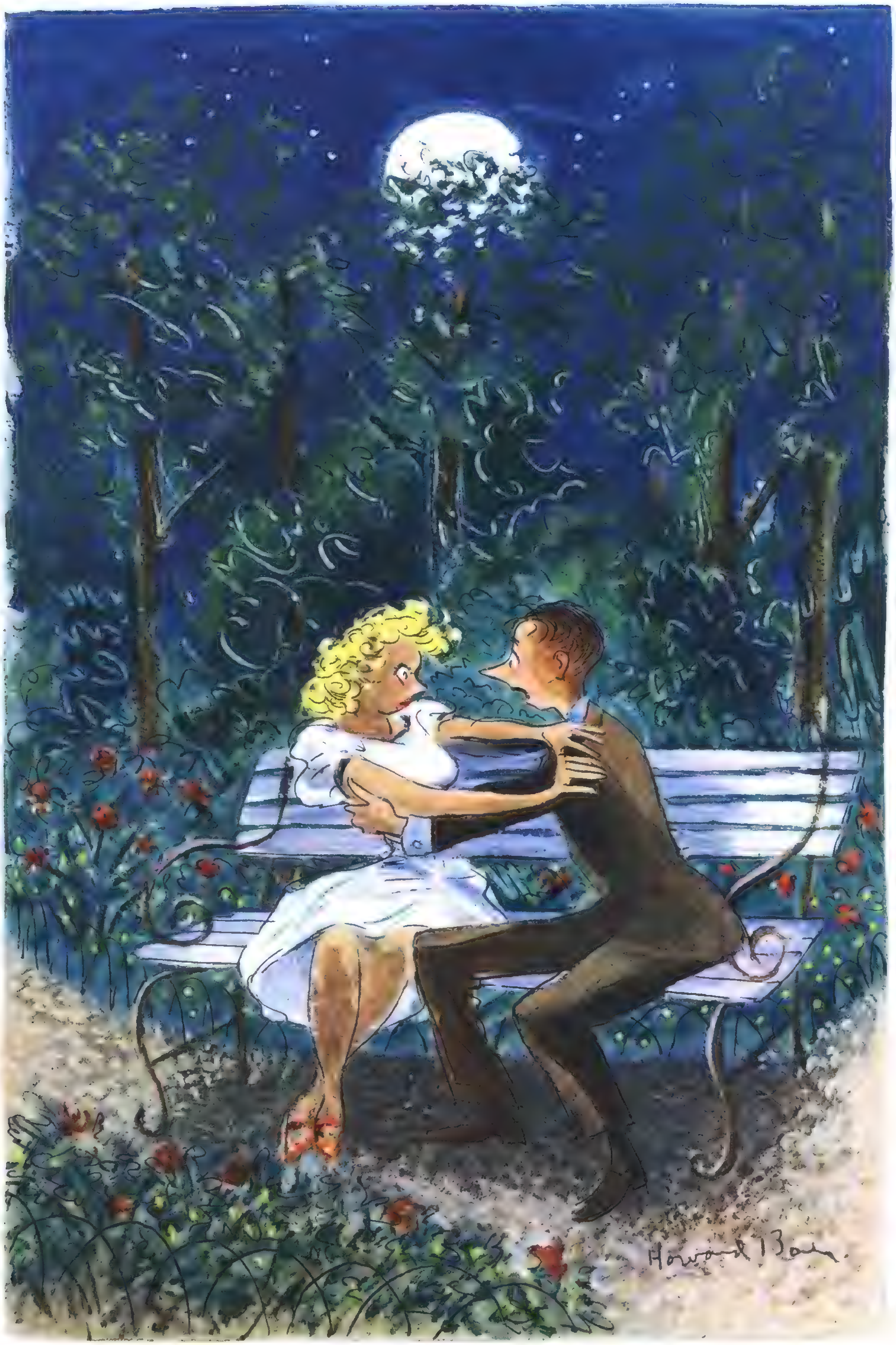
The prestige of a college is not increased because of the ability of some of its employees to endure pain in an exhibition of savage strength. So the reputation of a school is not shined up by a good football team, but tarnished. When the football club of a college becomes popular its academic standards are doubted. So that gets rid of the main reasons, honor and health, which they give me when I ask them why they are connected with the immense enterprise college football is.

The two-platoon system is now being defended as a manifestation of the coach's amateurism. It is the preposterous declaration of some that the two platoons make it possible for more students to get into a game. The sport, they say with a counterfeit piety, is enjoyed by boys who under normal methods would be prevented from participation. The two-platoon system is the confederate of the schools with big student bodies. It is the best way a large squad can weaken a smaller one. The big colleges influence the rules committee. Smaller colleges are afraid to challenge them. They go along because it is always possible they will be added to the schedule of an important school. The pride is forgotten if an athletic director can arrange a game that guarantees a big cut at the gate. They don't care how badly they're trimmed or the way their kids are used up as long as the price is right.

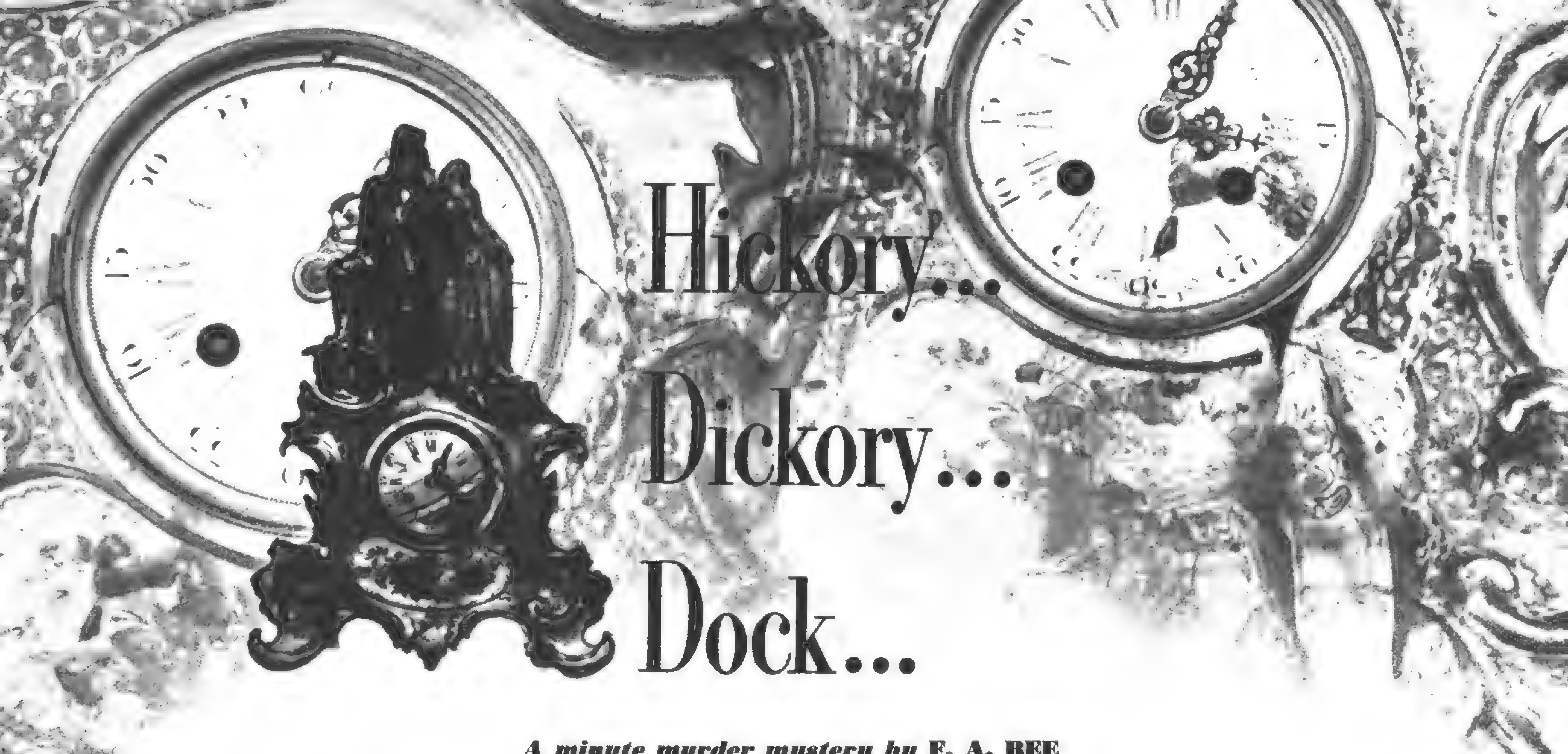
If football is played to give every kid in the place a chance to get into a game, the present schedules are obsolete and should be abandoned. They should run a campus tournament between frat houses, classes and dormitories. Naturally, these games would be played where the entire student body could get to them and the colleges wouldn't have to rent ball parks miles distant from the campus. But Grantland Rice wouldn't cover them and neither would Bill Corum or Dan Parker or Johnny Carmichael or Gene Kessler or Freddy Russell or Sec Taylor or George Barton or Lou Smith or Ed Danforth or Shirley Povich or Arch Ward or Warren Brown or Vincent X. Flaherty or Whitey Lewis or Bill Cunningham or Lyall Smith or Red Smith or Roger Pippin or Arthur Daley or Dave Egan or Bill Heinz or Frankie Graham or Tommy Holmes or Chet Smith or Walter Stewart. Newspapers would pay for it by the inch and ask a campus correspondent to file them a paragraph. That would mean there wouldn't be any money in the till or speculators hurtling tickets and what the hell am I making impossible suggestions like this for, anyhow? College football is a professional sport although some amateurs play it. It is done for money and nothing else and it is up to the college presidents to control it, but they are too deeply involved and some of them would be unemployed the first season their football club lost money.

The deans insist that in their colleges young men are taught the ethics of the arts, the professions and commerce. But even as they explain this to a city- (*Continued on page 122*)

"They glow in the dark. Kick these shoes off in the movies and you can find them!"


Howard Baer

"What do you mean, Edna, this is neither the time nor the place?"



Hickory... Dickory... Dock...

A minute murder mystery by **F. A. BEE**

Henry Xavier St. John, always a fastidious man, noted with quiet satisfaction that his gloves were spotless as he tightened his fingers around the slender throat of his rich Aunt Emily.

When the gentle lady was really dead (it had been laughably easy, because a woman in her late seventies is comically helpless in a fight with a playboy-athlete) there was a terrible wave of sound around Henry's ears. Clashing bells. The deep voices of gongs. Frightened cuckoo birds.

But do not think this was a sign of Henry's remorse, or the cracking of a tortured conscience. Henry was feeling fine. The noise came from Aunt Emily's clocks.

Those goddam clocks, thought Henry. Yet he smiled. For Aunt Emily's clocks were part of his Plan. Dear Aunt Emily, so astoundingly wealthy, had two weaknesses, and one of them was her clocks. She might have collected diamonds, or yachts, or opera houses, but Aunt Emily had always been such a fool—she acted just like any other woman without four fortunes tucked away in five banks. She collected clocks, and spread them about her room. She loved them all, and her friends said it did them good just to see the old lady's face when the hour of striking came around; in the midst of the uproar she sat smiling and nodding a little to the tinkle of the Dresden piece on the mantel, as if she could hear that tiny chime alone.

Henry hated the clocks, until the Plan occurred to him. After that, he loved the sound of them—a sound which had begun to resemble the chink of money, lots of money, cascading out of the desk drawer where Aunt Emily kept her will. Because Henry was all Aunt Emily had left: Henry was her second weakness. Dear boy, he was a little wild and sometimes exceeded his allowance, but Aunt Emily always forgave him. After all, someday he would have all her money, and he could not be expected to live like a pauper in the meantime—particularly not when a hard-faced man named Nick the Slicer, whom Aunt Emily had never met, was pressing Henry to pay an I.O.U. with six numerals written on it.

Henry knew better than to discuss such a matter with Aunt Emily. There was a vein of steel in her, a throwback to her silly, romantic youth, that would never yield to such an entanglement. Anyway, the Plan was easier. And quicker.

Henry could be sweet, and he never was sweeter than the night he gave Aunt Emily her first electric clock. It was a delicate, small thing, and when he plugged it in next to her bedside, she looked pleased and yet fearful, as though this one fiendishly perfect contraption might make all her old friends, the mechanical clocks she had to wind regularly, feel out-of-date.

But Aunt Emily loved the electric clock for Henry's sake. And each night after she wound her other clocks, she gave it a shy pat of affection, as if to thank it for being so little trouble.

Stepping away from Aunt Emily's body on the bed, Henry set the hands of the electric clock back to ten, then pulled the plug out—it looked like an accident that had occurred in a scuffle—just as the other clocks in the room finished their clangor in announcing the eleventh hour.

It worked out fine in the morning, as Henry knew it would.

Standing in Aunt Emily's apartment with the sergeant, Henry shuddered at what was on the bed, and let his eyes stray to the electric clock.

"Yes, it happened at ten last night, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said the detective. "I have eyes, too, and the smartest guy in the world always forgets one little thing. So watch what *you* say. They tell me you live here alone with the old lady. Where were *you* last night at ten o'clock?"

"Er—I was out with friends," said Henry.

"Can you prove it?"

"I don't know," said Henry. "I was just next door for the evening and—*yes!* we were watching the fights on their television set. I don't know when they started, but I saw the whole Rocky Zollo affair."

The detective looked at his stooge. "Check," he grunted. "Stay here, St. John. We'll wait."

The stooge reported back. "St. John was definitely with his friends next door watching the Zollo fight. The fight went on at ten. Zollo won by a technical knockout in the eleventh round when—"

"Never mind," said the sergeant. "When did you come home?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. It was just after the fight," said Henry, picking his words carefully. "Must have been a few minutes before eleven. I went straight to bed downstairs in my rooms." Then he added, trying to keep his voice steady, "Can I go now?"

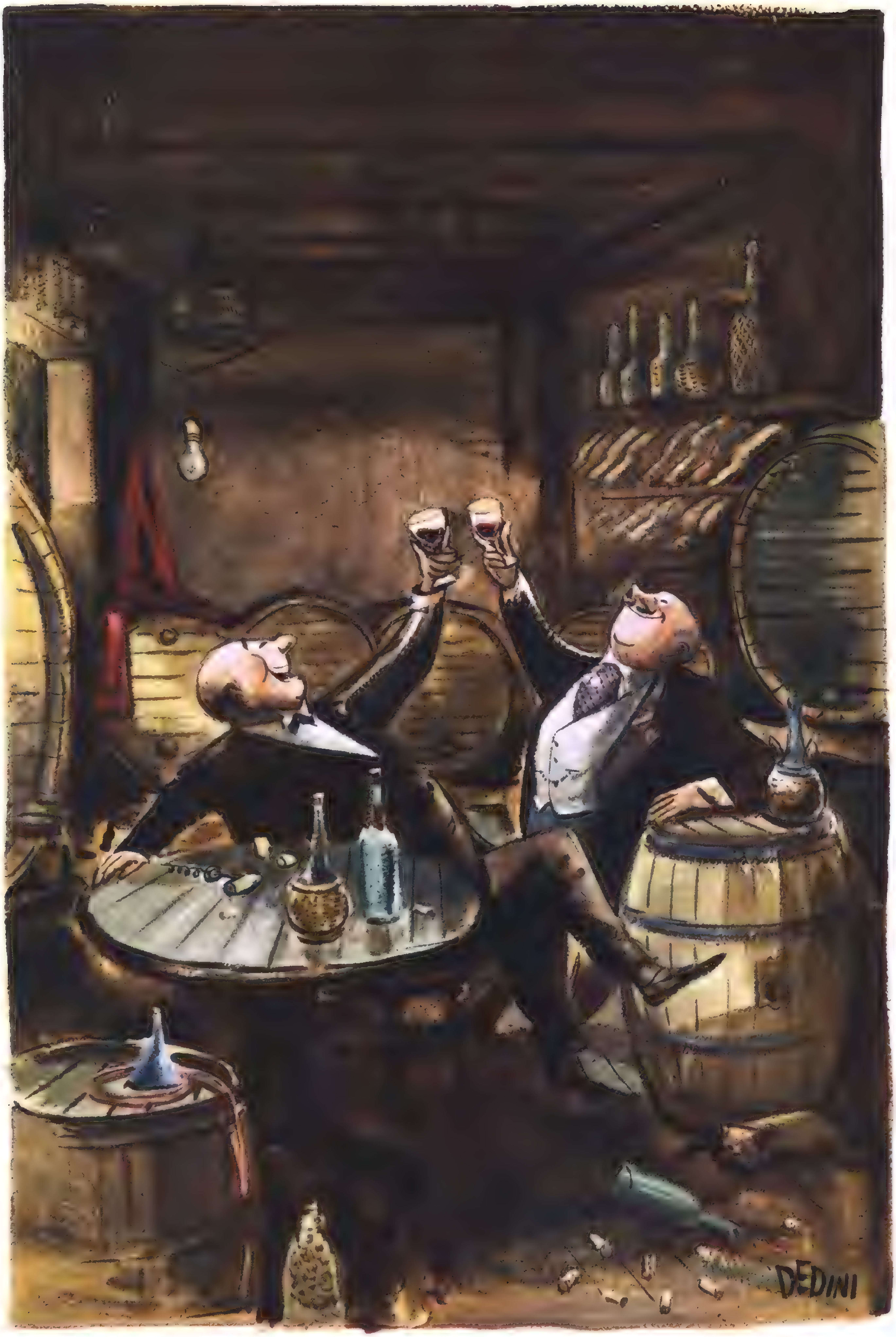
"Not quite yet," said the sergeant. "Have you ever seen this?" He handed a small leather-covered notebook to Henry.

Henry couldn't conceal his surprise. He had never seen it before.

"You haven't, eh?" said the sergeant. "Well, it's the old lady's private diary. Seems she kept it a secret, even from you. But you might like to read last night's entry in there."

Henry slowly opened Aunt Emily's diary, and as he began to read, the room was filled once more with the horrible cacophony of bells, gongs, and cuckoo birds:

"I am so happy tonight," went Aunt Emily's delicate scroll-like writing. "I have decided to give Henry all my money now, before I die, so he may enjoy it while I am still here. The sweet boy deserves it. I have grown to love his pretty electric clock best of all, because it is so thoughtful of him to remember a foolish old lady and her love affair with Time. But I must put away my diary and its secrets. Henry's clock tells me that it is almost eleven, and I hear his footsteps on the stairs. The dear boy is coming to kiss me good night."



". . . and now to your great, great, great, great, great, great, great grandmother on your father's side"

Benzedrine or Oranges

SLEEPING PILLS, INC.

Take it from a guy who has been there: Hollywood blinds you with tinsel—it's easier to knife you that way

by DONALD FRIEDE

I HAVE just turned my back on Hollywood, after thirteen years spent in those lush and tasteless fields. Wild horses couldn't drag me back now. I am shet of the place, and shet of it I intend to remain.

Not that I don't like money. Far from it. I do. I like the things it will buy, and the feelings of privilege it gives you, and the knowledge that a charge account at Romanoff's is a guarantee of fine food and fine service and just about the best very dry Gibsons that can be bought anywhere. And, while I never aspired to a Cadillac, that infallible mark of success in Hollywood, I did enjoy our shiny new Ford station wagon, and our Oldsmobile convertible, and our pretty house—with a pool table instead of a swimming pool—at the edge of the swankiest golf course in Hollywood.

There comes a time, though, when it is necessary to decide exactly how much money is worth to you. Nobody in Hollywood has ever escaped this decision. It may be that you have to decide whether you can enthusiastically accept a stupid—and even dishonest—assignment. It may be that you will be faced with dining for the twentieth time with a boor who will spend the whole evening telling you everything about everything, when actually his knowledge is as meager as his cunning is great. It may be that you will be forced, for the back-breaking last time, to cancel all your plans for a quiet evening with your wife simply because your immediate superior is lonely and wants your company with a couple of complaisant stock girls. Or it may simply be that you suddenly realize that you are nothing more than a lavishly paid office boy and that you have run out of "yesses." But whatever the reason, the time for the momentous decision will inevitably come.

The measure of a Hollywoodian's success is his ability to take insults and rebuffs. For there are two words that best characterize Hollywood; one of them is "fear," and the other is "cruelty." If you could overcome the one and blind yourself to the other, your success would be assured. Somehow, though, it's almost impossible for a man to anesthetize himself to the sense of fear that pervades the air around the studios. All he can do is to become so thick-skinned that not even the most sadistic cruelty can hurt him. And that still does not help to deaden the pain of the long introspective hours before dawn—which probably explains why the per-capita consumption of sleeping pills is said to be greater in Hollywood than anywhere else in the world.

So, for that matter, is the consumption of Benzedrine. In a town that seriously considers itself the focal point of the universe, where every world-shaking event is interpreted solely in terms of its immediate impact on The Industry, and where the daily reading of the greater part of its inhabitants is limited to Louella Parsons' column, the pages of *The Hollywood Reporter*, and *Variety*, Benzedrine is essential. How could you possibly hope to con- (*Continued on page 112*)

HOLLYWOOD, HOMETOWN

Or listen to a man who lives there now: it's a typical small town, with nice people, and too much publicity

by HORACE McCOY

THE street I live on is nice and quiet and both sides are edged with trees, stout carob trees, whose limbs and branches reach out to each other across the curbs and interlace, forming a tunnel that even at bright vivid noon is dark, with only dollar spots of sunshine sifting through to spray the tops of passing automobiles; and the houses are not too big and not too small either, just medium; and in the alley the grass cuttings and the hedge prunings are dumped in small piles and the galvanized iron cans are covered and stand together on the ledges, and little tea roses grow along the fences, climbing through the hibiscus, red and yellow and pink, and this is all you can see, if this is all you want to see, this and the squirrels. Always there are the squirrels, fat and grey, and if you have the patience to sit still or stand still long enough they will come very close and you can see their small black beady eyes and their wrinkled faces in detail.

I work at home and my time is pretty much my own. I am the only man in my block who does not keep formal office or studio hours. I am at home all day and therefore I know practically everything that goes on around me. I work in a little cubicle over a little garage and the doors are always open, even when it rains (which, alas, is very seldom), and whenever I hear uncommon noises I peek through the curtains, front or back, to see: and sometimes it is a new man checking the water meter and rattling the lid in the way that inexperienced people awkwardize a task that has not yet become systematized, and sometimes it is a new delivery boy whose not-yet-familiar tread and smell have set the dogs to barking off-key, and sometimes it is the doorbell squirming under the impatient touch of a house-to-house salesman, but never is it much more than this. I really don't know why I bother to peek and eavesdrop; long ago, many years ago, I gave up all hope of anything exciting ever happening in my neighborhood. Our lives are of a pattern, as our noises are: the hissing of the jet jobs that fly from Inglewood or somewhere out there, to Muroc or somewhere up there, and the drones of the big passenger planes that are headed for New York, far away, and the rolling sounds of children at recess in the schoolyard (the school is in the next block north, so near that from the flat roof of my cubicle it is possible, when the wind blows northwest, to fly a kite almost through the window of the principal's office, and I very nearly have done so too, as the kids around here will tell you) which rise and fall in the way that small-town sounds do. And, of course, the church bells on Sunday morning; these you can always count on, the church bells on Sunday morning.

My street is a street of happy people who are mainly concerned with the making of motion pictures. Not Miss Crawford or Miss Davis, or Mr. Mayer or Mr. Zanuck (although we would be flattered to have them). No, not these. The people in my block have been working in motion pictures (*Continued on page 115*)

The KEY

A struggle to the death between a powerful man and one who fought with sheer nerve

by JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

THIS was the middle of Bastian's second day without water, and the lava patch where he was trapped caught and reflected the hot fire of the desert sun so that, even in the shade, the heat baked a man dry.

Sheriff McClellan had not fired a shot since early morning, but Bastian knew that the wiry little officer from Desert Center was still maneuvering around the outer edges of the rock patch. Twice within the past hour McClellan had ordered him to give up and come out. Both times, Bastian had fired at the sound of the man's voice, determined to fight it out. But now, when he tried and failed to suck moisture from the pores of his mouth, he knew he was licked. All the little sheriff had to do was sit tight and nurse his canteen of water while the man he wanted dried up.

Bastian was a primitive man, born to this desert and the dry, barren mountains that hemmed it in. In surviving it successfully, he had come to attach a sort of greatness to himself, never realizing he had only equaled the achievements of particularly vicious animals. All he had gained was a great physical strength and an animal's sharp instincts and slyness. Unschooled, he used intuition for reason and habit for knowledge. For him, the memory of a past experience and a new hunch formed a plan of procedure.

Cautiously studying the bright sky and the distant lift of the blue mountains, half haze-hidden, he deduced something from the feel and look of those things and came to a decision. He scooped a trough in the hot sand between two odd-shaped boulders, laid in his rifle and cartridge belt and pistol, and covered them carefully so there was no sign of the cache. After that he shouted, "McClellan: I give up. I'm coming out."

McClellan called back, "Let me see your hands come up first, Sam. Come out slow."

Bastian raised his long arms over his head and stood up. The lava patch was barely an acre in extent, and he could see over the highest piece of rock, but, facing the place from which McClellan's voice had come, he still could not see the man. He could see his own dead saddle horse lying a quarter mile out—that was how McClellan had stopped his flight. Closer in lay McClellan's animal. Bastian had killed it to keep the battle even.

"Where are you?" called Bastian. "I'm up."

"I see you," McClellan said quietly, far removed from where he had first acknowledged the surrender. "Turn this way, Sam."

McClellan stood at the edge of the rock patch, the big gun in his hand covering Bastian all the way. He was a head shorter than his prisoner and ten years older, with grave, serene features. Years of trying to do a good job had made him prematurely grey. Some of the things he had looked upon and some of the things he had been forced to do had left their marks on him, too.

When Bastian came within ten feet of him, searching for some sign of weakness or advantage, McClellan backed up ten steps, drawing the bigger man into the open. "Far enough," he said. "Turn around now, Sam, and hold your hands behind you."

"No call to do that, is there?" said Bastian. "You know me."

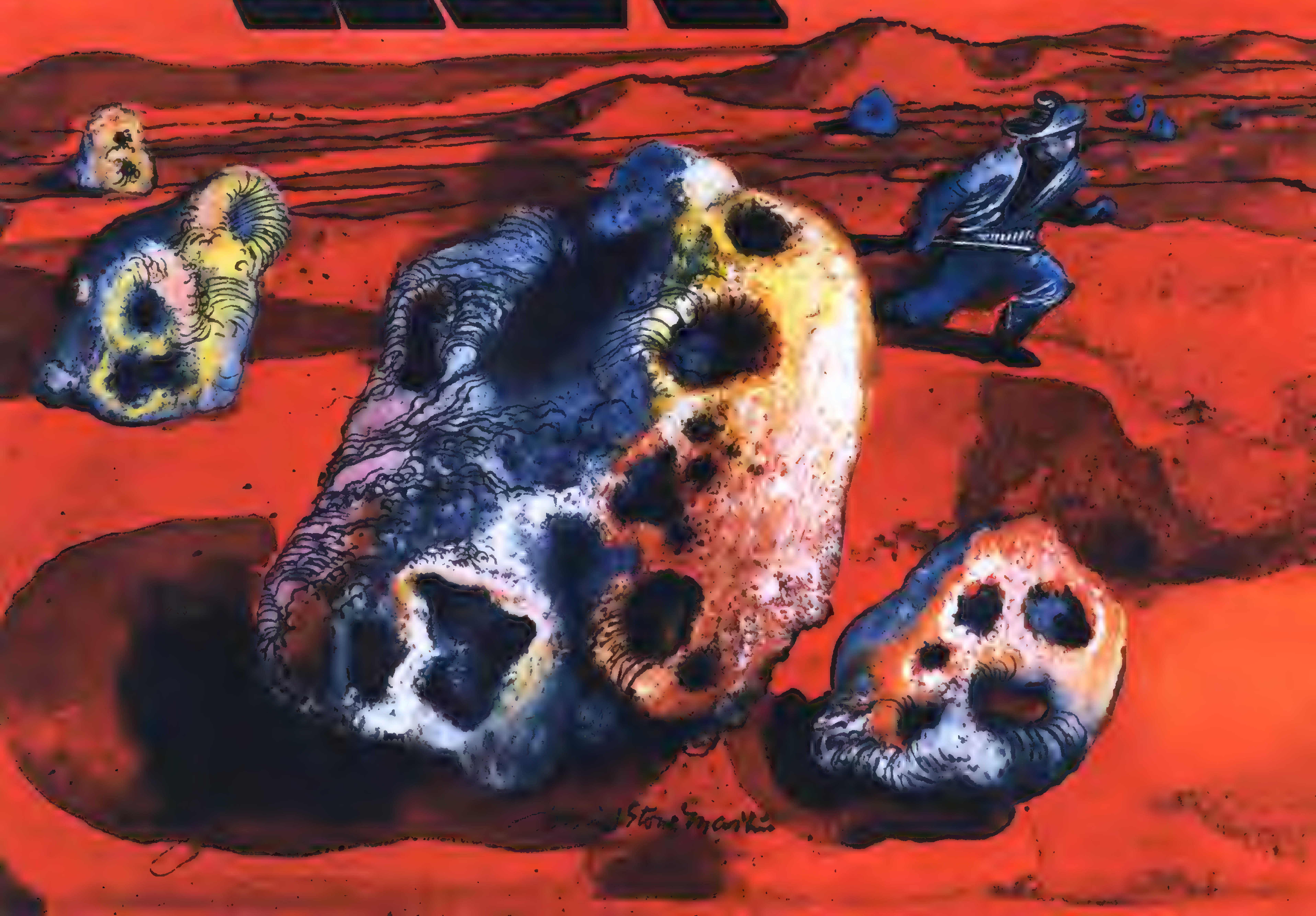
McClellan stepped back and said, a little wearily, "What did Tom Evans ever do to you, Sam?"

Bastian ran his tongue over his dry, cracked lips and looked hopefully around. "I could talk better with a little water in my belly."

"So could I," admitted McClellan. "That's what brought me to your place, Sam. I was out of water and wanted to fill my canteen."

"You mean you ain't got any water?"

"That's right, Sam. Not a drop."



"I ought to have killed you when I saw you coming," muttered Bastian. "I don't know why I ran."

"You ran because you felt guilty," said McClellan. "You had just killed a man who had never harmed a soul in his life. Tom was always going out of his way to help somebody. What did you do it for, Sam?"

"Because," said Bastian, thickly. "He was always trying to ram his Bible down my throat. Always talking about God and His ways. He was crazy and he was making me the same way. There ain't no God."

"I hope you change your mind before they hang you."

"Nobody is going to hang me," boasted Bastian, looking avidly around again. "Now give me a drink. You're lying about not having water."

"I'm not lying, Sam," McClellan said. "And let me tell you about God. If you had waited five minutes longer, I wouldn't have been here. I would have been headed for Miner's Well. It will be nice having you along for company, Sam. We'll make it by midnight, if we're lucky."

Bastian tugged at the handcuffs that held his hands behind him and made him helpless. Then he looked into the distance again. "This gets better all the time," he said. "You'll never hang me, McClellan."

"Maybe not," agreed the sheriff. "I'm never sure of anything myself, Sam. All I do is keep trying. Where's your guns?"

"Where I can find them when I come back. You want to waste time looking for them?"

McClellan thought about that awhile and finally said, "No, let's get going, Sam. And don't try anything. If I don't bring you in, some other sheriff will."

"But he won't know I killed Tom Evans," muttered Bastian. "Only you know that. You just happened along at the right time. In another one of your damned five minutes, I would have had Evans buried and nobody would ever have known."

McClellan grunted. "Maybe that was the doings of that God you don't believe in, Sam."

"It was pure, dumb luck," snorted Bastian. "Before tomorrow morning comes you'll know there ain't no God."

McClellan waved the big man into motion and fell in behind him, and, this way, they headed directly toward the highest peak that loomed cool and inviting, forty miles away. Miner's Well—the only water in between—lay about half the distance.

The physical workings of the thing Bastian had sensed before he surrendered now began to take shape. The high, blue peak, by which they set their course, began to shrink and face away from them. The dancing heat columns did not cause this; Bastian knew from experience that it was dust, wind-borne sand, and grit. The desert was beginning to work for its own kind. McClellan could have his God.

Within an hour, a puff of breeze hit them in the face—a feathery touch of moving air far hotter than the normal atmosphere, and acrid with the taint of fine, dry dust. The next gust was harder and longer-lasting and carried even more heat. Then, with only that small warning, a heavy wind struck down, shrieking out of the south and sweeping across the vast empty space. The two men had to lean into it, and sometimes a step gained them no distance. The air was filled with flying sand. Landmarks vanished. The desert floor began to crawl and drift.

Bastian turned his head. McClellan plodded along, three yards back, the big gun hanging in his hand, cocked. The small man's face was grey with fatigue and thirst and his head was tipped down against the wind they bucked—but not so far down that he could not see what went on ahead of him. When Bastian stopped, suddenly, McClellan stopped moving at once, wary and keeping that same (*Continued on page 116*)

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

Designer for Living

You can't pass a day without running into one of his bright ideas

Loewy

by JOHN KEATING

RAYMOND FERNAND LOEWY, a soft-spoken citizen with a grandiose contempt for convention, is the most successful living exponent of the better mousetrap theory of economics. Loewy, an industrial designer, is one of the founding fathers and foremost practitioners of that fabulous profession. His ability to better the appearance and, consequently, the sales appeal of such diverse mousetraps as automobiles, whiskey bottles, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators, and ocean liners has caused an ever-increasing stream of eager industrialists to beat a path to his penthouse door.

In 1947, when, among other things, Loewy turned out the plans for the Studebaker, the Matson Line's luxury cruiser *Lurline*, and Foley's, the windowless skyscraper department store in Houston, Texas, his fees totaled almost three million dollars. Loewy's own cut on this stupendous take is a secret between him and the Bureau of Internal Revenue, but it was sufficient to place him firmly and fashionably in the highest tax bracket. And the three-million gross established his firm—the Raymond Loewy Associates—as one of the top moneymakers in a remarkably remunerative profession.

Acuteness at prejudging the public taste is the industrial designer's chief stock in trade. He is often called upon to give the public what it wants before the public knows precisely what it *does* want. A case in point is Loewy's recent renovation of the restaurant in a large Fifth Avenue department store. The store's directors knew that almost all women like to break their day's shopping with some light snack. The shop they had installed to snare this trade was a pleasant, gaily decorated little place, furnished with small tables and a counter. The food and service were good. Yet few shoppers patronized the restaurant. The executives asked Loewy to charm it up a bit.

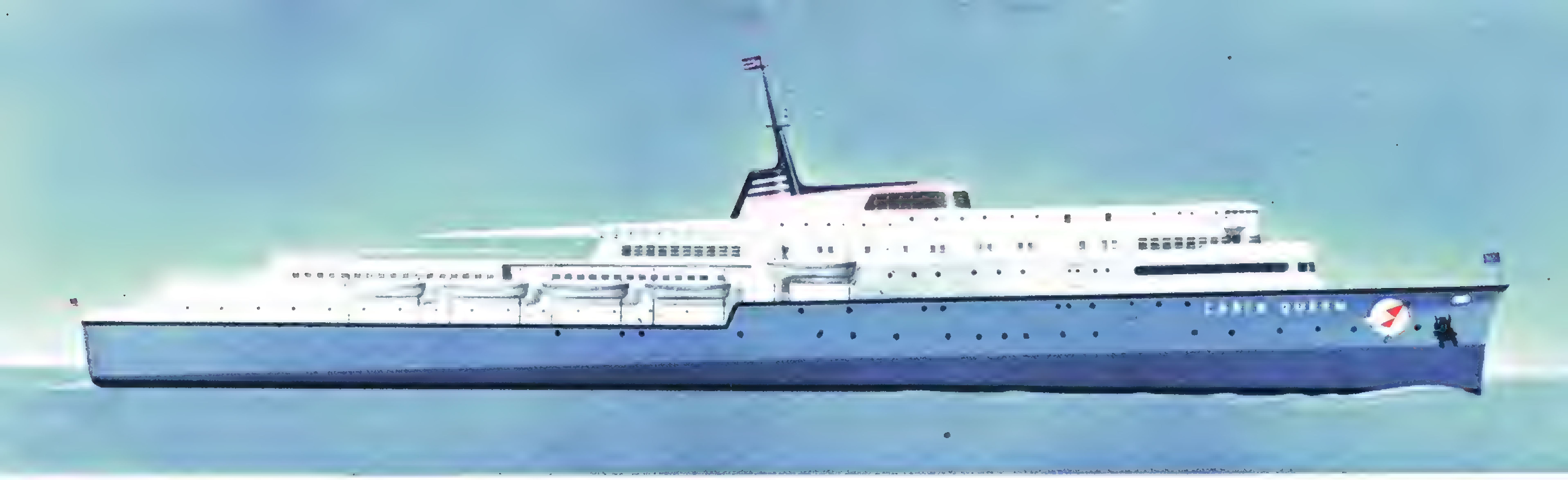
For the next few weeks, Loewy and his partner in charge of store design, William T. Snaith, trailed women through the jungle of the emporium. They sat for hours at a table near the door of the restaurant, and discovered that the great majority of women shopped alone, and invariably ended the day carrying three or four small packages. They were satisfied that the ladies' main object in stopping off for a snack was relaxation. Food was only secondary.

Loewy decided the ideal store restaurant would be a modern version of the one-arm joint. Service would be provided by waitresses pushing rolling carts of goodies right to the chairs, each of which would have a broad table-arm and a capacious shelf for packages under the seat. In such a place, the solitary shopper could relax, her impedimenta stowed away, her psychological shoes off. Three months after the armchairs were installed, the store told Loewy business had increased 350 per cent.

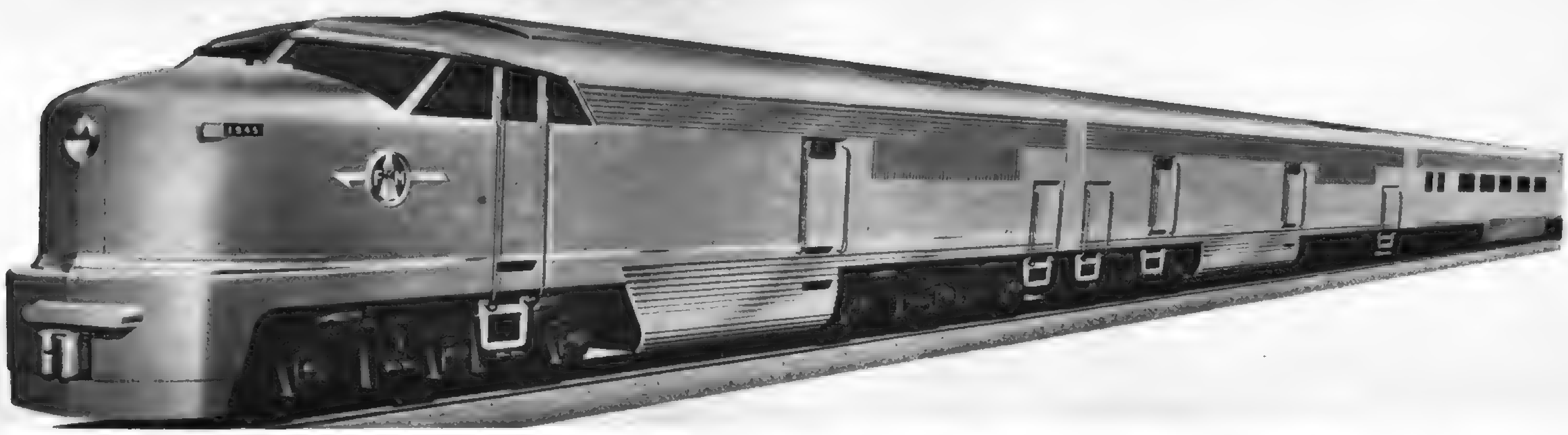
Store design has assumed an increasingly important place in Loewy's affairs. In Detroit, San Francisco, Houston, Syracuse, Los Angeles and many other cities, it is possible for people to shop in Loewy-designed stores where they can buy several dozen Loewy-designed products whose purchase will be recorded on Loewy-designed sales slips and wrapped in Loewy-designed packages.

Loewy's influence is as widely felt in the wheat and corn belt as in the cities of America. He has put his mark on many a page of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue and has renovated products manufactured by the International Harvester Company, from tractor to trade-mark. In fact, it is virtually impossible for

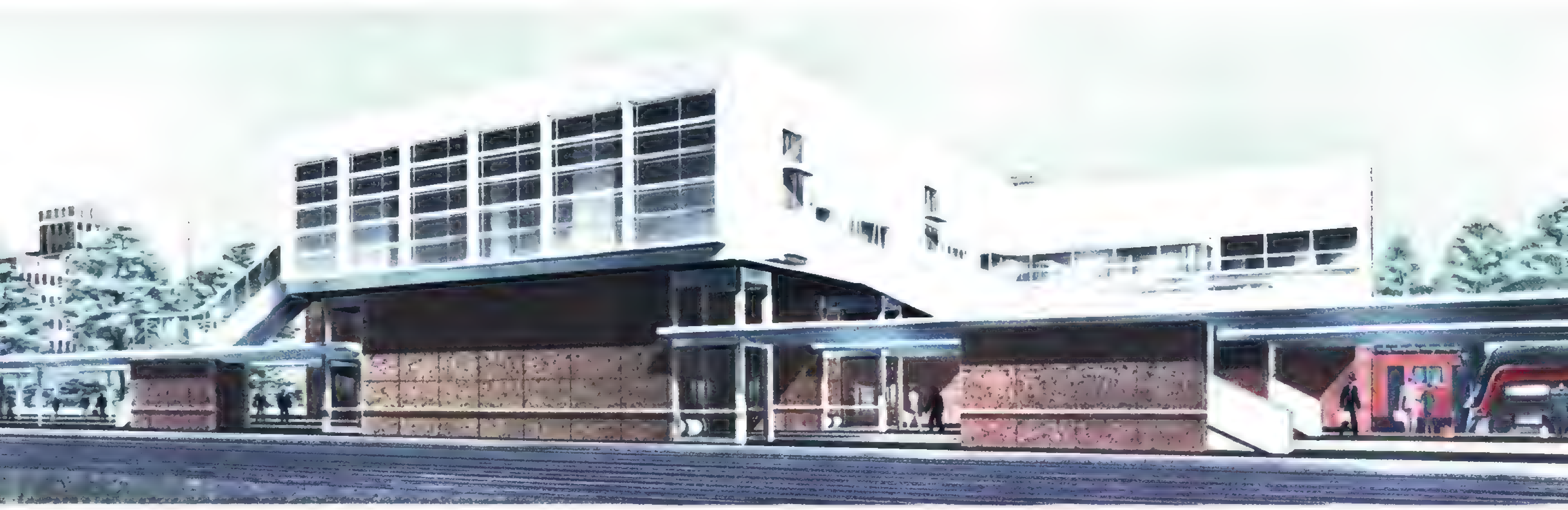
(Continued on page 110)



For men of tomorrow going places today—and eager to get there in a hurry and in style—Raymond Loewy Associates have wiped out the old concepts of design and dreamed up some new wonders in ships, planes, automobiles, and trains. A fair sample of their wonderworking is the converted U.S. Navy LSD (landing ship, dock) that they created for the proposed passenger and automobile ferry traffic between Key West and Havana. The *Carib Queen* will look like nothing that ever felt a G.I. boot, but it will pack a big payload of 900 passengers, 230 automobiles and 20 truck trailers. In his six-hour trip, the passenger can linger in a dining salon, buffet, cocktail lounge, soda bar, playroom or barbershop. Add to that list a recreation salon, observation lounge promenade, sundecks, and swank staterooms, and you've got an LSD we never heard of in our tales of the South Pacific.



Here is an iron horse of different color that reflects another glint in a designer's eye. This rendering came from the same drawing board that pictured steamships, luncheon cards, teacups, and three-wheeled taxicabs: an easy transition, apparently, if your initials are R.L. Less than two months after Raymond Loewy stopped to mull over the new Diesel design for Fairbanks-Morse, he had this mammoth up on a pedestal for the company engineers to shoot at. The insides are partially filled with two 2000-h.p. opposed-piston engines. Made for the Pennsylvania, U. P., and all other railroad companies, it can be switched from passenger to freight service in a brief stop in the shops, where a change-over of the gear ratio is relatively simple. From the smooth exterior lines to the revolutionary instrument panel, No. 1945 will give greater efficiency, speed and visibility. It has the Loewy touch.



Any veteran of a few seasons with a commutation ticket knows that most railroad stations are as dull and lifeless as an out-of-date train schedule, but this Norfolk & Western station designed by Loewy peps you up like the sun-kissed clubhouse at a Southern California race track. Two escalators for incoming passengers feed into an air-cooled concourse that's built over the track areas. There's a restaurant in the Norfolk & Western station, too, and comfortable modern benches for lounging while you're waiting for the next train. A semicircular counter replaces the old-fashioned ticket cages. All in all, Loewy gives you a much more pleasantly schemed background for your mad dash for the 8:09 than the old olive-drab job with the initials carved on the benches.

A Present for Dominic

What do you do when a murderer who has sworn to kill you breaks out of prison and heads in your direction? Old Dan was scared, but he prepared a rousing welcome

A Story by
FRANK L. HARVEY

By the time old Dan Bentley heard about it on his battery radio, Lou Dominic's prison break was ten hours old and the fireflies were glowing in the woods beyond the boilerhouse clearing. The old man listened numbly, and a sick terror gathered around his heart.

"He'll come," he whispered to himself. "He'll come straight here. Maybe tonight."

With rising panic, the old man recalled how Lou Dominic had looked that day in court when Dan's testimony had convicted him of murder. Dominic's eyes had glittered and his lips had tightened across his tobacco-stained teeth. "I'll git you, old man!" he'd screamed. "Someday I'll kill you!"

Except for old Dan's evidence, the murder would have looked like an accident. Dominic had planned it carefully and well. He had mentioned casually in the village that he and his father-in-law intended to open up a new well by blasting. But Lou hadn't used the nitro in the ground. He had slugged his father-in-law with a wrench and dragged the unconscious body to the mouth of the well. Then he'd placed the charge beside his victim and set it off from a safe distance with an explosive bullet.

There was no direct evidence—the nitro took care of that—but Dan had been in the woods at the time. He had heard the crack of the rifle, followed instantly by a heavy blast, and then had seen Dominic running bent-over through the laurel scrub. It was circumstantial evidence, but the jury knew Lou Dominic expected to inherit his father-in-law's string of oil wells, and found him guilty. The judge gave him twenty years.

Dan Bentley's oil lease was ten miles from the nearest farmhouse. If he tried to get there on foot he might meet Dominic on the woods road. He shuddered as he recalled details of the prison break—two guards crushed to death under the wheels of a careening laundry truck, the fear-crazed driver shot in the back and pushed out to die . . .

Working with frantic speed, old Dan gathered together some angle irons in his tool shed across the clearing, then rushed back and spiked them across the boilerhouse window. He took a wad of bills from a hiding place and laid them outside on the porch, weighted down by a pipe wrench. The money wouldn't turn Dominic back, but it might stop him for a minute or two and give Dan a chance to talk to him, to reason.

It was dark when Dan reached through the barred window and hasped a padlock on the boilerhouse door. The snap of a breaking twig sent him scrambling from the window to fling himself down on his bed behind the big engine. For a moment there was no sound save the whirring of insects. Then a stealthy scraping on the porch made the old man's body go rigid. "Who's there?" he said.

"Listen," a voice said softly. "I guess you know who it is."

"Yes," whispered old Dan Bentley.

"I see you been expectin' me," said Dominic's husky voice. "You got the window barred."

"Go away," Dan said. He felt dizzy and sick, and the beating of his heart throbbed in his ears like muffled drumbeats.

Dominic's chuckle had a crazy sound. "Listen, pal," he said gently. "You got me all wrong. I don't hold no grudge. I just dropped around to say hello to an old pal."

"Dominic!" old Dan Bentley cried desperately. "Listen, Dominic! I don't want any trouble. All the money I've got is out there on the porch. Take it and go away."

He heard Dominic fumble with the wrench, and then he heard the rustle of bills as Dominic thrust them into his pocket. "Well," now," Dominic said softly. "A homecoming present. I can't say I expected one." Again the crazy chuckle. "Open the door, pal. I gotta come in and thank you in person."

Suddenly from the woods a screech owl gave its drawn-out moaning scream. Dan heard Dominic start violently, then his voice, quick and savage. "I ain't got all night, old man. Open up!"

"No," Dan whispered.

"Okay, pal," Dominic snarled. "I was gonna be easy on you. I was gonna empty a clip into your head and let you lay. But now I got other plans. I'm gonna give you one in the belly. Just one. And then I'm gonna sit and watch you die the hard way."

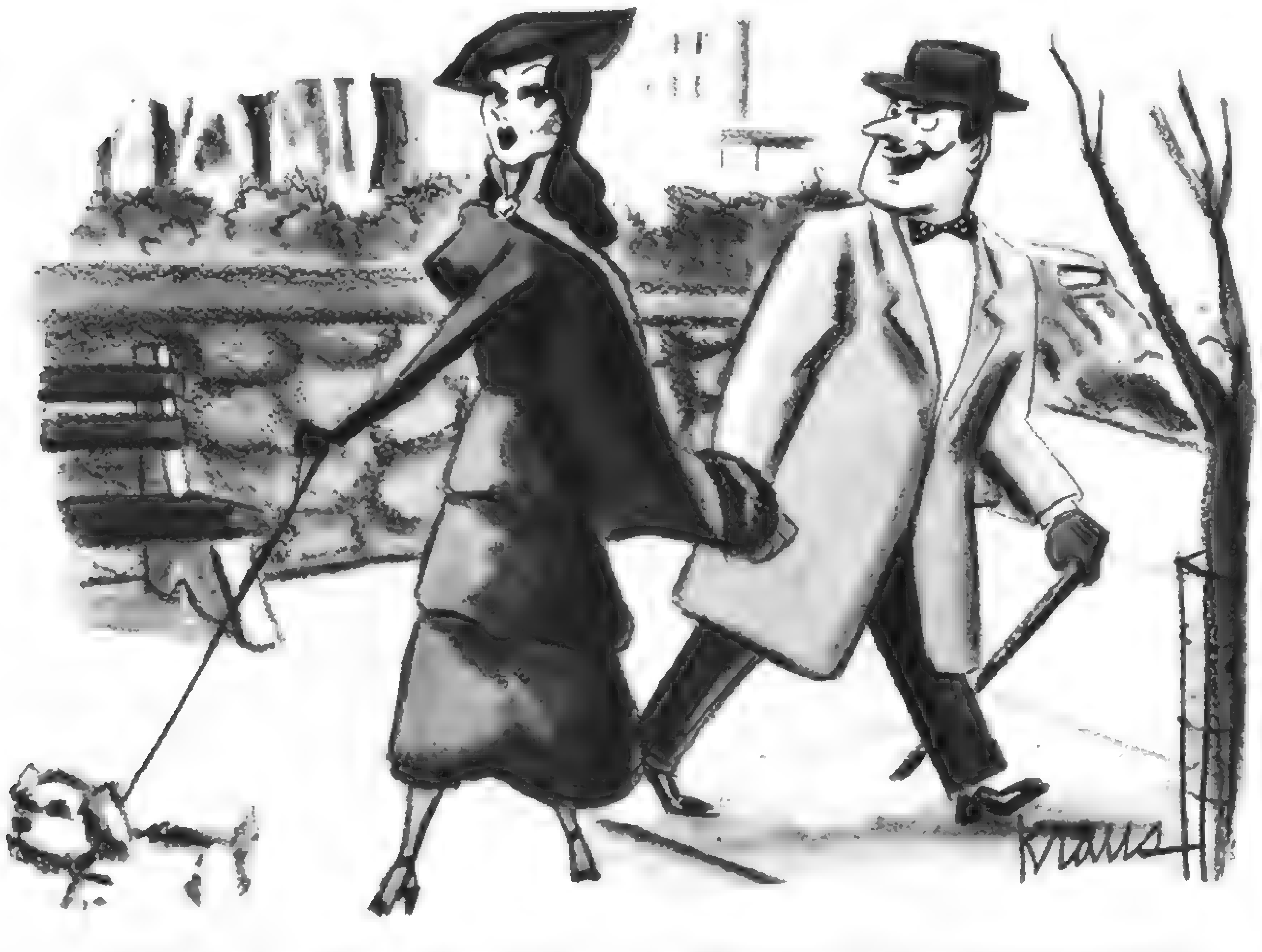
Dan clutched the mattress convulsively. "Don't come in here," he shouted. "I warn you!"

Dominic made no reply. Old Dan Bentley heard him scoop up the long-handled pipe wrench, heard the porch boards creak under his weight as he swung the heavy wrench with all his strength against the lock on the door.

The explosion came instantly—a shattering roar of flame that smashed the flimsy boilerhouse like a giant fist and toppled Dan Bentley off his bed behind the gas engine.

The old man rose dazedly in the echoing darkness, found his flashlight and turned it through the splintered hole that had been a doorway. Outside, the wavering light picked out a battered body that lay very still in the dew-wet grass.

Old Dan shivered and turned the light beyond the body to the tool shed across the clearing. The shed door was open as Dan had left it earlier in the evening. Inside, on a shelf, a gallon can glinted brightly in the flashlight beam—the way Lou Dominic had left it four years ago when he had broken in and stolen the high explosive to murder his father-in-law. The gallon can was empty now. Four years ago Lou Dominic hadn't left much nitro in the can. Just enough to fill a grease-sealed padlock and provide a homecoming present for a killer. ##



"How'd you like to be the topic of discussion next time I visit my psychiatrist?"

The Electric Ray→

Our high-flying friend, who looks like he's coming in for a crash landing, is, of course, loose-limbed Ray Bolger, the despair of gravity and rival dancers for lo, these 20 years. Ray has thrown his 6-foot frame around vaudeville, Broadway, where he's been galloping through *Where's Charley?*, and Hollywood, for which he put the sterling in Warner's *Silver Lining*. Happy audiences keep reacting to his eccentric dancing as they do to a magician and his best trick; they don't know how he does it, but they want to see him do it again.

EKTACHROME BY GENE RICHEE

Hollywood at Last

O'Hara and his buddy were doing pretty well with the Song of the Open Road until one of them decided that what he really wanted was close harmony in New York

A Story by

ROBERT GRIFFITH

I saw them when they first hit Rattler City. Rode in from Elko on a beer truck, they did. Came over and stood all day on the main highway, right near this diner, trying to bum a ride across the desert to California.

I think this fellow O'Hara was a poet or artist or something. Thin, serious-looking, wore glasses. The other one, a curly-headed guy, went by the name of Jack. You could tell he was an actor by the antics he went through. You can just barely see the California mountains from here on a good day. And Jack stood there on the highway pointing west, posing like, and had this *look* on his face.

"Ah, Hollywood!" he said. "At last, at last, at last!"

The other one, O'Hara, had a glum expression on him. But the both of them, whenever they saw a car coming along from the east, thumbed away like they wanted to get somewhere in a hurry.

There's a lot of traffic on the main highway, of course. But it's a long, straight, flat road, and most cars zip right through. I wasn't much surprised to find O'Hara and the other one still out there at noontime. When they came in here for dinner, I found out that they'd hitchhiked all the way from New York.

The quiet one, O'Hara, lit into a beef stew. But the actor, Jack, was so upset about not getting a ride he couldn't eat. He sat for a while looking at his plate, then pushed it away. He said to O'Hara, "What if we never get a ride? What if we're stuck here forever, right in sight of Hollywood?"

This isn't exactly what any of us would call in sight of Hollywood, but it's as close as they got that day. They were still out by the side of the road, sun-frazzled and discouraged, when evening fell.

They came back in here for supper. O'Hara was grim, but not much grimmer than in the morning. Jack looked whipped. He sat staring straight ahead, his face kind of working, like in the movies. First thing I knew, tears commenced running down his cheeks. He said to O'Hara, "I'm through. I'm going back to New York."

O'Hara winced, and looked up quick. Then he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Okay."

They left the diner and stood outside awhile, saying nothing. Then this car came tearing in from the desert, heading east, and Jack grabbed his bag and ran across the road. Started waving his arms like a crazy man, begging for a ride.

It was a big car, Caddy coup, going like the hammers of hell. And it kept on going. I saw the New York license, and I guess Jack saw it too. He let out a hoarse yell and started running right down the road after the car. Damned if it didn't stop for him.

Jack got in; then the big Caddy jumped ahead and went on east. O'Hara stood watching till it was out of sight. Then he came in and asked me where he could get a room in town, cheap.

He was in the next morning for breakfast. "You planning to stay a while?" I asked.

He said, "Might as well, I guess."

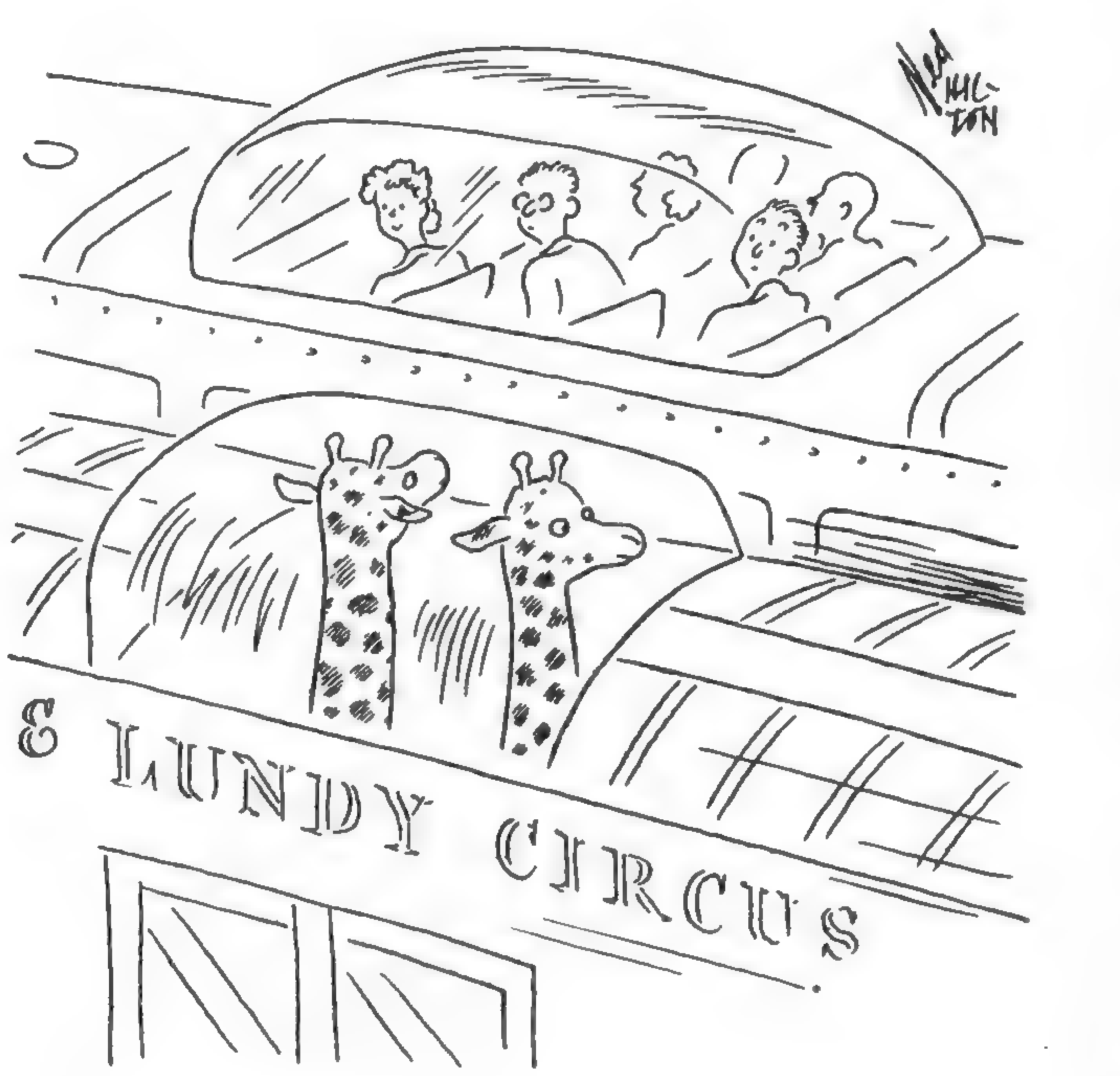
Then he sat down and told me the whole story, all about this girl in New York. Name of Belinda or Alice or something like that. Showed me her picture; blonde or brunette, I forget which. Anyway, O'Hara was in love with her, and she'd fallen for some other guy.

He sat scowling through his glasses. "At first," he said, "I wanted to kill him. Then, when I realized how crazy she was over him, I just decided to go far away." He told me this like it was some wonderful original idea of his. "I wanted to forget," he said.

Well, that was interesting enough, first time he told it. When he'd been here two weeks and I'd heard it a hundred times, nothing new added, I got a little tired.

O'Hara explained one thing I'd wondered about: how he'd happened to team up with this Jack. Seems he'd told Jack he wanted to get away from New York and didn't have much money. Jack was always talking of going to Hollywood; so he said why not the two of them hitchhike out there together.

"Once he'd got the idea of us going together," O'Hara said, kind of ironic, "there was no way that I could get out of it."



Well, I knew O'Hara wouldn't forget that girl, not while he stayed in Rattler City and had me to talk to. He was running short of money, too. So one day I said, "O'Hara, why don't you hit out for the Coast—get yourself a job? Best way to forget this girl," I said, "is to keep busy doing something."

He thought it over. "Maybe you're right," he said.

Very early next morning he showed up, bag and all, ready to travel. We shook hands, and I said, "Be sure and stop in, O'Hara, if you come back this way."

"I won't be back," he said. He went out to the highway and started thumbing west.

He was out there wagging his thumb all morning; never a car stopped. But he stayed with it; he was stubborn. I hollered over about noontime and asked him if he didn't want something to eat. He said no, he wasn't hungry. He kept thumbing, and the cars kept zipping by.

Then, late in the afternoon, I heard brakes screeching and a car stopping. I went to the door and saw he'd hooked one. Big car, it was, Caddy coup, New York license . . . the same car that had picked up Jack, going east, two weeks before. The same man was driving—and Jack was still with him.

Jack was crowing. "You still here, O'Hara? I've been all the way to New York and back. I'll make Hollywood this time!"

The driver, grinning, said to O'Hara, "Want a ride, fella?"

Damned if O'Hara didn't shake his head. "No, thanks," he said.

The big Caddy slid down the highway and soared out across the desert toward California. O'Hara, never giving it a second glance, picked up his bag and walked over to the other side of the road. Stood there, like he was waiting for a ride east.

"Hey, O'Hara," I called. "Where in hell you going?"

First time I'd ever seen O'Hara smile. "Back to New York," he said. "Everything's okay now."

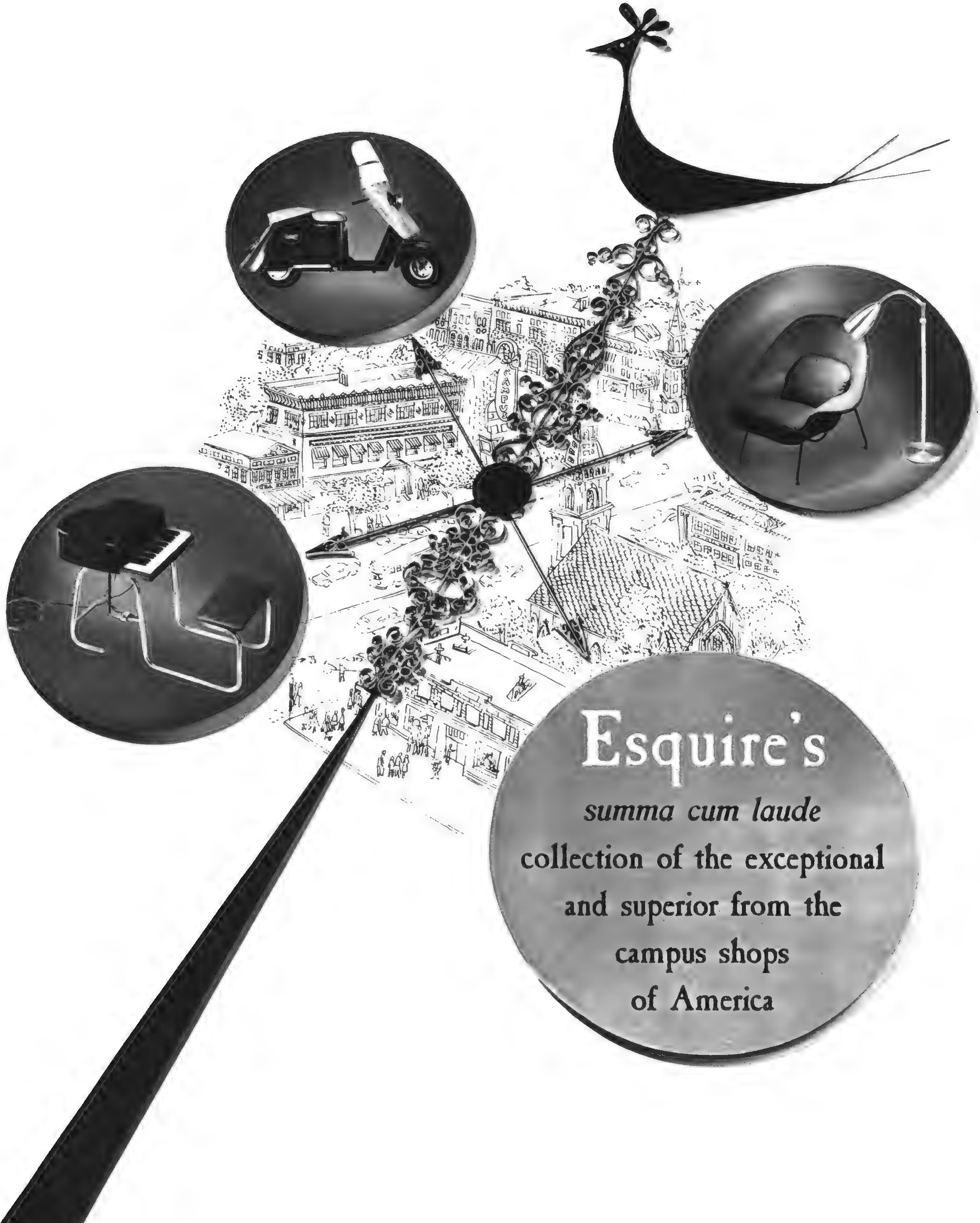
As I stood gaping, a flivver rambled up Main Street and turned east, toward Elko.

O'Hara lifted his thumb, the flivver stopped, O'Hara jumped in, and off they started.

"Hey, O'Hara!" I hollered. I ran down the road after the flivver. "What you mean, everything's okay? How about that fellow your girl was crazy over?"

O'Hara laughed and jerked his thumb back toward California. "He's on his way to Hollywood," O'Hara yelled back. "At last, at last, at last!"

The flivver went popping down the road. I watched it out of sight, then came back in here and drew a big black cup of coffee. Well, I said to myself, I sure hope Jack is a great success out there. ###

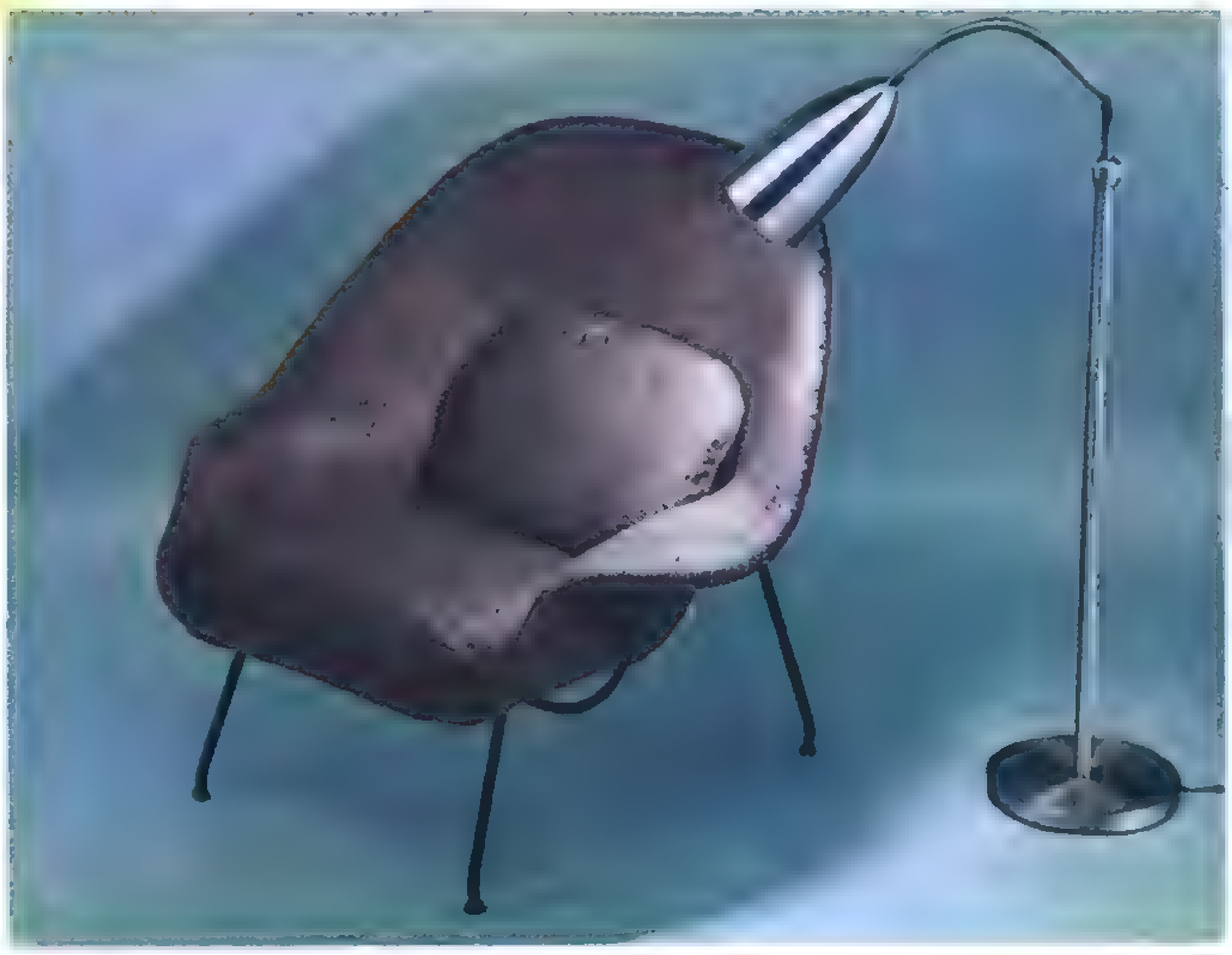


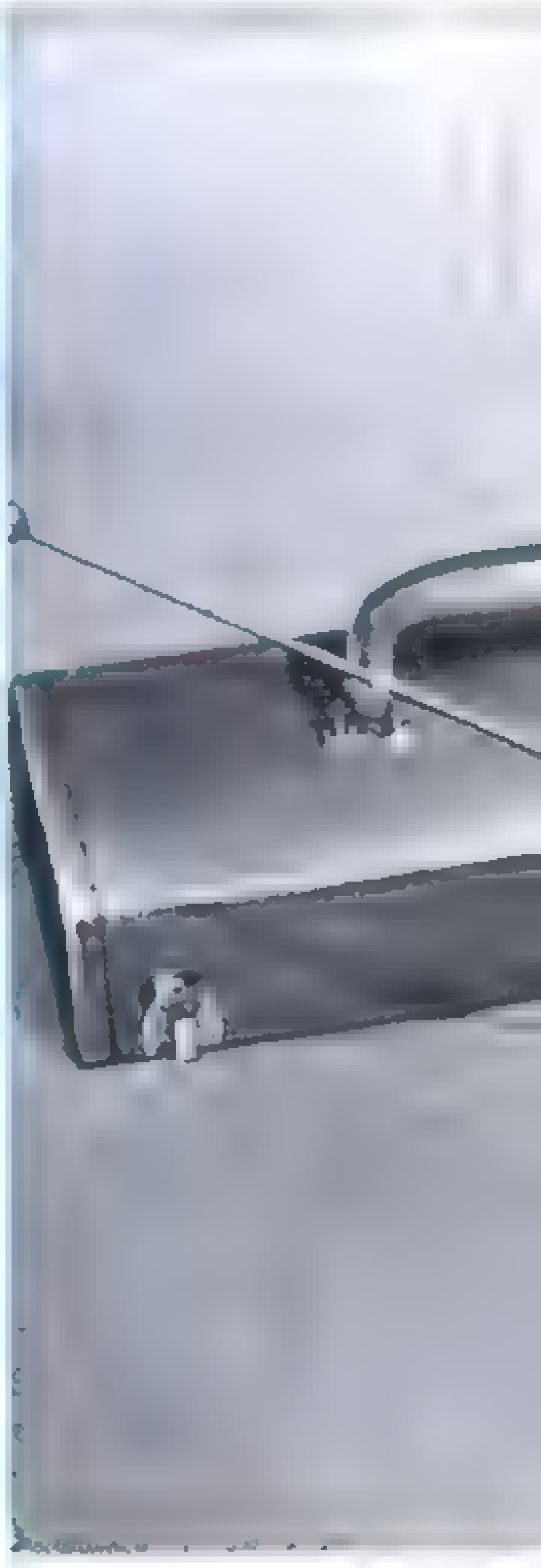
Esquire's

summa cum laude
collection of the exceptional
and superior from the
campus shops
of America

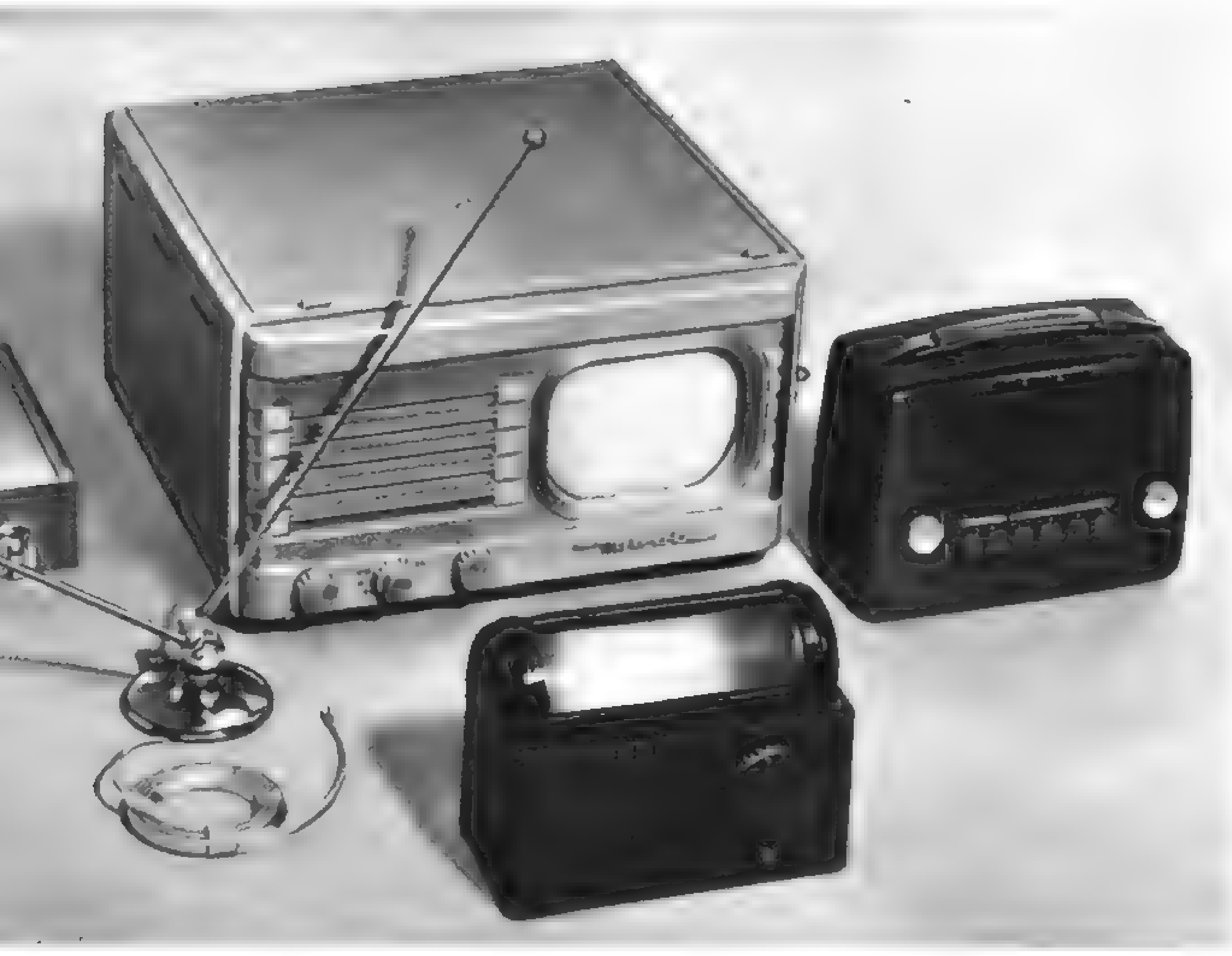
THE FURNITURE & RECORD SHOP

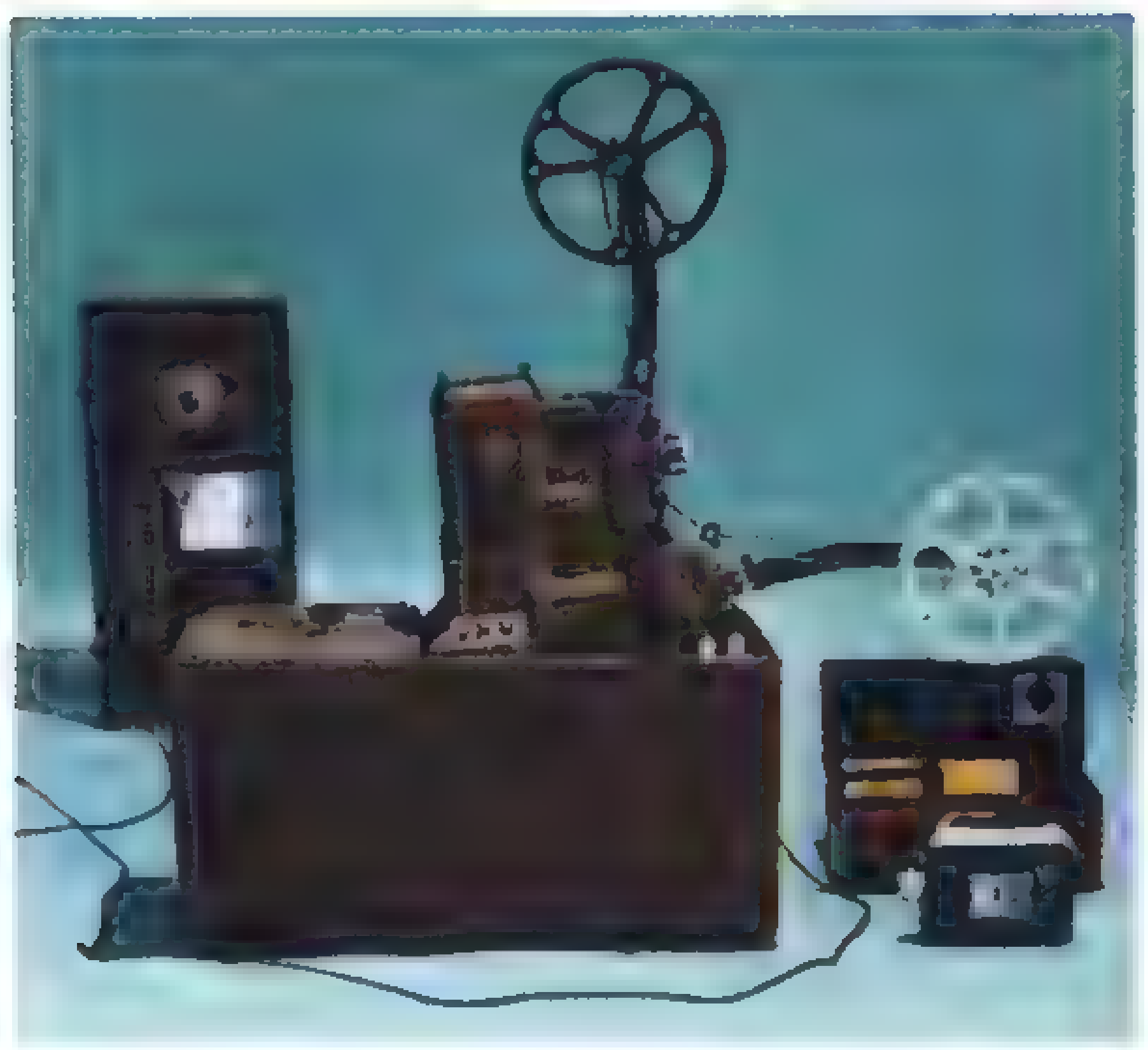
Wearying of the "traditional" college room atmosphere — police precinct furniture and "Dusty Burlap" décor — our sky-eyed scholar decided to bust loose this year and go window-shopping for everything he ever really wanted, with emphasis on all the things he really can't afford. The results are revolutionary. That desk and miracle posture chair, for instance. Why not? With lamp and portable, studying never had it so good. And for flinging the Ferdinand, that hassock holds four folding chairs. The combo bulletin board and slate holds dates and dames, and the folding table holds a gin game or a set-up. That corner angle bookcase, the foam-rubber cloud chamber chair and modern lamps complete our break with the past.





With long-playing, short-playing, drop mechanism or manual, breakable and non-breakable records to choose from, yonder record cabinet was engineered for a (record) changing world. Meanwhile, for the genuine tradition-buster, there's the exciting new tape recorder. This sensational high-fidelity instrument will record an hour of music, speech, sound or noise via your radio, record player, vocal chords, or what have you. You can play it back immediately, preserve it indefinitely — or erase it automatically. With an additional gadget, you can set it to turn on any radio program at any hour, record it, and turn self and radio off. For the music *maker,* the embryo grand has three octaves and electrical amplification. And for the video vanguard comes now television in a portable package. The radio supplies soft light and sweet music for reading in bed. And the two long-playing record attachments complete this New World Symphony. (The one on the left plays any disc on the market.)



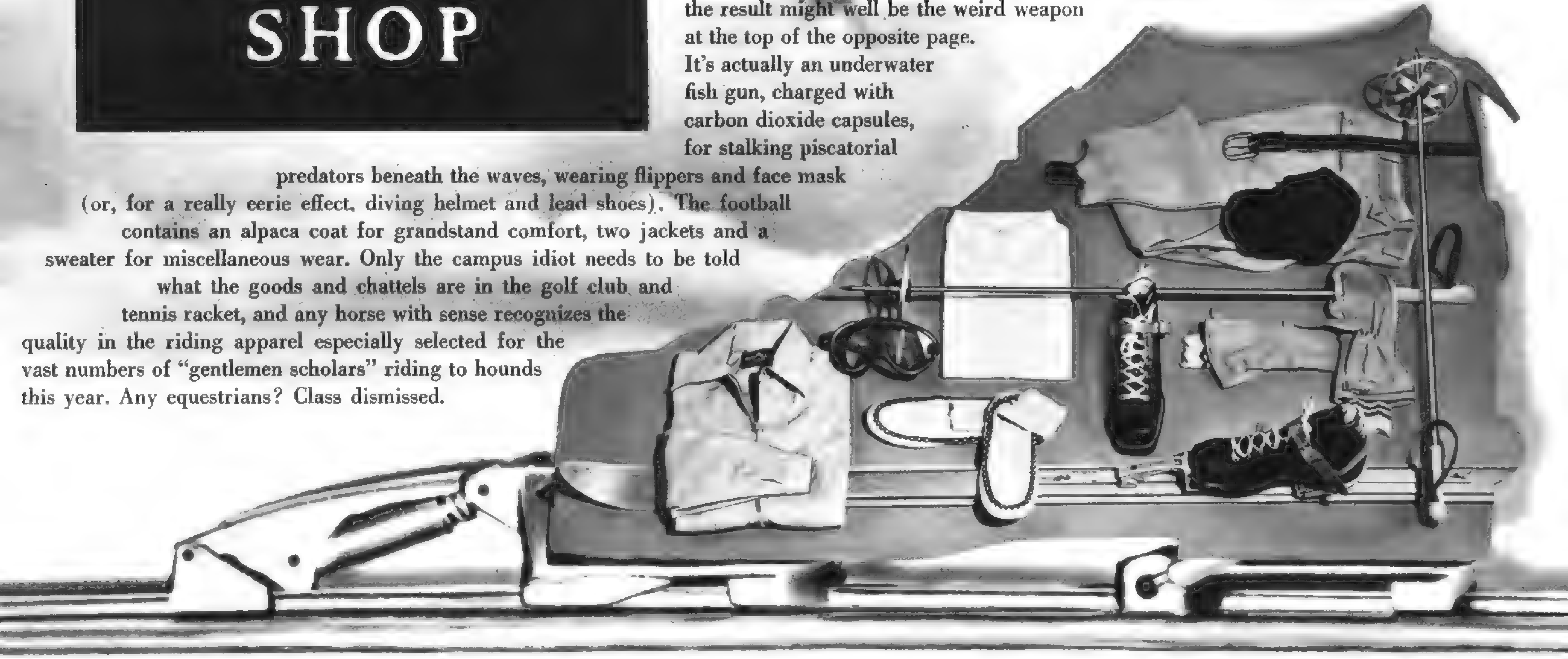


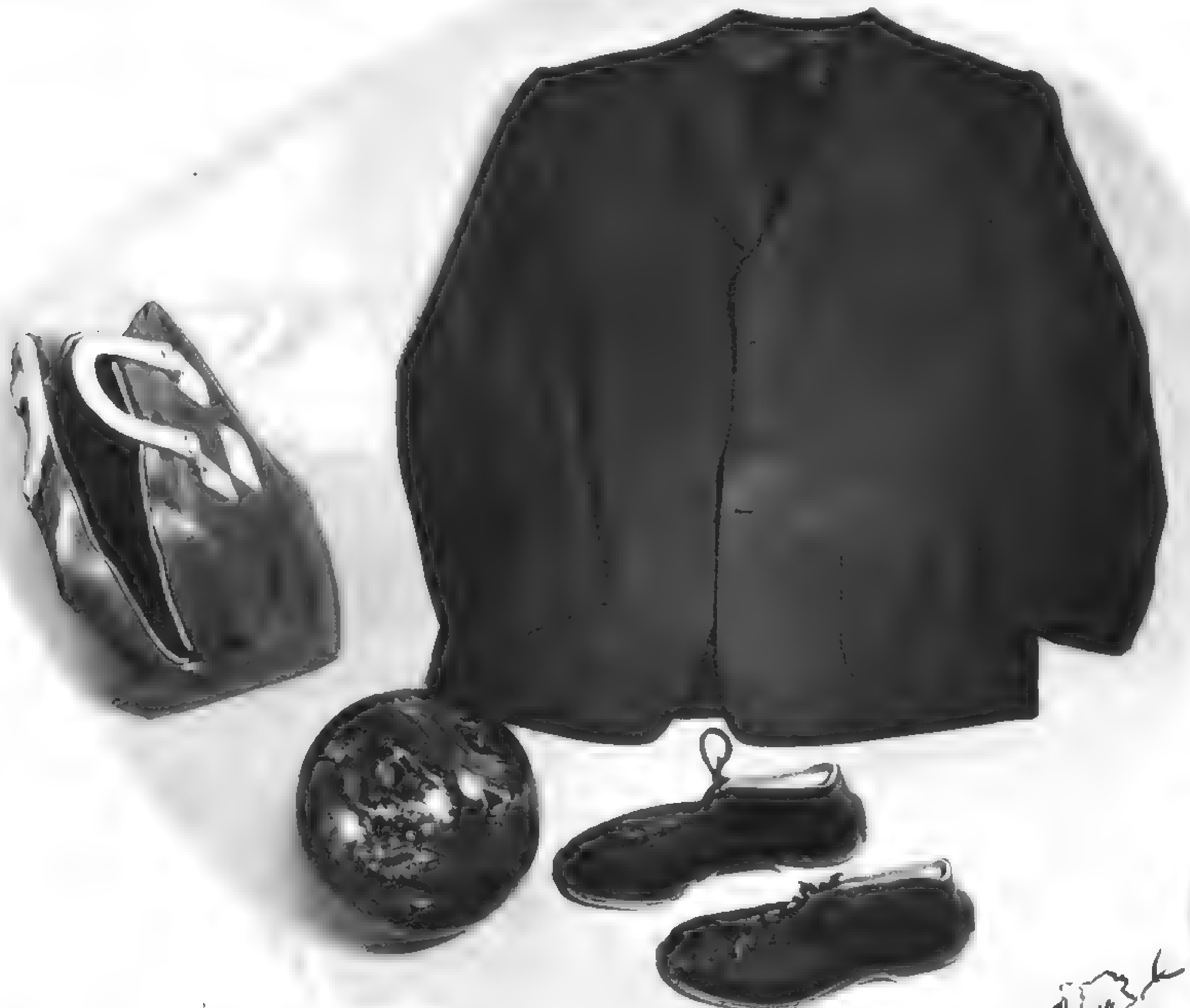
THE CAMPUS SHOPPING CENTER

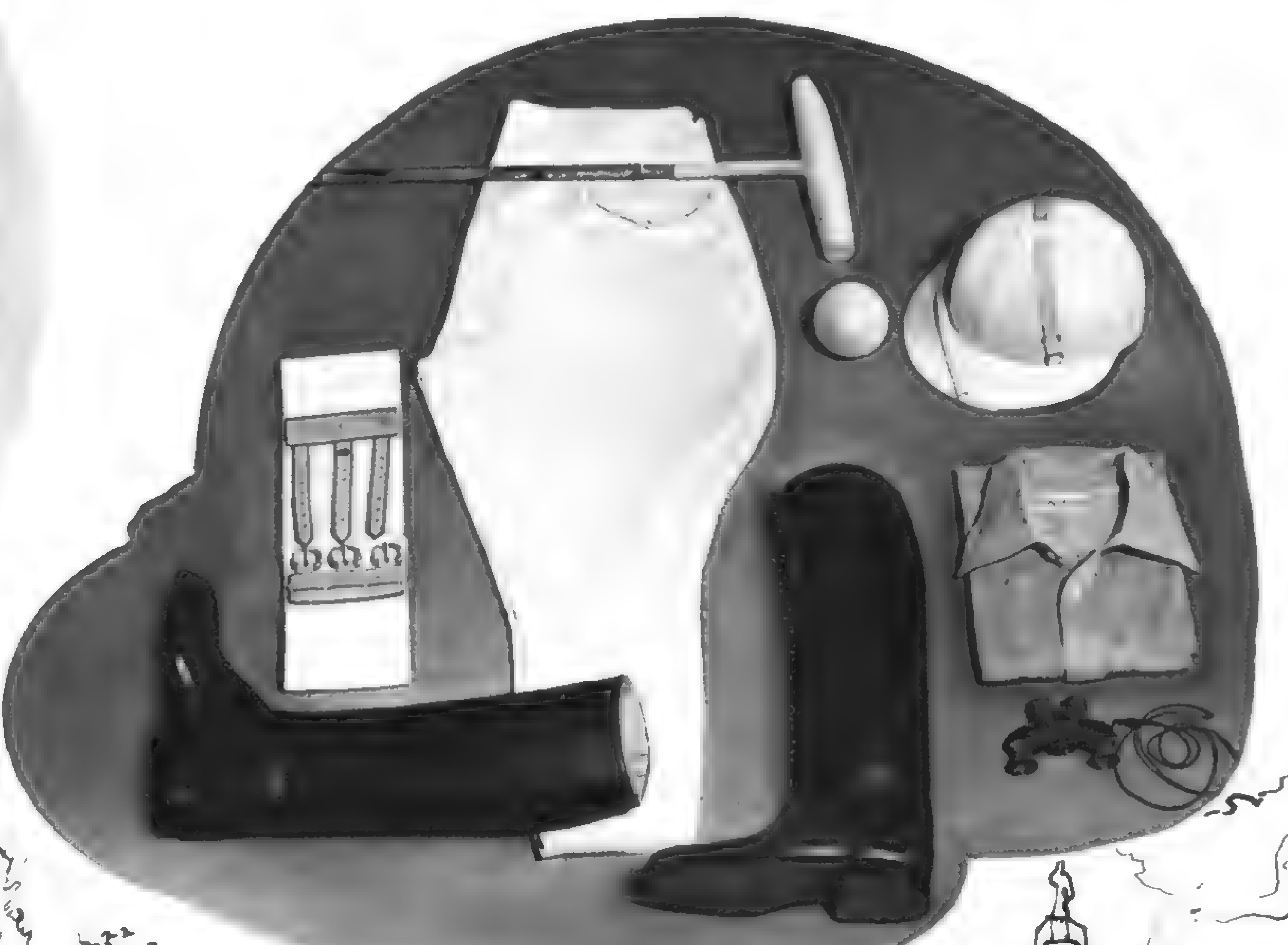
For some of the *avant garde* even the traditional means of locomotion — walking and the jalopy — have gone the way of the raccoon coat and the uke. For there'll be a flock of new cars on the campus this year (Esquire, June, 1949), while midway between walking and a convertible is the hefty motor scooter — 40 to 45 mph and 80 mpg (miles per gallon) — on the opposite page. Briefcase and zippered notebook will stow in the back compartment, and those wallets, well-filled, will comfort a man when he scrounges around on these pages. Suitable contents for the college-crested glassware will likewise give him strength. Above the bracers are shoulder-shaped hangers for the well-dressed Joe. In the six-panel block below the hot rod, there are creature comforts in that electric sandwich grill and drip coffee maker. And the George who's wired for sound with a sound film projector is a good George. The plaid blanket is actually a zippered sack for the dame at the game; the bike has three speeds forward for the hills; and there's cold beer awaiting the panting pedal-pusher in the plastic-lined thermal basket. The cameras range from micro keyholers to the millenium in 35 mm — 15 pictures at 6 frames per second, at 1/1000 of a second. The contents of this page are largely self-explanatory and modestly functional, including clocks that awaken you to music, a cartridge syphon for the portable campus bar, keg tops that put a "draught" into bottled beer, and the latest in luggage — including (at long last) some with retractable wheels!

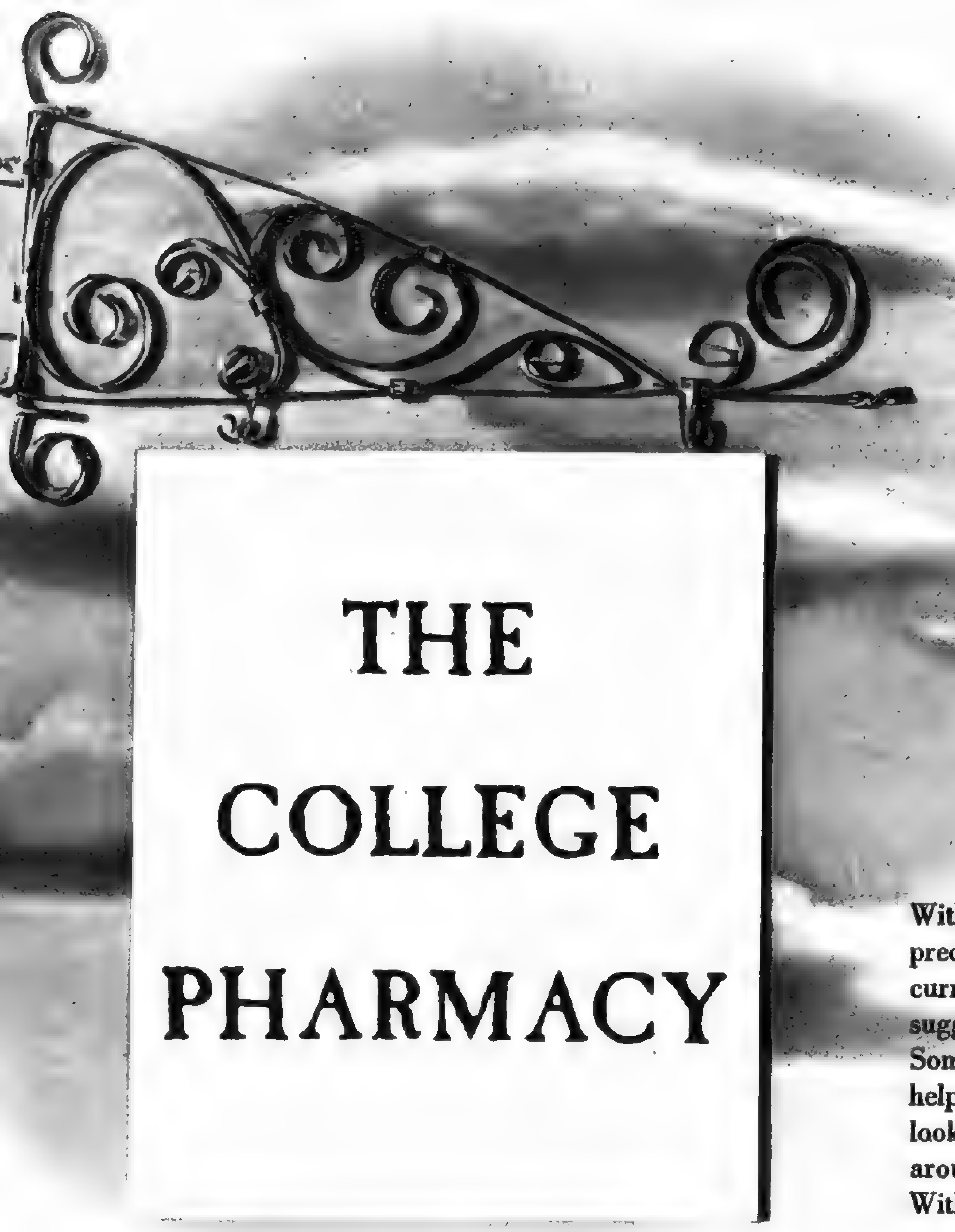
THE CAMPUS SPORTS SHOP

In sports, Esquire's whirlwind campus shopping spree literally boxes the compass — from the snow-covered slopes of the Flying Mile to California's sparkling waters. In the ski boot you'll find the newest in gear and equipment—aluminum skis that can't be beaten (and don't need waxing) on hard, dry snow; the sharpest in ski pants and wrinkle-free nylon shirt; and the warmest in knitted loafer socks. The fancy kegler will go bowling along at a fair clip in the special bowling blazer and shoes, with his own ball and carrying case. For the poloist there's a complete outfit — including special high-power light-weight sportsman's binoculars for scouting the game from sidelines or wheelchair. If an elephant gun married a fly rod, the result might well be the weird weapon at the top of the opposite page. It's actually an underwater fish gun, charged with carbon dioxide capsules, for stalking piscatorial predators beneath the waves, wearing flippers and face mask (or, for a really eerie effect, diving helmet and lead shoes). The football contains an alpaca coat for grandstand comfort, two jackets and a sweater for miscellaneous wear. Only the campus idiot needs to be told what the goods and chattels are in the golf club and tennis racket, and any horse with sense recognizes the quality in the riding apparel especially selected for the vast numbers of "gentlemen scholars" riding to hounds this year. Any equestrians? Class dismissed.



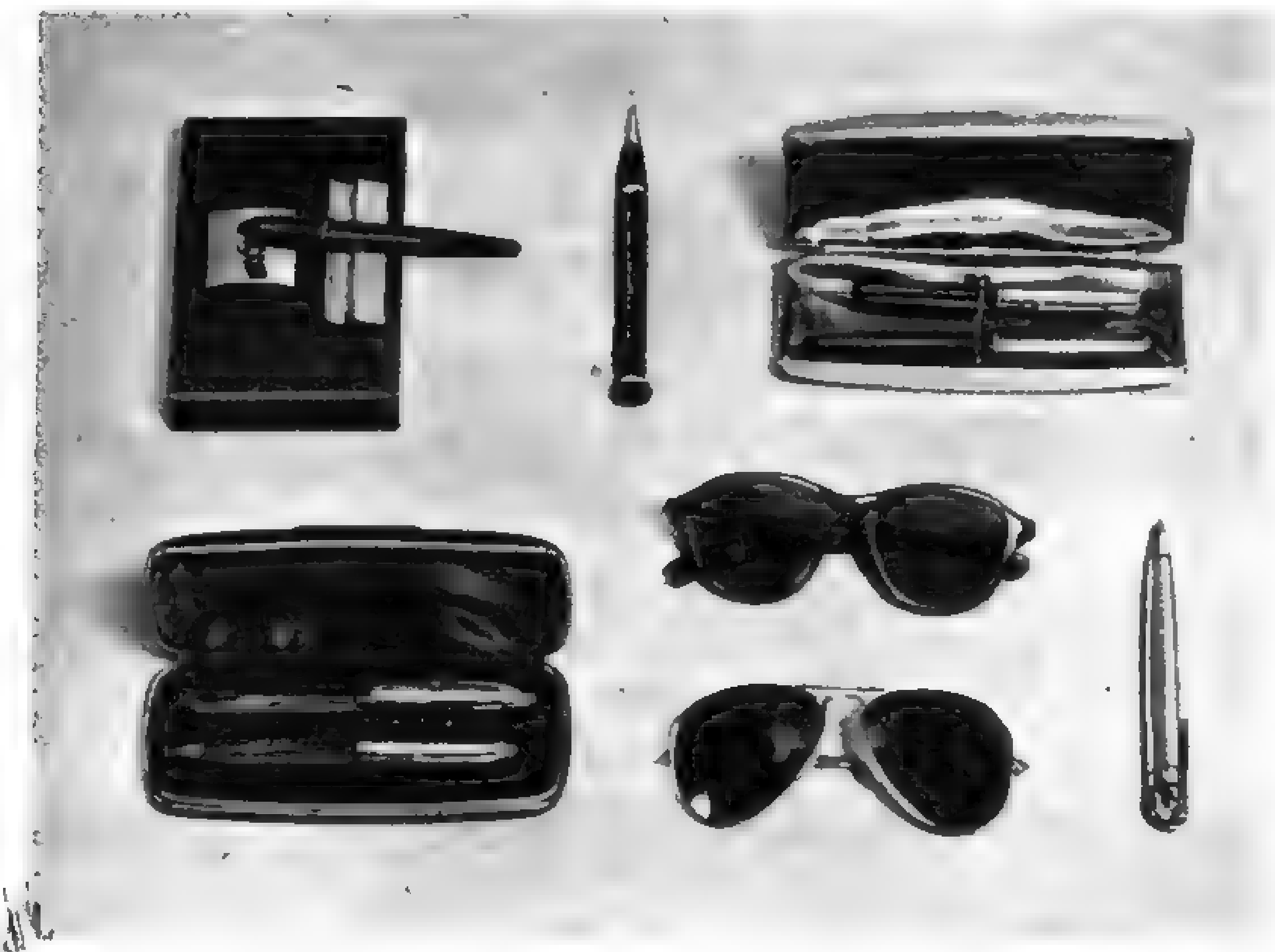






THE COLLEGE PHARMACY

With two major interests predominant in any real scholar's curriculum (the second of which is book learning), a few suggestions relative to the first of these are apropos. Some of that fancy bait in the valentine may help to sell your snake talk. And so that you don't call for her looking like a plow-skinner or a bindle stiff, wander around the drug store for a while for a course in self-improvement. With stuff like that there, a man will look better and smell mighty nice besides. For here's the works. If all that and clothing too (see Esquire's fashion pages) aren't enough — there's always book learning for passing the time away.



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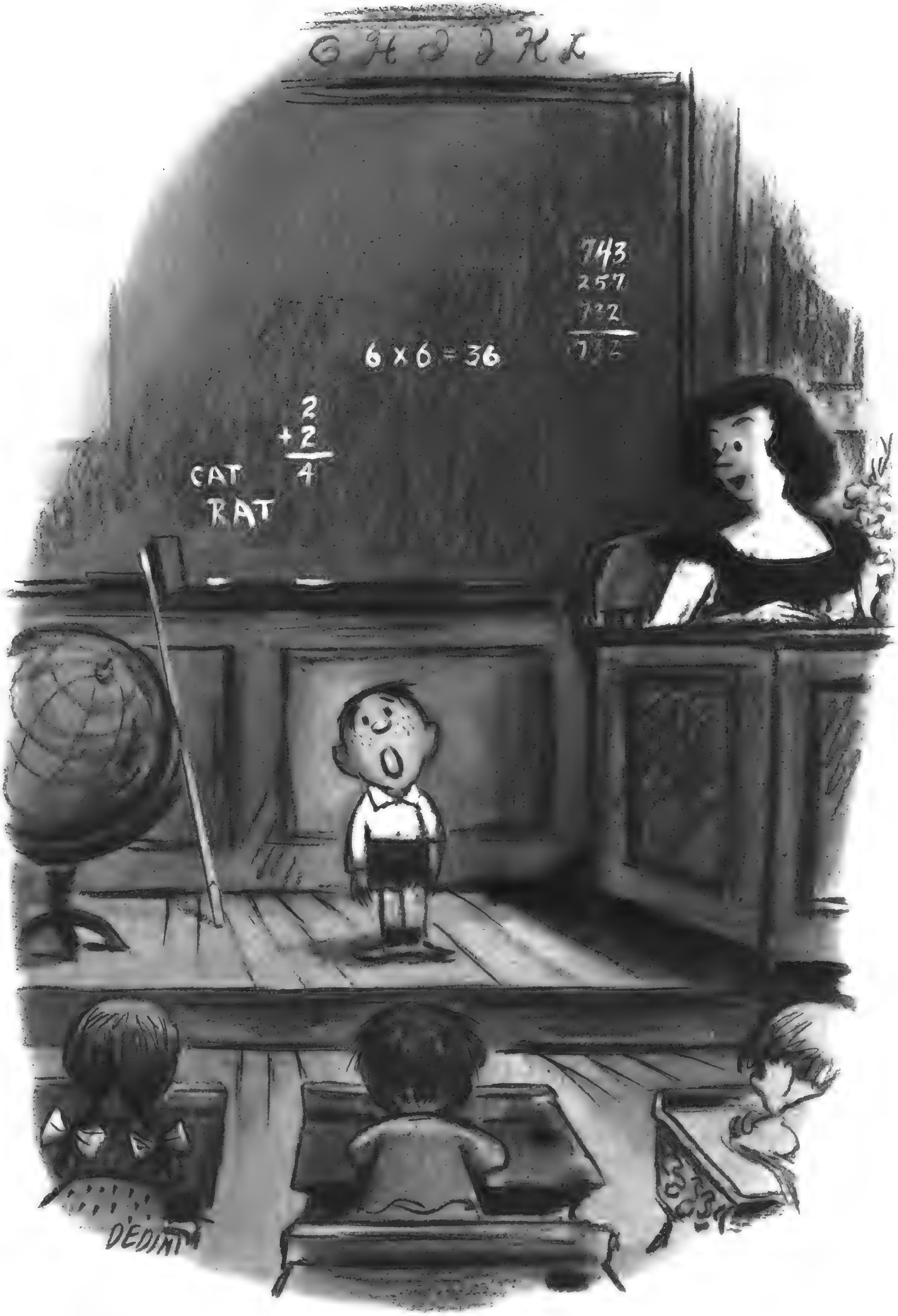

G H I J K L
743
257
782
6 x 6 = 36
2
+2
4
CAT
RAT
DEDINI

"I had an awful summer—no arithmetic, no spelling, no geography . . ."

Skidmore

A trip to Toga Town (Saratoga Springs, New York) is a must for lonely men. Take a couple of jiggers of Skidmore, a twist of her ninety bars, add a dash of the race track, fill it up with local Vichy water, and you'll have a weekend you'll never forget. Skidmore itself lies in a more conservative corner of this answer to a weekend prayer. The newest of the colleges mentioned here is also the most informal; don't look for a campus. During their last three years the girls can enjoy the delights of Saratoga until midnight on Friday and one o'clock on Saturday if they take late privileges. A few special precautions should be taken on your Skidmore weekend. No matter what it is that you're trying to cure or forget, don't down too much mineral water and then go barring. One Yale man we knew was ripped asunder. All hope is lost, too, if you try to take in both the ponies and the Skid girls on the same weekend. They both flash those big, brown eyes at you and you're a broken man.

Wellesley

After you finally get over the feeling that you are out for cross-country, Wellesley is really a very charming place. But until then, the three hundred acre campus with its rolling valleys and junior mountains definitely suggests one of the tougher golf courses back home. It's an impressive as well as extensive campus, and after you've been there a time or two you won't get involved in a sight-seeing tour without provisions and a sturdy compass. There's always plenty to do around Wellesley. The "Rec," gift of never-to-be-forgotten alumni, provides facilities for squash, dancing, swimming, and the ever-present bridge. But the major pastime in the spring and early fall is those long walks around Lake Waban . . . with a little ingenuity, you can stay lost all day. The dating regulations are liberal despite the proximity of Boston. The town of Wellesley, Massachusetts, folds up after the afternoon mail is delivered, so don't plan on any night life there. The best idea is to try another walk around the lake.

Bryn Mawr

Traditional hangout of scholarly women, Bryn Mawr isn't all books and horn-rimmed glasses by any means. You'll find enough feminine charm here to repel all fears of hyper-erudity. A little imposing, the campus is a rolling affair liberally sprinkled with huge Gothic buildings that leave no doubt in your mind that "they're here for the business of learning." Although definitely on the sophisticated side, girls are girls . . . these are just a little smarter. Bryn Mawr (Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania) is easy to get to and easy to get around in. Right on the Pennsylvania Railroad's "Main Line," trains run from 30th Street Station, Philadelphia, every half hour. Since nearly everything is accessible by train or bus, a car is by no means a necessity. The college itself offers little in the way of entertainment, but there's always plenty to do if you're interested. The attractive town of Bryn Mawr is made to order for bicycle trips, and the abundance of historic spots nearby furnish just the excuse that you're looking for. Philadelphia is only fifteen minutes away, so if you yearn for the bright lights, there's the answer.

Radcliffe

Although Radcliffe is somewhat saturated with Harvard men, we wouldn't go so far as to say there exists anything like a complete monopoly. Located in Cambridge, Massachusetts, closely associated with Harvard University, it's a fifteen-minute ride on the subway from Boston and another ten-minute walk from Harvard Square, which is the closest subway station. If you go into Boston for the evening, as she'll probably want to, the subway stops running to Cambridge about one fifteen, and after that you must resort to bus service from Scollay Square, which is anything but convenient. This is important to remember because the 'Cliffe dwellers are allowed two o'clock privileges if they're going to a dance. Otherwise, there are unlimited one o'clock permissions extended to all but first-term Freshmen, who are allowed only fifteen such extensions. Assuming there is a dearth of Radcliffe girls in your life, the college has a wonderful solution in their informal dorm dances. These are get-acquainted parties held during the first month of each term for Harvard men. Even if you're not one of the Crimson, but can tie a good Windsor, don't miss the opportunity to look over the concentration of beauty. And then, too, they're endowed with brains if you get tired of just looking.

for men lonely

Whether you are concocting a college weekend or wishing you had it to do all over again, here are vital statistics and a nostalgic report on seven girl's schools. You'll find variations across the country, but in heavens like these how could you keep from having a terrific time?

Vassar

THE namesake of a benevolent brewer, Vassar College lies a mile above Poughkeepsie, New York, where old Matt Vassar and the bearded Smith Bros. used to keep the countryside fairly rolling in beer and coughdrops. The campus boasts everything from a nine-story Tudor dormitory to the Victorian "Main" Building . . . a tender spot to loyal Vassarians, so keep a straight face when you see it. You should never be at a loss for something to do at Vassar. Besides the girls, the college has provided masculine locker facilities for squash, tennis, swimming, and even golf. Bicycle trips and beer are the fashion in the spring and early fall. In the evening, you have to be guided by the dating rules and plan accordingly. Week nights she has to be in by 10:30, Saturdays by one. Without a car but with a little cab fare, you can manage one of the closer nightspots. With no car and no cab fare, the informal dances at the college solve your problem. With plenty of both . . . be sure to get an early start.

Mount Holyoke

JUST a stone's throw from Holyoke and a long beer from Amherst is South Hadley, Massachusetts, and Mount Holyoke College. Amherst will probably find a bed for you and if the entertainment offered by the surrounding countryside doesn't measure up to your expectations, the parties at Amherst usually do. Doubtless among the changes that have come about here in the last one hundred and twelve years are those pertaining to the Freedom to Date (attention Norman Rockwell). Girls may be out until eleven Monday through Thursday nights, twelve on Friday and Sunday nights, and one on Saturday night. Freshmen are limited in the number of these one o'clock permissions. We don't know when the Drys got control of the town, but they're in the majority today, so proceed accordingly. It isn't too necessary, however, to arrive with your pockets bulging. There are plenty of spots wringing wet not too far from the college and the bus service is good if you're minus the car. These spots, plus one of the frequent college dances, make your weekend at Holyoke a very happy one.

Smith

APPRECIATED by some for its antiques and churches, but known to more for its girls and policemen, Northampton has more than its share of each. This small college town, situated in the western part of Massachusetts, is eighteen miles north of Springfield. Once in town, if you're without a car, transportation is not too difficult. Busses provide service to many of the night-spots and furnish a means of returning your date in plenty of time to say goodnight before bunkcheck. The college regulations permit dating until 10:15 except over the weekends, when midnight is the deadline on Fridays and a risqué one o'clock on Saturdays. Sundays at Smith are always a problem if you don't happen to be the bridge-playing type, but a bicycle picnic to Look Park with cold beer and sandwiches is an ideal way to spend the day. You may miss the varied entertainment of other colleges, but it is possible to fit your weekend to your wallet at Smith and after four years of operating, we've never been bored. Maybe it's the girls.

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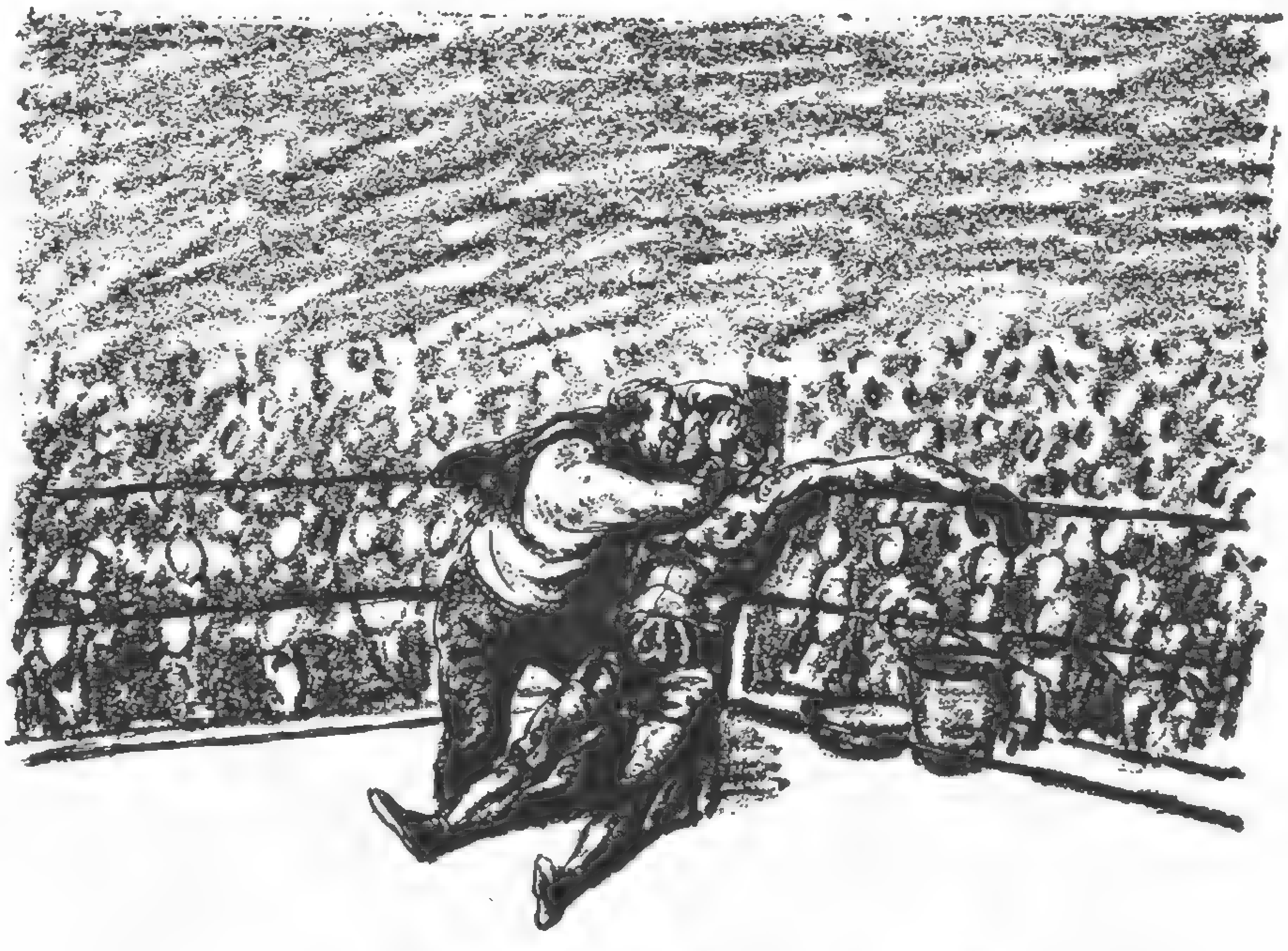
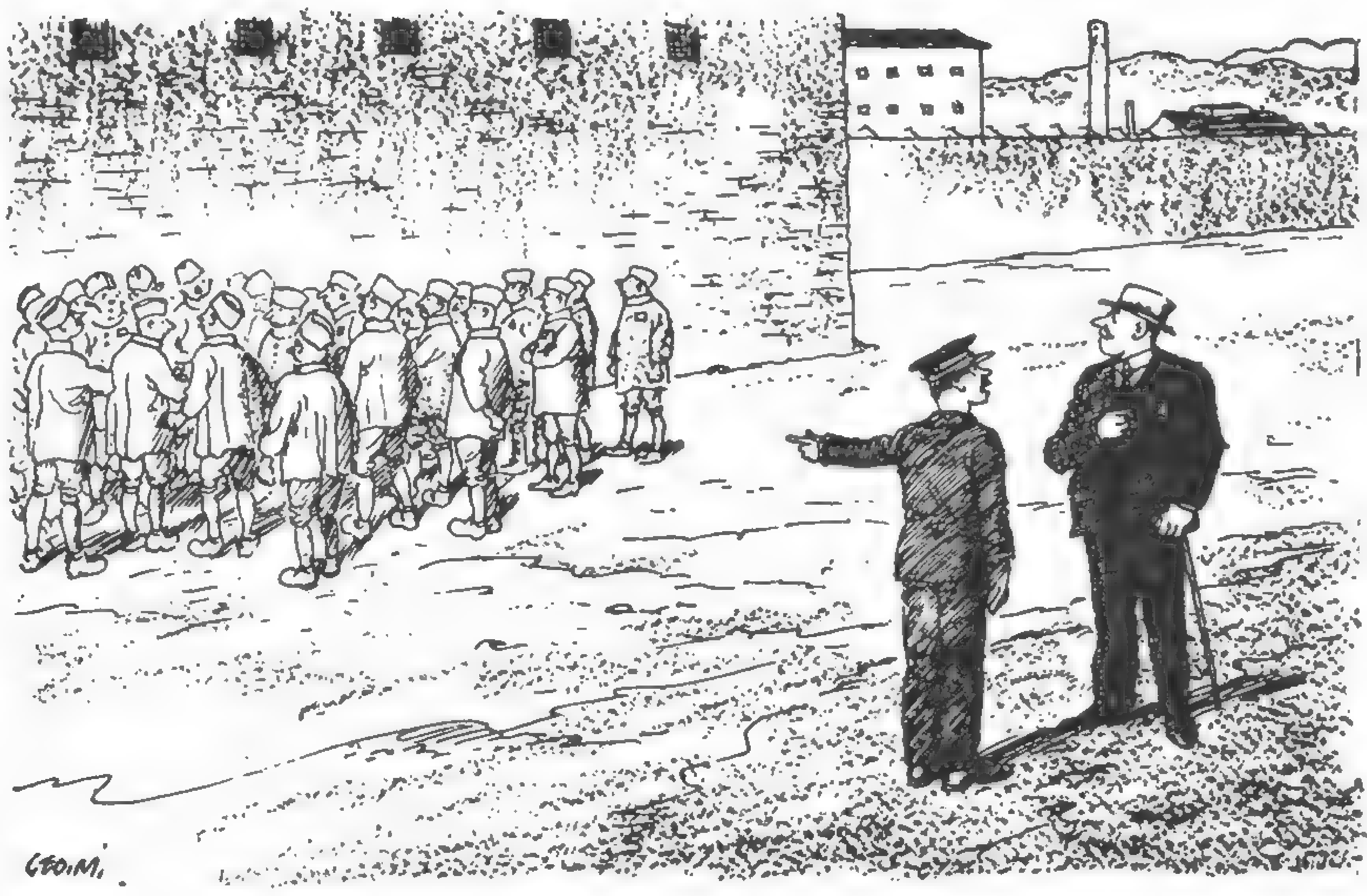
The Lion Roars

Merrie England stays that way with these cartoons from *Punch*

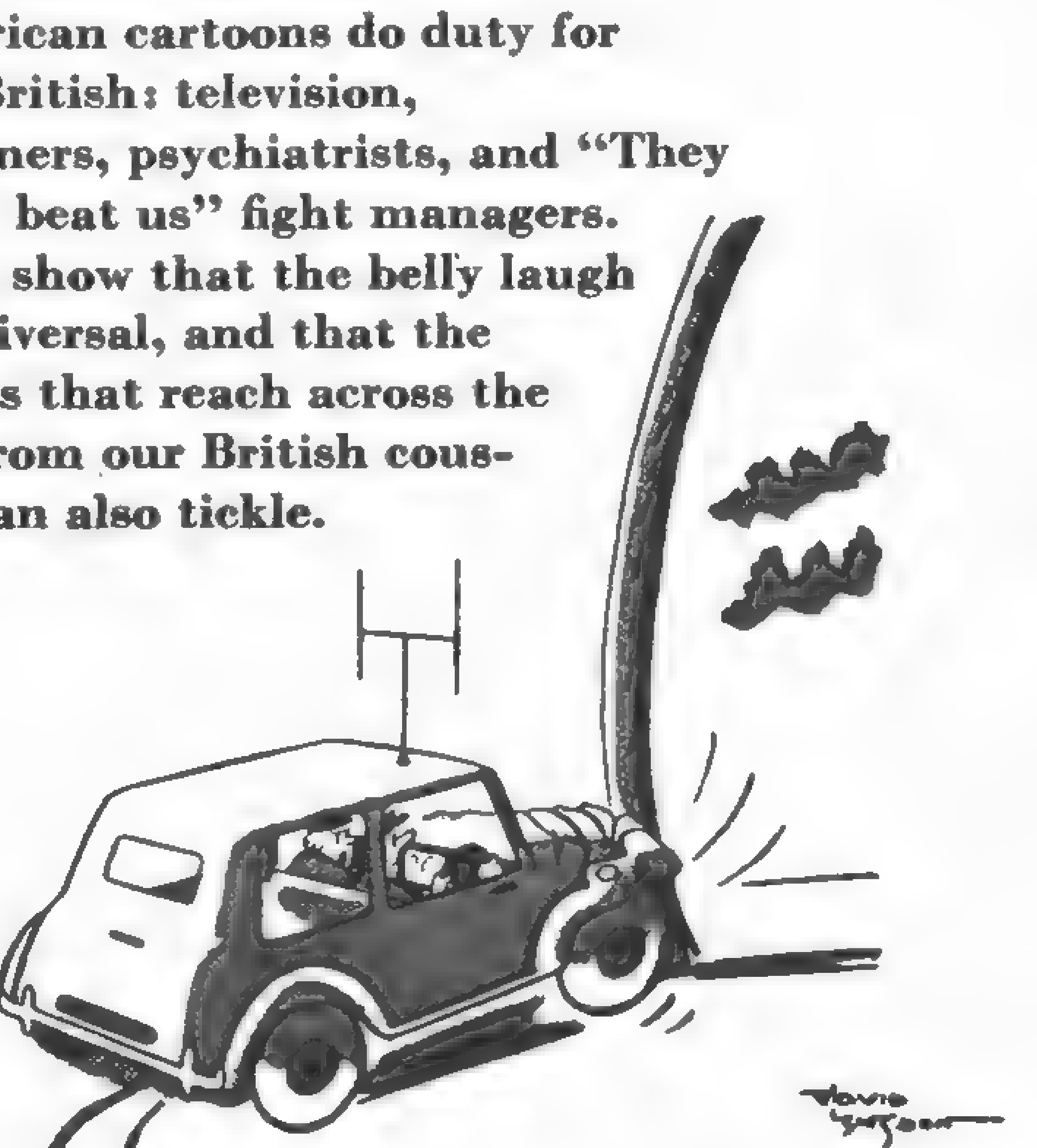
PROOF that the English, who are supposed to have no sense of humor, relish chuckles as much as rare roast beef and gin-and-bitters is in these cartoons from *Punch*, the London Charivari. Maybe not all the jokes appeal to the American reader, but a nation that laughed at buzz bombs, the G. I. invasion, and Cripps' austerity doesn't have to worry whether its funny bone is in the right place. Englishmen were grinning at *Punch* 99 years before Hitler was frothing at the mouth, and they'll be grinning at it when Tito goes back to shoeing horses. The same topics that feed American cartoons do duty for the British: television, prisoners, psychiatrists, and "They can't beat us" fight managers. They show that the belly laugh is universal, and that the hands that reach across the sea from our British cousins can also tickle.



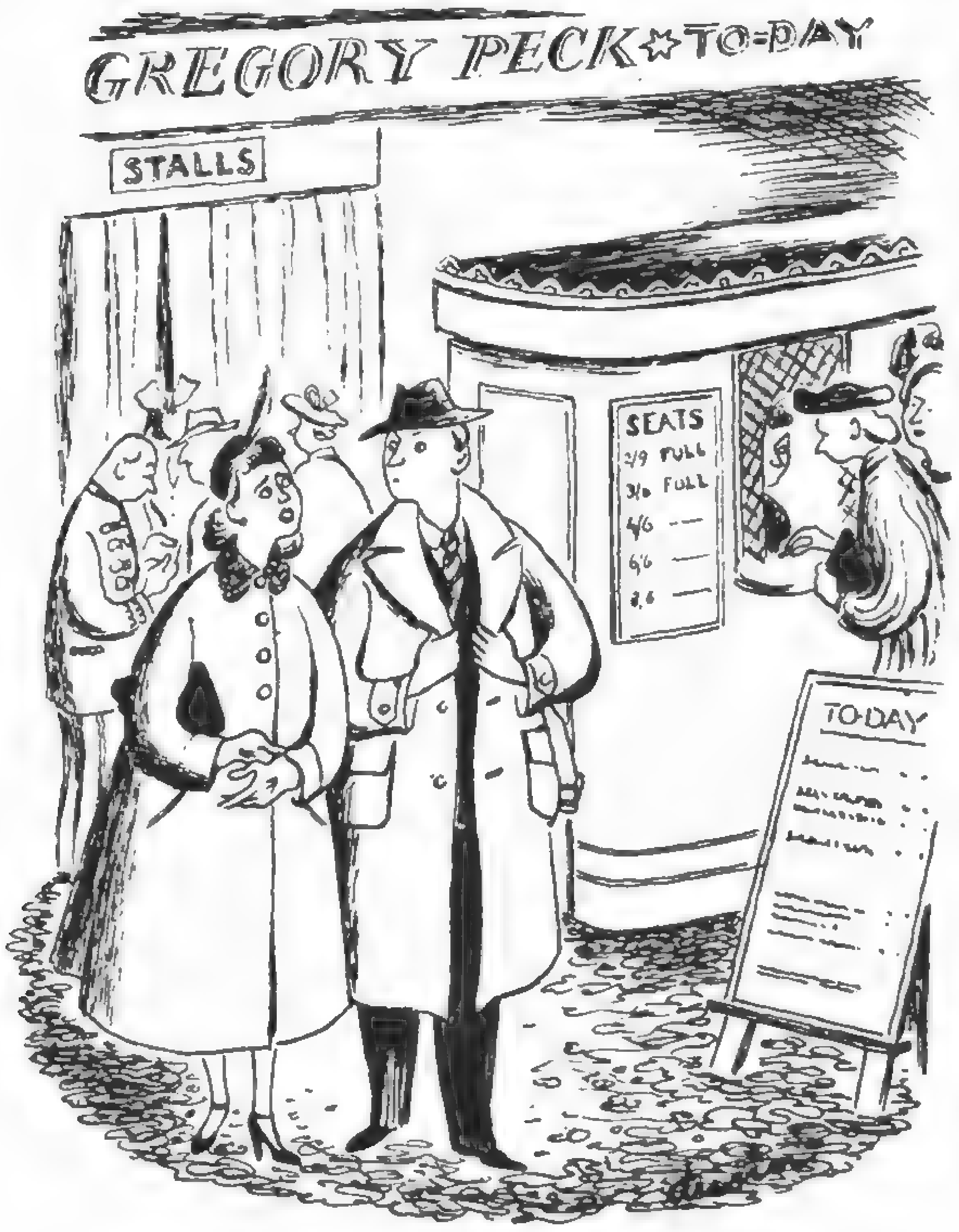
"You had him worried that round. He thought he'd killed you"



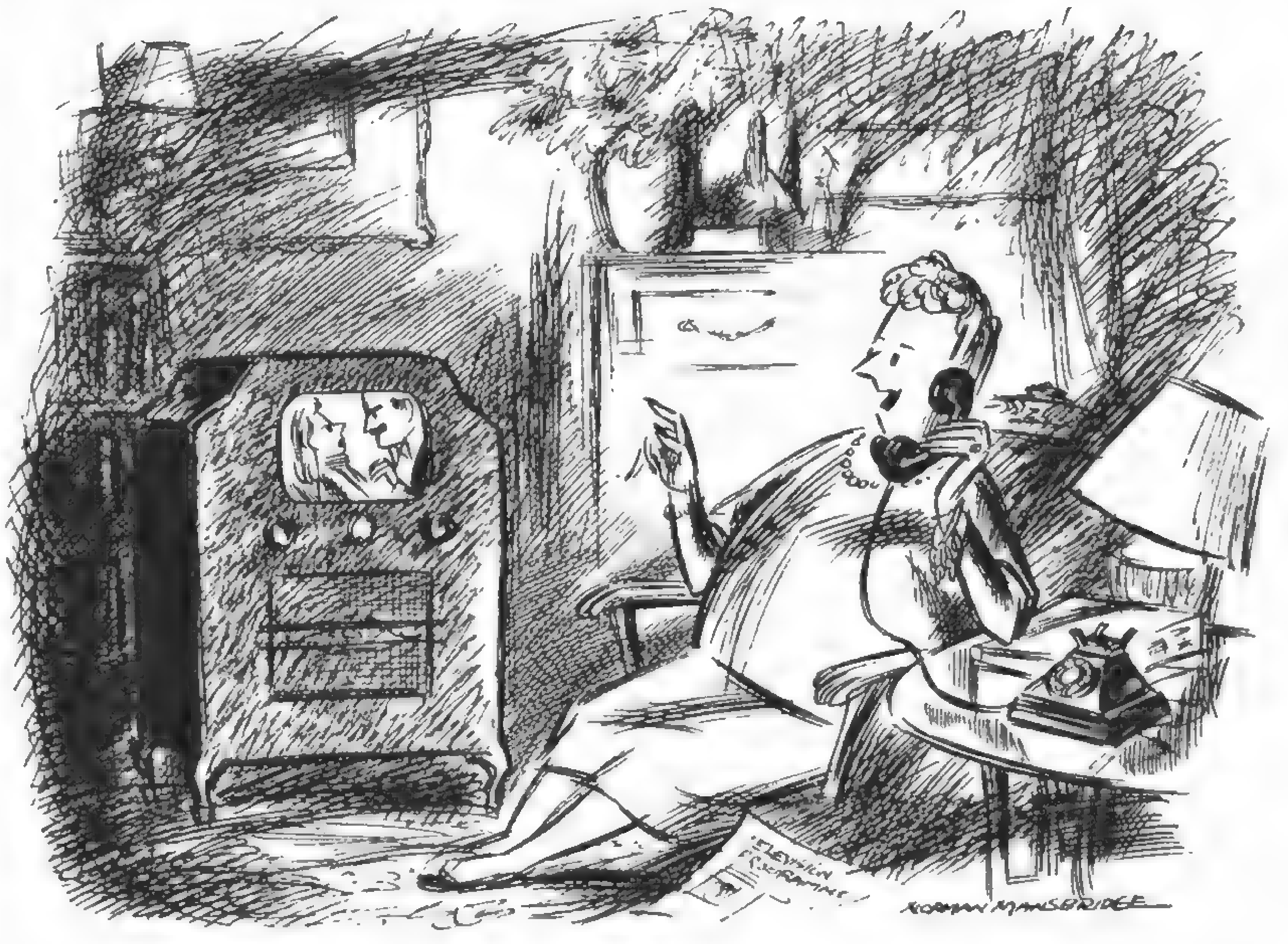
"They want Saturday afternoons to count time-and-a-half"



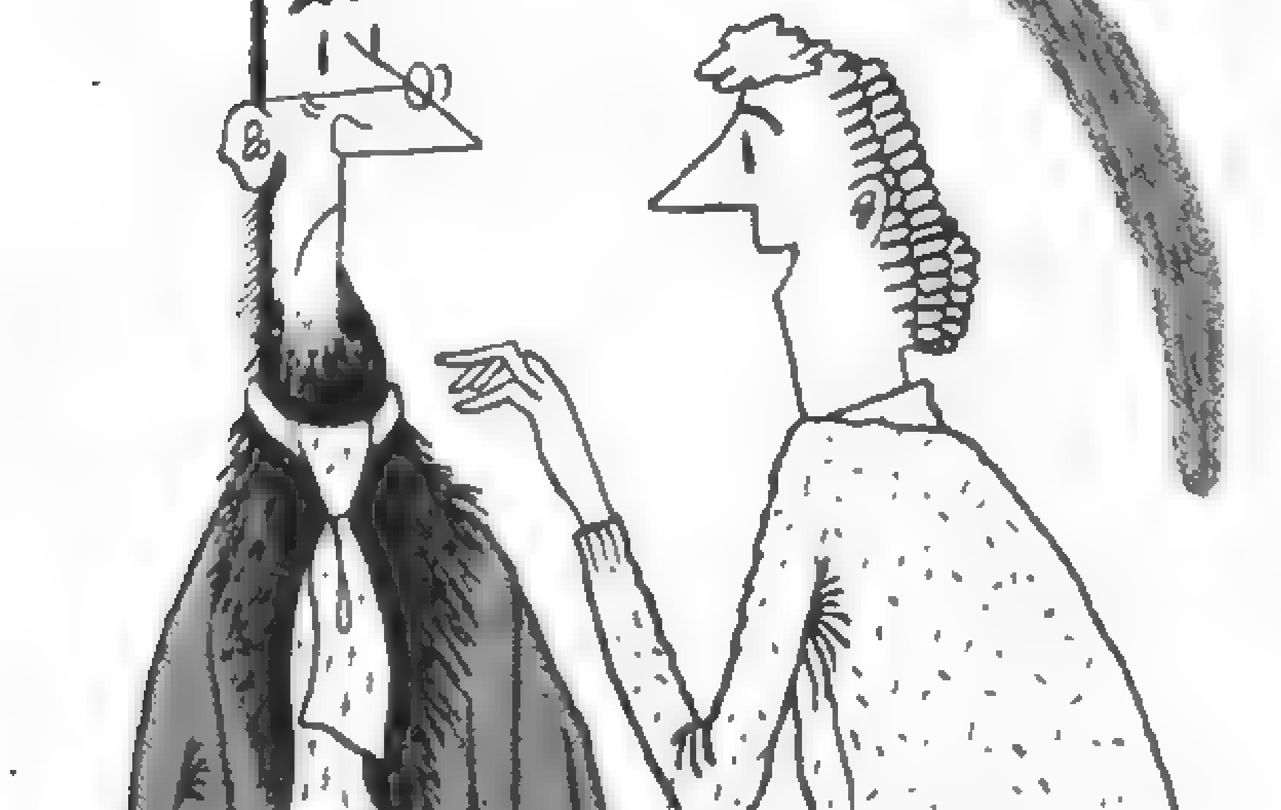
"You and your 'first car to be equipped with television' "


GREGORY PECK ✫ TO-DAY
STALLS
SEATS
2/9 FULL
3/6 FULL
4/6 —
6/6 —
8/6 —
TO-DAY

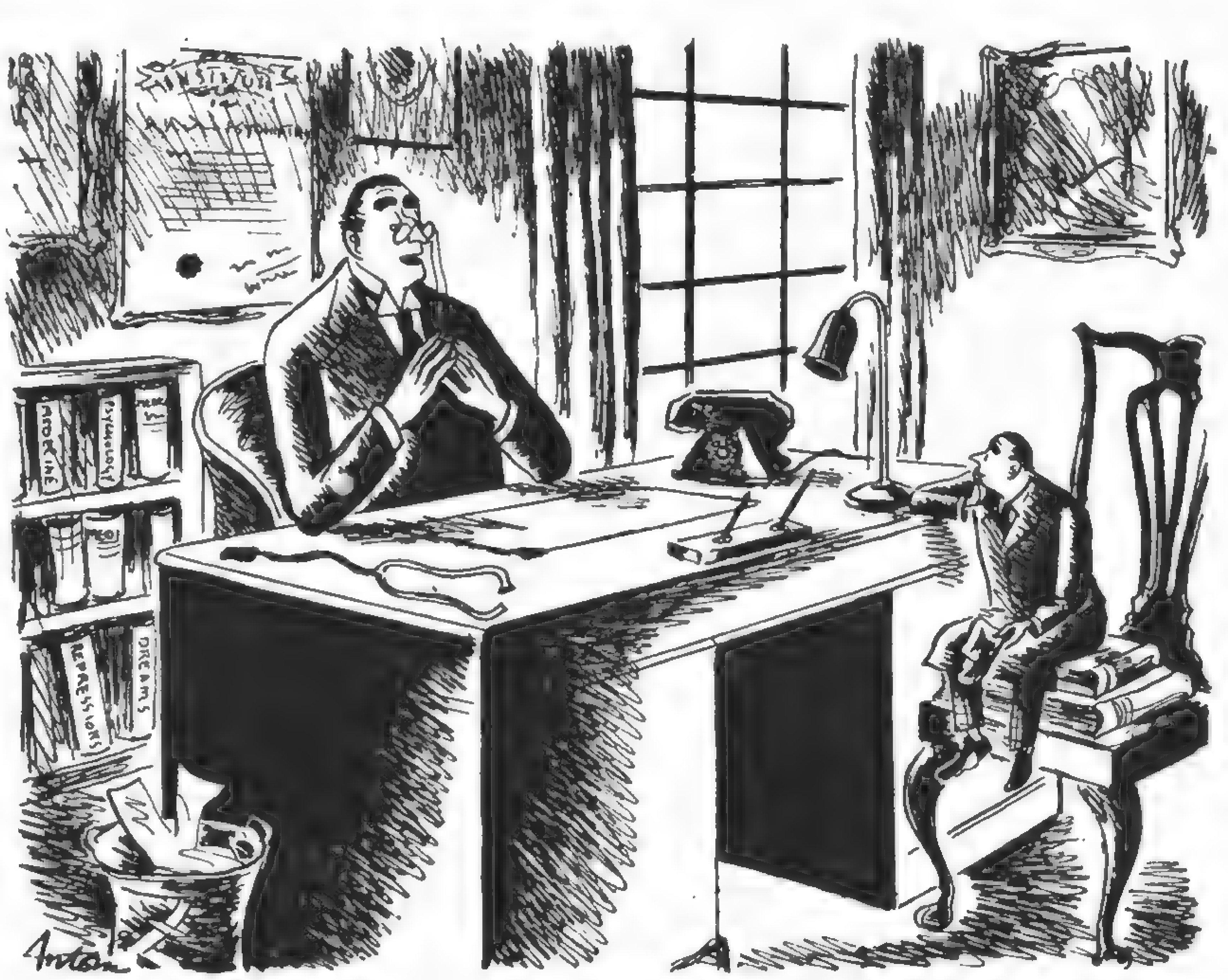
"You didn't have to hold my hand in front of Gregory Peck"


NORMAN MANSBRIDGE

"Now here's this dark, handsome man again—you really ought to see this sometime, Hilda—I think he's going to threaten her . . . and she doesn't seem to trust him either . . . . I should imagine that what will happen now is . . ."



"But, darling, it makes you look thirty years younger!"


PSYCHOLOGY
MEDICINE
DREAMS
REPRESSIONS
Anton

"Now to start with, let's make a list of all the famous and important men who were short"

Cartoons reproduced by permission of the proprietors of Punch

Love and Tiddlywinks

Old-fashioneds and old passions mixed at Velma's party and all they proved was that parlor games, however delightful they may be, should be strictly for the kiddies

by **MARTIN GARDNER**

THERE was a moment of silence; then Velma raised her head and said "Cyclotron." The first thing that popped into my mind was "Atom." I wrote "Atom" on the piece of paper I was holding, then looked at Velma and grinned. She grinned back.

I knew Velma was trying to trap me. I worked on nuclear research at the University of Chicago, and she hoped I'd make an unusual word association that would give me away. It's funny, though, what you think of first.

We were playing a new game that Frank Murkins brought back with him from New York. Along about midnight, when everybody had run out of clever things to say and nobody had downed enough Old-fashioneds to think of new things, the party had stagnated. Then Frank had come out with this game.

"It's really quite a delightful game," he said. "They're playing it all over the Village."

"Sounds like it might be fun," said Velma. She was the hostess. "Let's try it."

We were each given a pencil and piece of paper. Velma was picked to be first to call out the words. She could use any words she wanted. As soon as a word was given, we were supposed to write down the first thing we thought of. We were on our honor not to cheat by using second or third thoughts.

After everyone had put down his association for "Cyclotron," Frank gathered up the slips. He shuffled them thoroughly, then numbered them from 1 to 14 (there were fourteen of us, not counting Velma). While he read them aloud, in numerical order, Velma copied the words on her sheet of paper, putting each word in a different column.

By the time Frank had finished reading the slips we were all laughing except Velma, who pretended to be mad. Everyone had thought of either "Atom" or "Atom bomb" except the person who wrote the last slip. It said "Motorcycle."

The slips were passed back to the original owners while Velma was trying to think of her next word. She could use as many words as there were players. After the last round, she would have fourteen columns on her sheet, each column with fourteen words that came from the same person. But of course she wouldn't know who belonged to which column. Her job was to try to identify each person from his list of words.

Velma didn't do so well. She only guessed two people correctly.

By the time it was my turn to call the words, everybody was feeling pretty gay. The game was a big success. Either that, or the Old-fashioneds were.

I had already figured out an easy way to catch my wife. We had a little private word between us—a word that just we two knew about. It was an ordinary word, harmless enough, but we attached a special meaning to it and used it only on occasions of extreme intimacy.

So the first word I called out was "Tiddlywinks." My wife smiled and stuck out her tongue at me.

Frank had volunteered to be the reader each time, so they all passed their slips to him again. The first two he read were "Game" and "Children." The third was "Herman." That's my first name. My wife was the only one who didn't double up with laughter. I wrote her name above column three on my chart.

The next four words were "Game," "Carpet," "Flip," and "Game." The eighth slip was "Amour."

I looked up, startled. My wife's forehead furrowed in a quick frown, then looked away.

While Frank read the remaining slips, I glanced around the room wondering who number eight could be. My eyes rested on Dottie's plump figure. Suddenly I remembered. Years ago, quite a while before my marriage, I'd been on pretty friendly terms with Dottie . . .

I gulped the rest of my Old-fashioned and mopped my neck with a handkerchief. The room seemed hot and stuffy. The rest of my words were common, everyday words—no private meanings.

When I tried to identify the columns, I decided I'd better not guess Dottie correctly. I figured my wife was suspicious enough as it was, and I hoped she wouldn't ask Dottie later why she associated tiddlywinks with amour.

After I'd announced my guesses, Frank smiled and nodded. "Very good, Herman," he said. "You only missed on three of them—five, eight, and nine."

I didn't ask him who they were. Number eight was the "Amour" one, and I didn't care about five and nine.

"Number five," Frank went on, while my heart began pounding, "is Beatta. Number eight is Maurice, and—"

There was a sound of crashing glass. My wife had dropped her drink.

I stood up, a little unsteady. The apartment seemed to be swaying slightly.

"Maurice, my dear fellow," said I. "My old pal, Maurice. How didst thou happen to think of amour?"

Maurice fidgeted in his chair. "Why, I don't really know, Herman." He ran a finger tip over his mustache and laughed nervously. "It just came into my head, that's all."

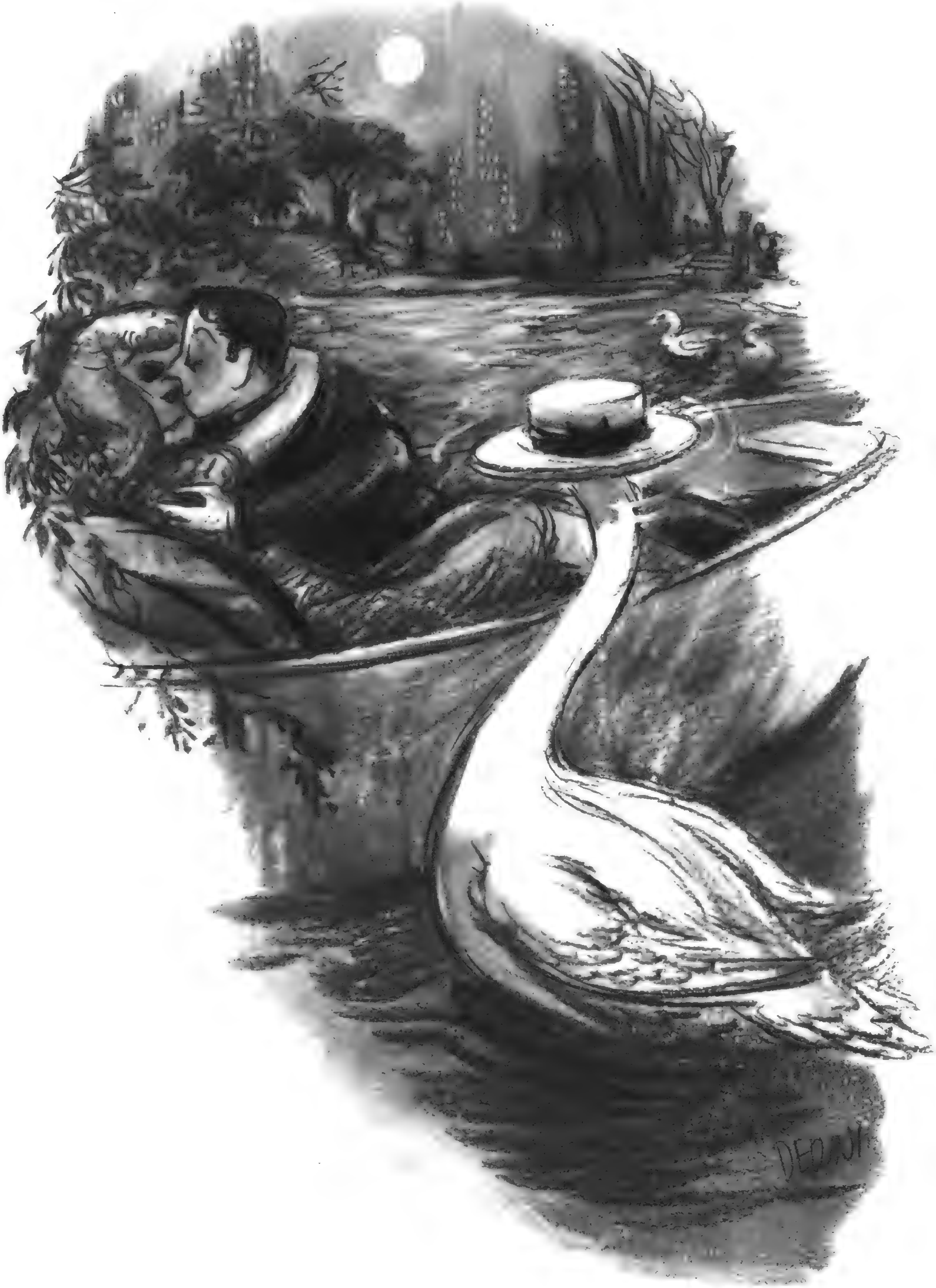
"You're a goddam liar, Maurice, my old buddy," I said.

"Now wait a minute, Herman," he said, standing up. He walked over, grim-faced, and shoved me on the chest. "Nobody's going to call me a liar."

I swung at him, but he moved just enough so that my knuckles ricocheted off his cheekbone. I saw his heavy fist coming toward me . . .

When I woke up, in Billings Hospital, I had a broken jaw and two missing incisors.

My wife and I were divorced last Tuesday. It's a delightful game. They play it all over the Village. ###


DEDINI

Silver Threads Among the Ponies

What do you know about old age in Black Beauty land? These facts may keep you from throwing away grocery money on Methuselah III in a waltz around the track

A Quiz by

EDWARD DEMBITZ

Just like the rest of us, horses aren't getting any younger. Not that the horse complains. But his age is often of deep concern to various bipeds who derive all or part of their living from his activities—not to mention those who lose all or part of their living because of his inactivities.

Here's a little quiz designed to test your fund of knowledge on the subject of horses' ages. Can you answer the questions?

1. Up to what age do Thoroughbreds race?

Thoroughbreds are usually past their prime at six years, although many continue to race after that age. Among today's big-money winners, Stymie and Armed are eight, while Gallorette (now retired) is seven.

In 1947 a twenty-year-old gelding, attempting a comeback after ten years in pasture, ran in a $400 claiming race at Gresham Park, Oregon. He finished last and was unclaimed. This couldn't happen in Illinois, whose State Racing Commission has just barred all horses over twelve from its tracks.

Steeplechasers, not all of whom are Thoroughbreds, come older; most of the entrants in last year's Grand National at Aintree, England, were from eight to eleven years old.

Each year three or four thousand Thoroughbred two-year-olds get to the track. Few of them are still racing beyond their third year. They bow tendons, develop bad knees or ankles, get used up by over-racing, or just aren't fast enough.

2. Up to what age are Thoroughbred stallions useful at stud?

Few horses command a bigger fee at stud than does Blenheim II ($2500 per service) and he is twenty-two years old, as are such leading sires as Bull Dog, Questionnaire, and Gallant Fox.

Oldest advertised stallion is Sir Gallahad III, twenty-nine years old, and at stud for $1500. The average age of 1948's twenty leading sires—those whose get earned the most money—was about fifteen years.

In general a Thoroughbred sire is useful at stud until he dies or is physically disabled. Many breeders claim, however, that a stallion reaches his peak at the age of twelve or thirteen, and that the best horses are fathered before then. For example, Man O' War, who died at thirty, retired from stud at twenty-six (because of a heart attack), but had got all but a few of his outstanding offspring before he was thirteen.

3. When does a Thoroughbred celebrate its birthday?

On the first January 1 after being foaled, all Thoroughbreds—and Standardbreds and harness horses—become yearlings, one year old, and all become a year older on each succeeding January 1. This common birthday is a convenience in registering and matching horses for racing.

The breeding season runs from mid-February to mid-June. The period of gestation is normally eleven months, so the foaling season runs from mid-January through mid-May. Breeders like to arrange schedules so the majority of foals arrive in March or April.

This means that the horse which officially becomes one year old on the following New Year's Day is really about nine months old.

4. What is the greatest age to which a Thoroughbred has lived?

Merrick, who on the preceding January 1 had become thirty-eight years old, died on March 13, 1941, at Lexington, Kentucky, the oldest Thoroughbred in history.

Although he never won an important race, Merrick's record shows that he started 205 times and was in the money 125 times, earning a total of $26,785. As a ten-year-old he won five races; at eleven he retired. His health failed rapidly during his last years.

Second to Merrick in longevity is Parrot, a European Thoroughbred, who died over a century ago at thirty-six. The oldest mare was Pocahontas, who died at thirty-three.

Whether the average Thoroughbred mare or stallion lives longer is debatable; there are no comprehensive statistics available.

5. What is the greatest age to which any horse has lived?

Most horsemen will argue that Merrick holds the record. They view with jaundiced eye the claims of phenomena like England's Old Billy, alleged to have died at sixty-three a century ago, and point out that such horses are never of a registered breed.

Consider Tom Mix's famed horse. According to studio releases in 1925, "Tony is now twelve years old." In 1932, "Tony is now twenty-three years old." And when he died in 1942, headlines proclaimed, "TOM MIX'S HORSE, TONY, AGED 40 YEARS, DIES."

Back in 1922, a controversy raged in the press over Clover, a frisky steed who had just had his fifty-first birthday—or so said his master, a Pennsylvania minister.

Noted veterinarians examined the horse and the verdict was, "We can't very well contradict a minister." The chief vet of the Jockey Club said, "He is an exceptionally old horse." But the president of the American Museum of Natural History stated flatly, "No horse could live to that age."

Clover died two years later, but his "record" was soon surpassed by Old Bill of New Jersey who died, on his master's word of honor, at the age of fifty-five. Newspapers called Old Bill the world's oldest horse. For the books, you can still bet on Merrick.

6. Is it true that you can tell a horse's age by its teeth?

The incisors, the front teeth, are a reliable guide up to the age of seven or eight. Beyond that veteran horsemen can guess the correct age to within a few years.

Such accuracy is possible because incisors appear and disappear at definite ages: center incisors appear shortly after birth (although some colts are born with them); lateral incisors appear at five weeks; corner ones at six to nine months. These are all "baby" teeth. Permanent teeth begin to replace them at two and a half years. At five the horse usually has a full mouth.

Each of the permanent incisors has a cup or depression in its center. As the horse ages, the enamel surrounding the cups is worn away at a rate that depends upon the feeding, but that is fairly constant for most horses. At nine all cups are gone, and so is any positive means of determining exact age.

However, at ten a groove called Galvayne's Groove appears on the upper corner teeth near the gum line. It gradually works its way down to the bottom, which it reaches at twenty or thereabouts. Then it starts to disappear and at thirty is gone. From there on, the arguments begin. ##

LOANS
DEDINI

"Just how reliable is this tip on 'Walk-Away' in the fifth?"

back to campus
back to business

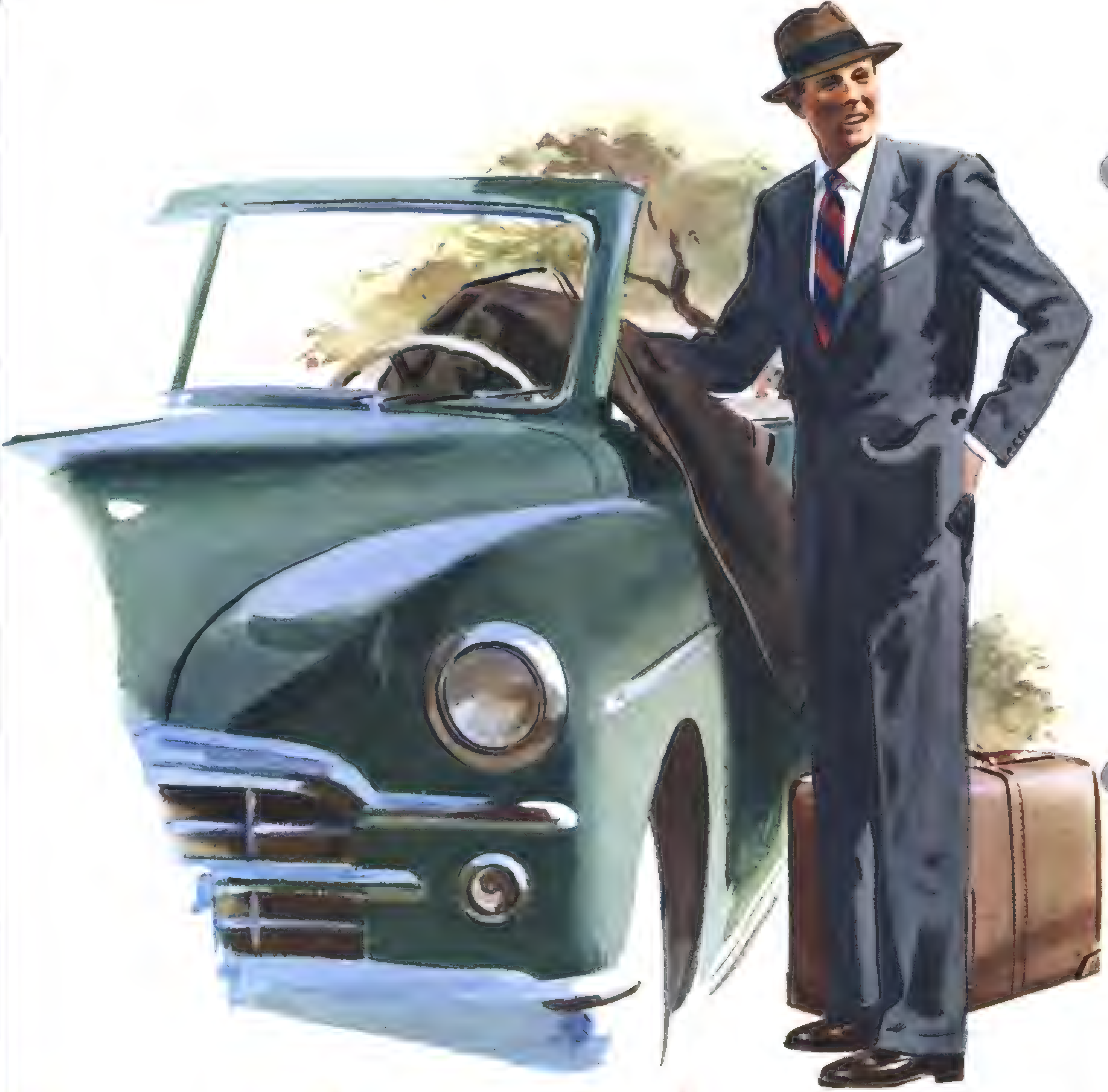
Esquire's "Big 4" for fall

Autumn fashions among the arts and sciences

No one is going to take away your B.A. if you're dressed in last year's outfit. But to enable you to devote your whole thought and energy to the task at hand without a single clothes-conscious moment—with Galileo or the girl friend—Esquire has categorized the latest Word on campus clothes into the four favorite areas of the active college man, telling what he wears and when. The Big Four line-up is below: for the names and numbers of all the players, see the next seven pages.

CATEGORY	1 TOWN AND TRAVEL	2 PROM AND PARTY	3 CAMPUS AND CLASSROOM	4 CLUB AND COUNTRY
HATS	Charcoal blue on brown felt	Black soft felt, Opera hat	Strapped back tweed cap, processed fabric hat	Khaki color snap brim felt
SUITS	Grey flannel, Glen Urquhart plaid, Striped Worsted Tan gabardine	Midnight Blue and white dinner jacket. Tailcoat	Natural covert cloth	Lovat or brown tweed
COATS	Tweed or covert cloth topcoat	Fly-front Chesterfield	Twill coat with pile fabric or insulated lining, fleece coat	Tan polo coat, reversible
RAINWEAR	Processed fabric, fly-front Resolute or Raglan		Processed fabric jacket	Processed fabric coat with removable lining
SPORTS JACKETS			Tweed, corduroy, cord or seersucker jacket	Plaid or striped tweed. Flannel blazer
SLACKS			Natural covert cloth, corduroy, cotton drill	Grey flannel, brown gabardine
SWEATERS WAISTCOATS		Midnight blue, White pique waistcoats	Shetland and shaker knit sweater	Cashmere sweater, wool or leather waistcoat
SHIRTS AND COLLARS	Six white broadcloth with spread collar	Pleated or plain bosom, attached bold wing collar	Oxfords, plaid, checked or solid color sport shirts	White, pale blue, tan ecorn Oxford shirts, button-down and short rounded collar
NECKWEAR	Striped rep, foulard knit, narrow four-in-hand	Midnight blue, white pique bow ties	Striped rep, crocheted, wool, foulard. Ribbon bow	Same as at left
HOSE	Ribbed wool, flat knit cotton	Black silk or nylon	Wool, cotton or nylon, solid colors or patterns	Same as at left
FOOTWEAR	Midnight Moroc wing tip, straight tip	Patent leather plain tip and pumps	Moccasin loafer saddle strap; white, buckskin; rubbers, galoshes	Plain tip Blucher, crepe rubber soles. Chukka boot
BELTS, BRACES GARTERS	Bold stripe or solid color braces, garters to match. Black leather belt	Black and white, all white braces, garters to match	Tooled Western belt, striped ribbon belt, cordovan belt	Brown cordovan belt, pigskin belt, mesh or knitted braces
JEWELRY AND WALLETS	Tie holder, Cuff links, Key chain, Pigskin wallet, Money clip	Smoked pearl, maroon stone, white pearl studs and links. Money clip, key chain, cigarette case, wallet.	Tie holder, collar pin or bar, cordovan wallet	Collar pin or bar, tie holder, cordovan wallet, money clip
HANDKERCHIEFS	White or patterned	White, plain or with self monogram	White or colored	White or colored
GLOVES	Capeskin, mocha, deerskin	Grey mocha, white kid	Pigskin, curly lamb lined, knitted	Pigskin or knitted. Lined gloves
MUFFLERS	Foulard or cashmere, patterned or plain	All white	Wool, woven or knitted, patterned or plain	Wool or foulard
UNDERWEAR	Knit undershirt, Boxer, tie-side or briefs	Same as at left	Same as at left, scivvy or T shirt	Same as at left
PAJAMAS	Broadcloth or rayon, middie or coat style		Broadcloth, rayon, brushed cotton, or knitted	
ROBES	Foulard or wool. Patterned or plain		Foulard, wool or terry-cloth	
SLIPPERS	Leather travel slippers and case		Moccasin, sheeplined leather or felt	Leather soled, knitted wool socks
LUGGAGE AND . . .	Two suiter, weekend case	Collar case Stud box	Wardrobe trunk, carry-all bag	
ACTIVE SPORTSWEAR			Tennis, squash, swim-wear	Golf, riding, ski wear
TOILETRIES	Shave soap, lotion, talc, cologne, deodorant →	hair dressing, manicure kit, military brushes →	comb, toilet kit, shaver, hand or motor power	

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON



1

TOWN AND TRAVEL

Charcoal blue on brown hat

Narrow shape rep tie

Command Collar

Grey flannel suit

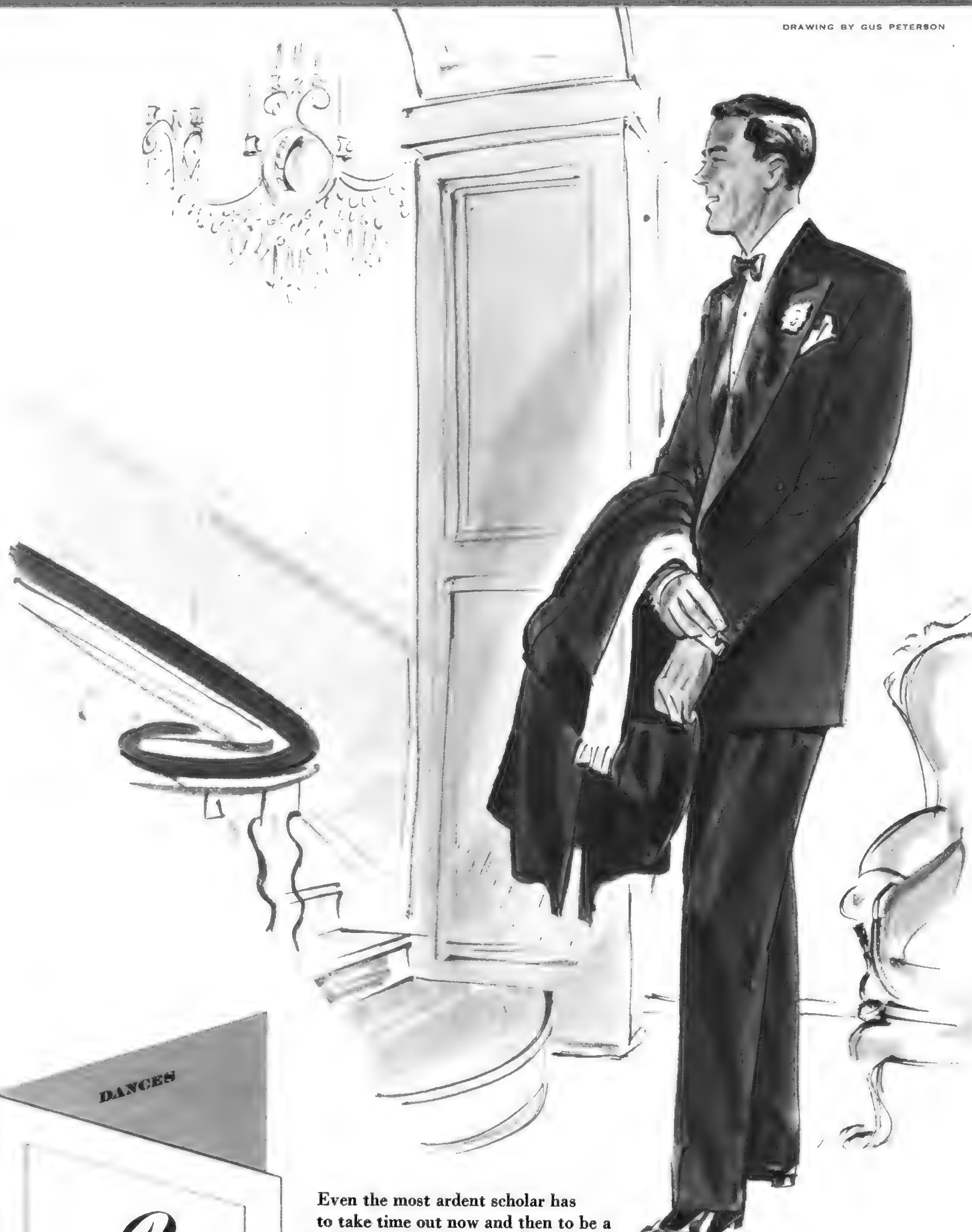
Three-button jacket

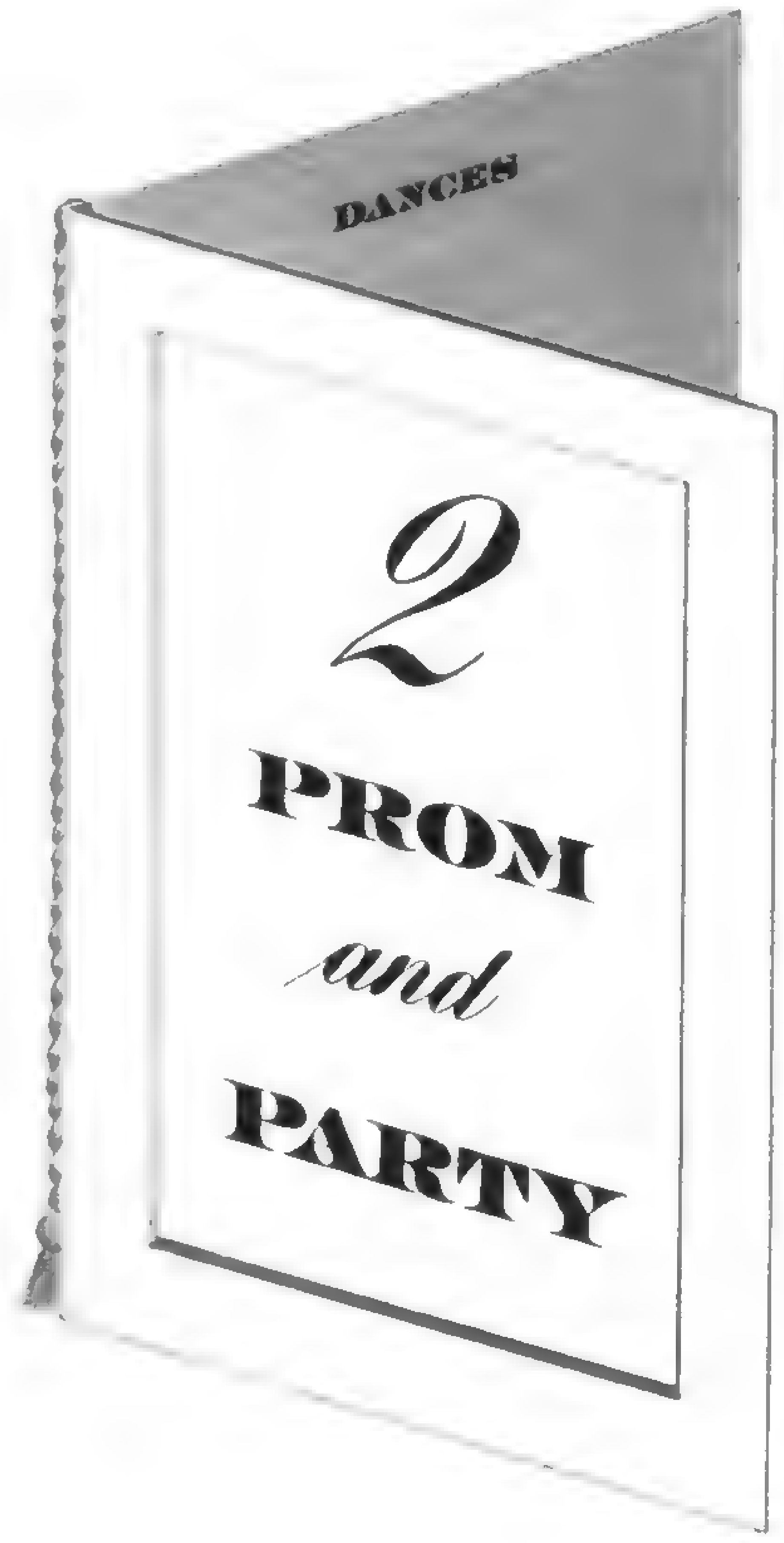
Midnight Moroc shoes

Covert topcoat

Tearing yourself away from the books and the lovely scenery around the girl's dormitory is in itself quite a task without having to worry about dressing correctly for the weekend trip to the city. However, when you make your joyous getaway your best bet is a dark grey flannel suit in a three button single-chested model that is cut along straight hanging lines. Check the blue and red striped tie: it measures only three inches at the bottom and gives you a long look. The hat is a new and distinctive touch for college men in a solid new shade of brown with a "charcoal" texture and depth that also works itself into the blue tone of the band. The shoes match if they are midnight moroc, a very dark brown. Of course, a white broadcloth shirt with a widespread Command collar is first-string this year and a plain white handkerchief in the chest pocket is your perennial standby. The topcoat, of course, is still the favorite single-chested, fly-front in natural covert.

DRAWING BY GUS PETERSON



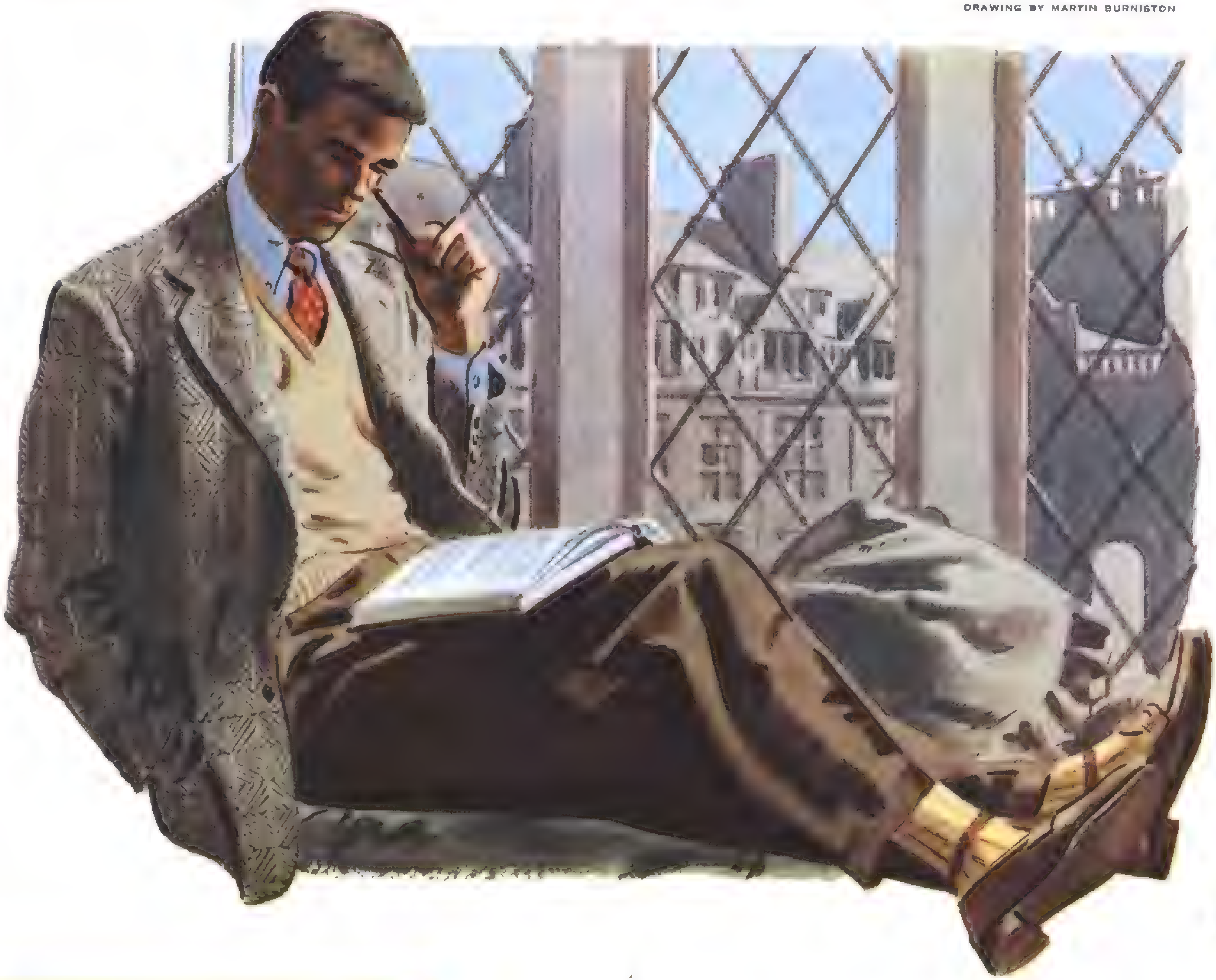


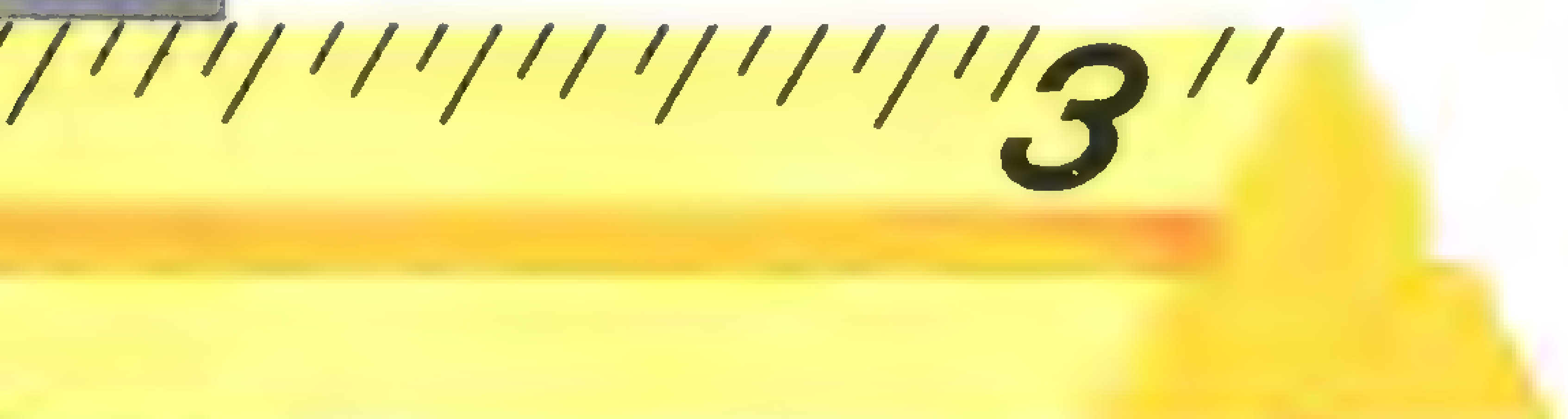
2

PROM *and* PARTY

Even the most ardent scholar has to take time out now and then to be a playboy and when that happens he can look as sharp as the other sheep who have lost their way, and spend their time and the old man's hard-earned cash carving the tables down at Mory's. Esquiring the belle of the ball, the smooth character pictured above is turned out in a midnight blue evening suit. You can wear tails if you like but the double-chested dinner jacket is always right: the word on lapels is broad, peaked, satin, rolled to the bottom button. The Bold Look steps out for the evening in the fold-collar-attached shirt with wide pleated stitching down the center. Your tie is midnight blue in satin, and butterfly-shaped although the flare is a little less conspicuous than in former years, thanks to you-know-who in reverse. Don't forget that your gal is old enough to step out with working guys with twice your allowance who know how to dress, so get away from that hatless frosh look by sporting a black felt, to go with your Oxford grey Chesterfield with the traditional velvet collar. The plain white muffler, for your neck (and, later on, in the moonlight, with the top down, for her hair) is silk. Coming back into style for evening foot-wear are 6 x 3 ribbed black nylon socks and—even for heavyweights—patent leather pumps with bows.

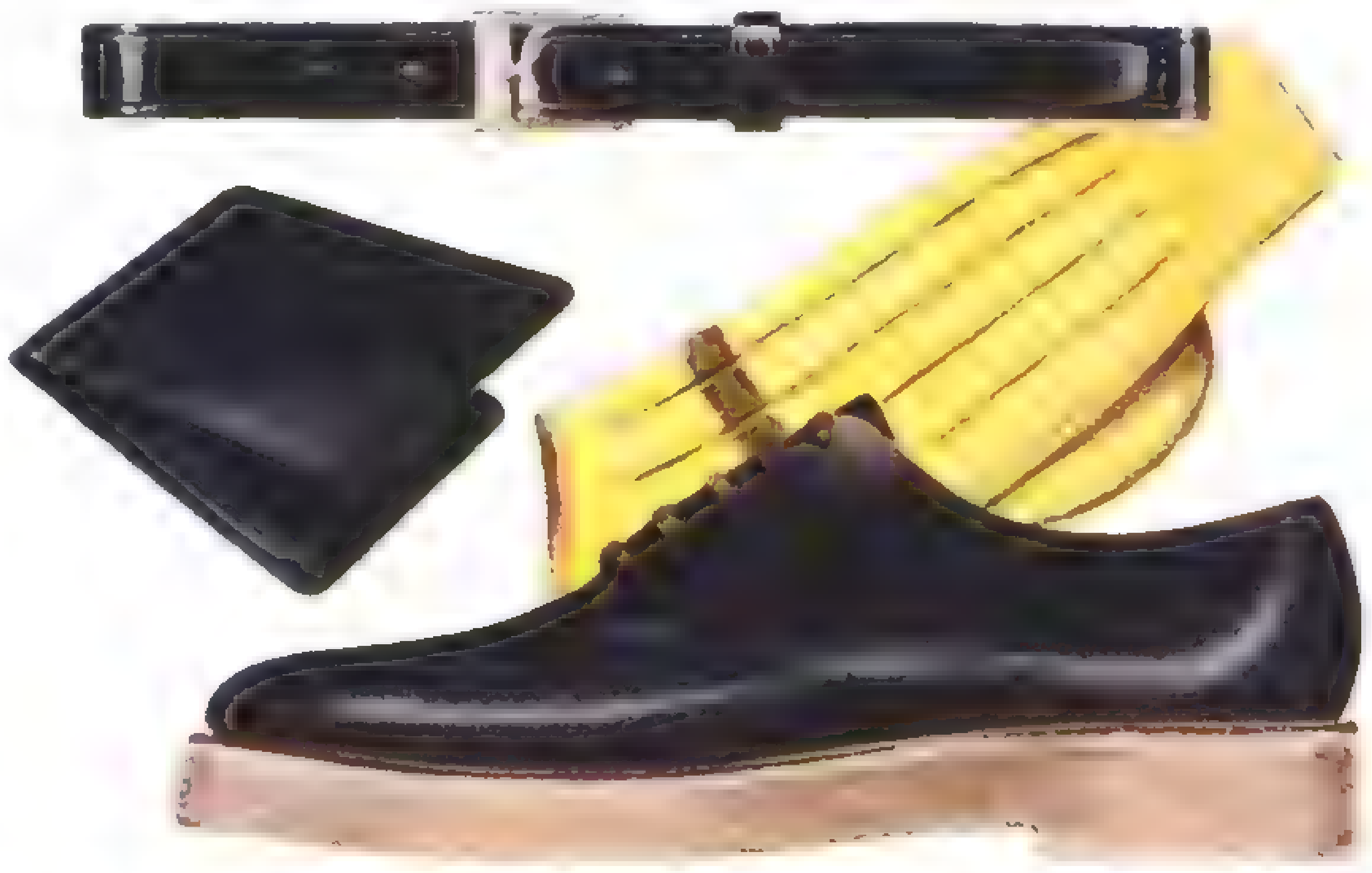
DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON



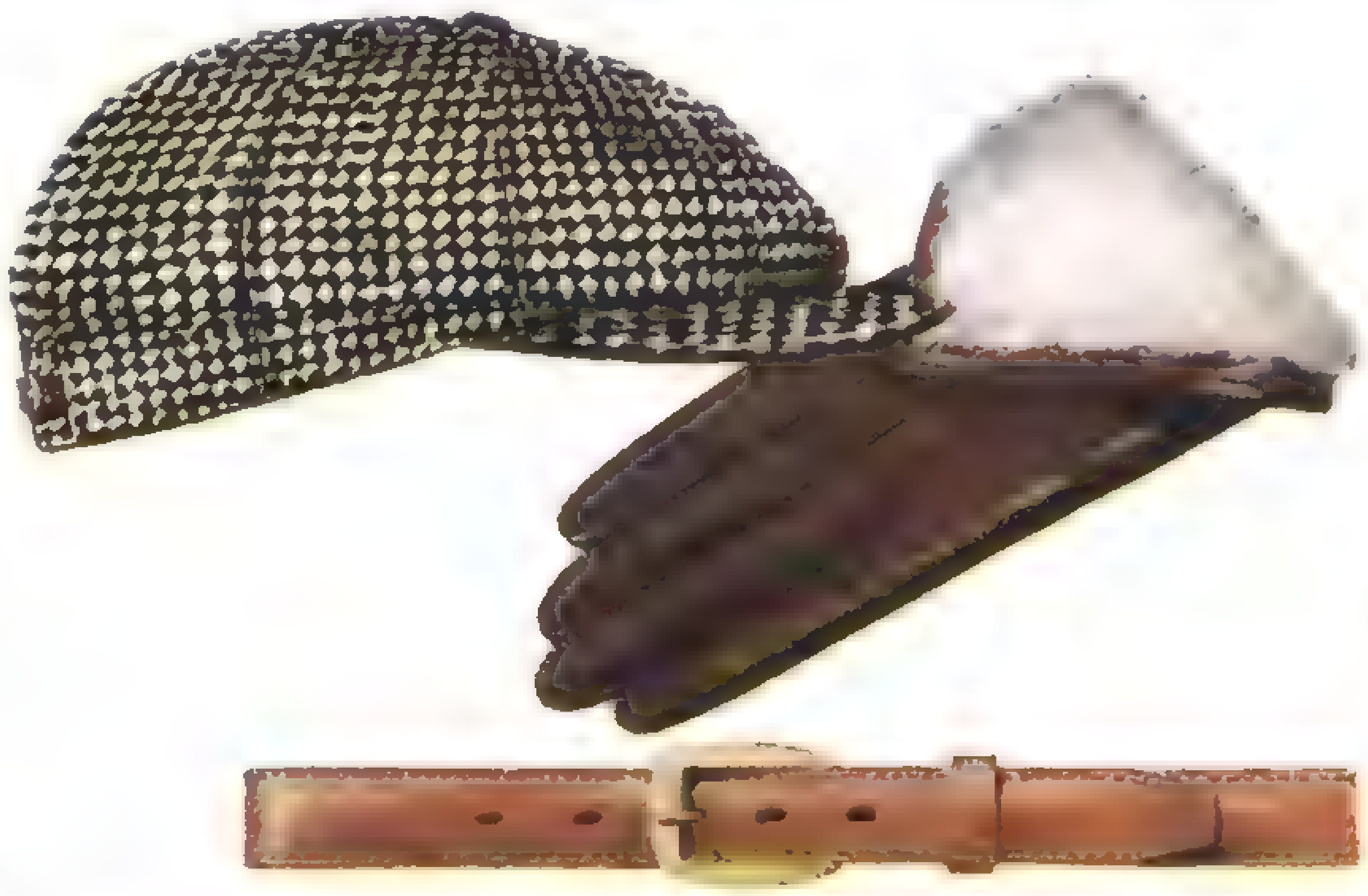


Campus and Classroom

From the University of Maine to U.C.L.A. college men spend most of their time pounding the books in class, in the dorm, or in the library with Miss Distraction of 1949. Their keynote is comfort and neatness. The fellow in the window staring gloomily at the book and wishing the place were co-ed is wearing a diamond patterned tweed jacket with blue and yellow overchecked markings illustrating the trend toward more subtle designs in sport tweeds. The perennial oxford shirt with a button-down collar is still IT and college preference for cashmere or shetland pullover sweaters is still a toss-up. The new Gaucho socks show a bold cross stripe in brown against yellow at the ankle and team up right with the universal favorite—leather soled, moccasin loafers.

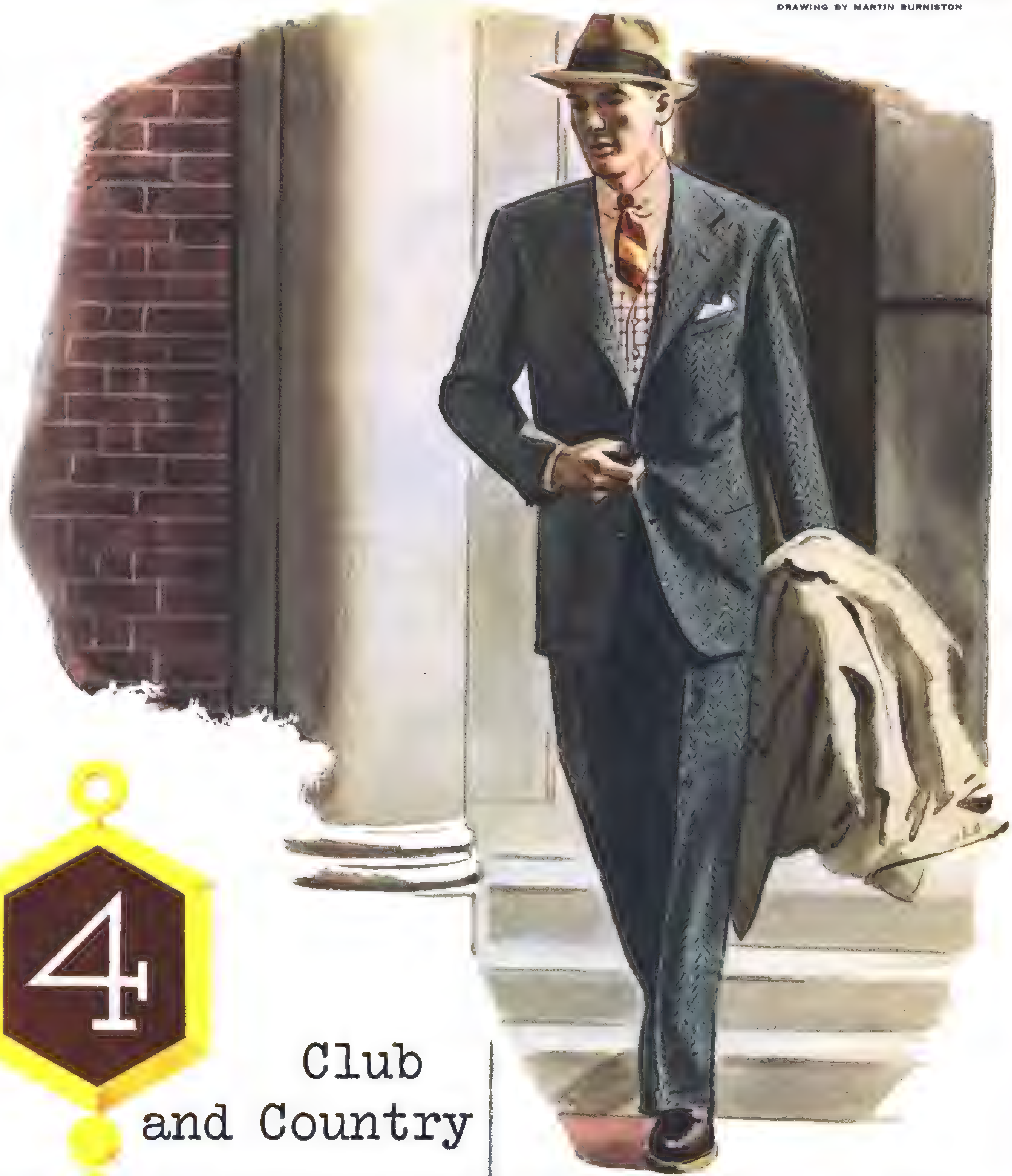


Cordovan leather shoes, rugged looking, tougher than they look and still smart, tie in well with almost every color combination. The belt, wallet, and crepe-soled shoes are specialists, however, and combine best with gra-brown or natural covert cloth slacks. Another favorite: Gaucho anklets.



Big campus news is the return to caps. Not the dese-and-dose kind of the old days but a neat and smaller brown and white checked job with an adjustable strap in the back. Dark brown gloves with curly lamb lining and the pigskin belt will help to do your car proud, jalopy or Caddy.

DRAWING BY MARTIN BURNISTON

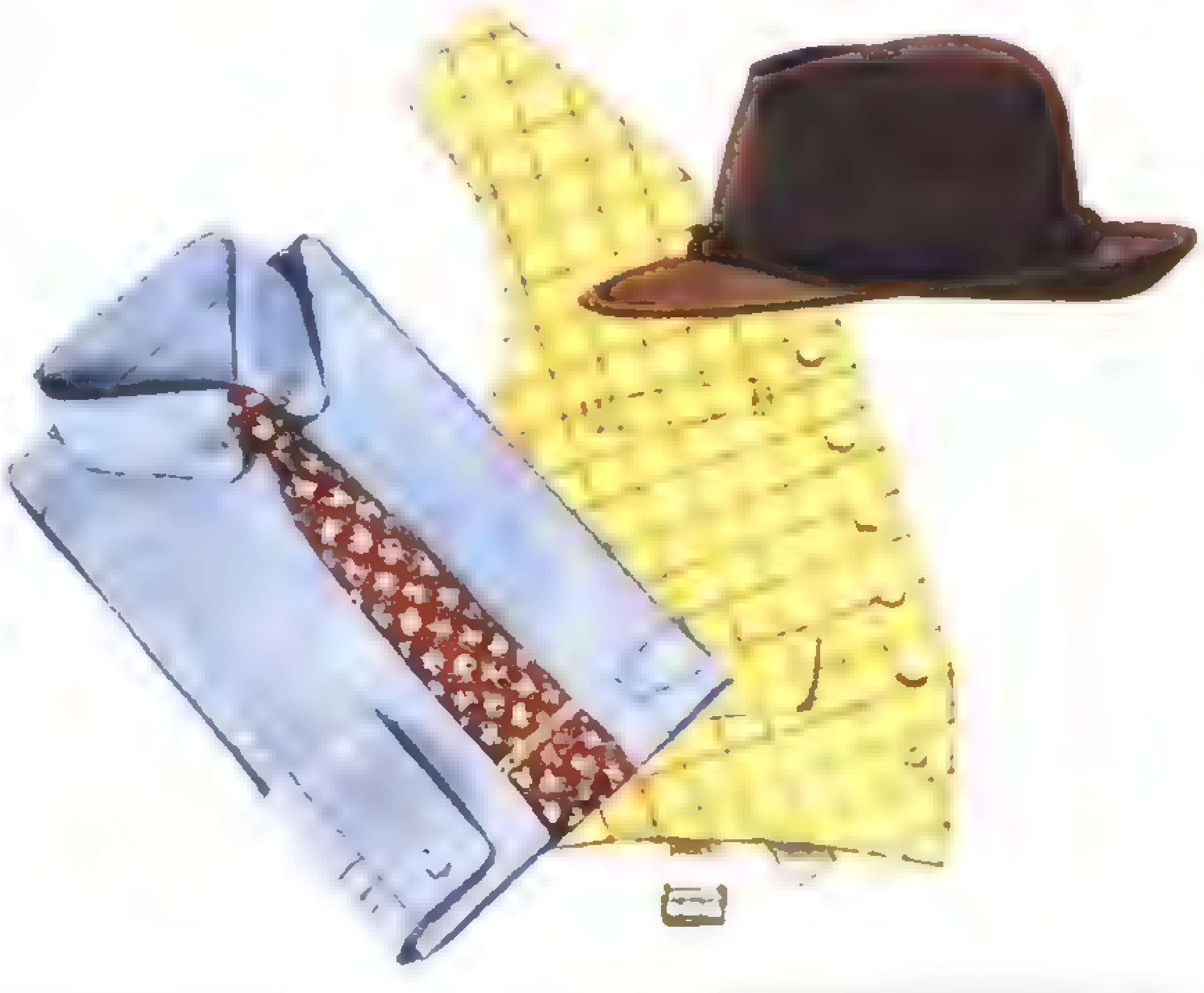


4

Club and Country

For our man in the country or at a club, the tweed suit is a best bet this year for a touch more than sport-jacket-and-slacks smartness; especially popular is the soft, greenish mixture lovat shown above. The short rounded collar fastened with a pin is back, as your side-kick to the Command collar. A brown and white tattersall waistcoat is an unbeatable gesture to annoy your competition; the matching tie is a brown and yellow striped rep in the new narrow shape. Dark khaki hat and cordovan shoes are perfect tie-ins, and if it rains, even your new raincoat, in the great Palomino shade, sets you up as something more than a fugitive from the Grand Banks.

The lovat tweed suit also blends with a russet brown tyrolean hat, yellow ground waistcoat with red checks, and a very pale blue (Falkon) oxford shirt. Note (again) narrowness of the foulard tie. The chain pattern tie-clip is a strong new design for ditto men.



DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY

Post Graduate Course

The day you graduate,
you learn that what you wear can send your stock up
or take you off the market in business:
you're not fooling now, the big push is on

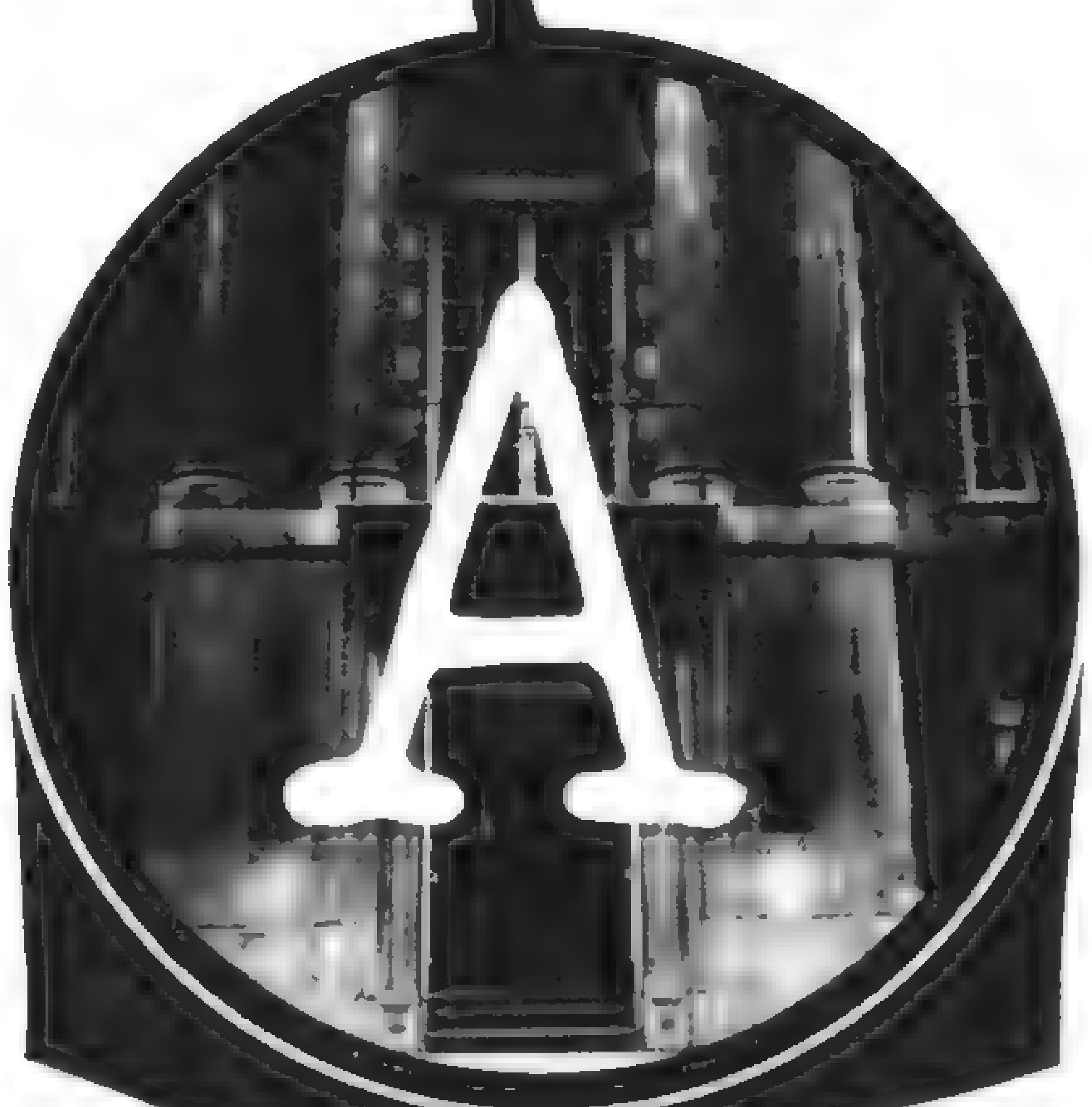
Tip-off on P.G. fashions and how seriously successful businessmen dress is found in the University clubs. College men don't suddenly change after graduation:—they grow. The roots are still there, but the reach goes higher and wider, even in fashion.

A Nothing less than a Harvard man can be a member of the oldest college club in New York. On the inside, you'll find Harvard Hall, portraits of prominent alumni, game rooms, and some of the best dressed men in America.

B Behind those imposing walls the men of old Eli swap tales about the good days in New Haven. The nostalgia is painless for the big men on campus are now setting the pace in the business world . . . and also in fashion.

C Any grad may belong to the University Club—if he can meet the standards. Once approved, amid the atmosphere of a fifteenth century Italian palace, he'll meet other distinguished men: outstanding for their professional ability and their good appearance as well.

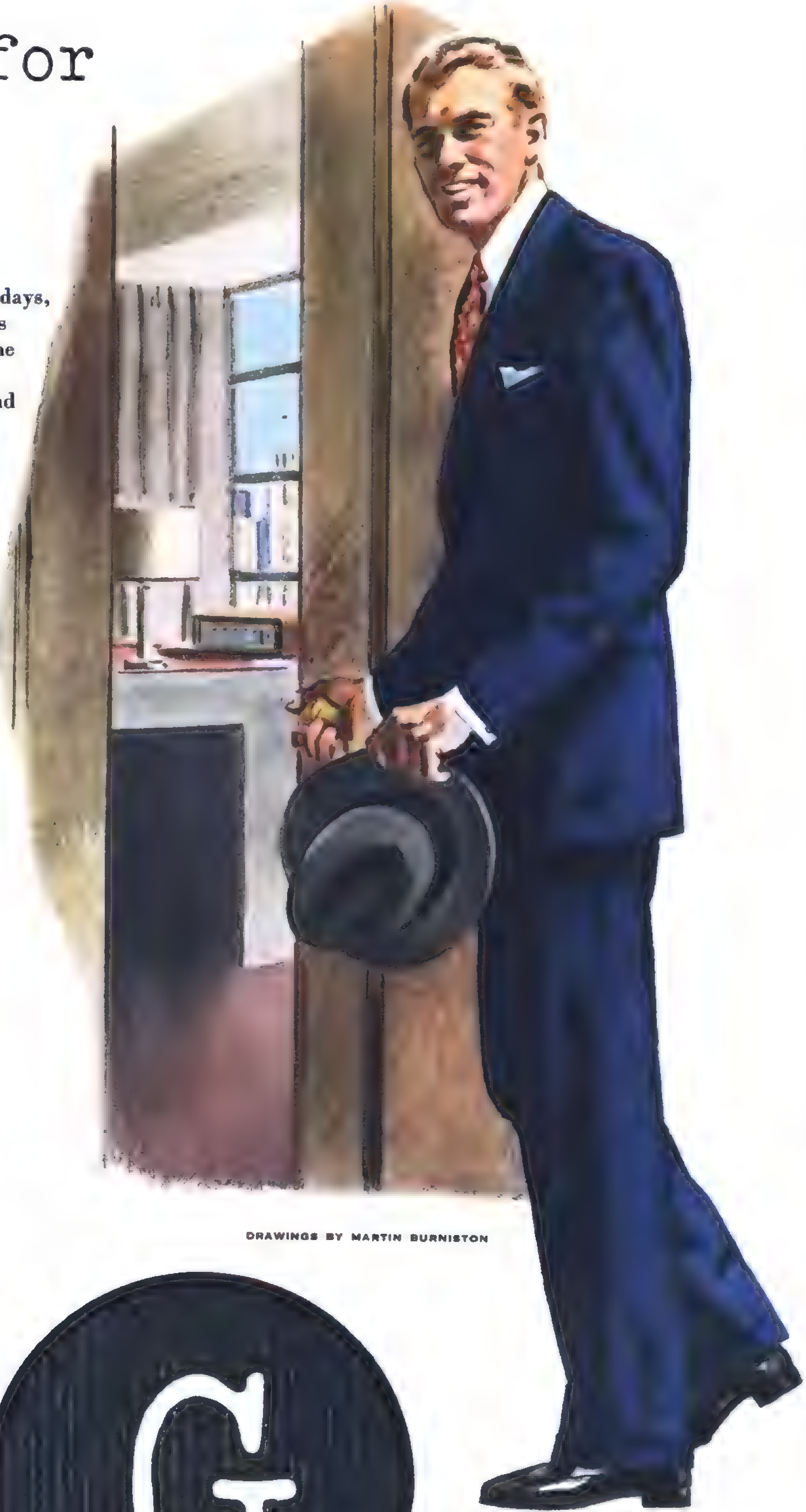
D Loyal Princeton Club members keep in touch with Old Nassau Hall, get into shape on the squash courts, and entertain guests in an elegant building on 39th Street. It is also the New York port for Dartmouth alumni.



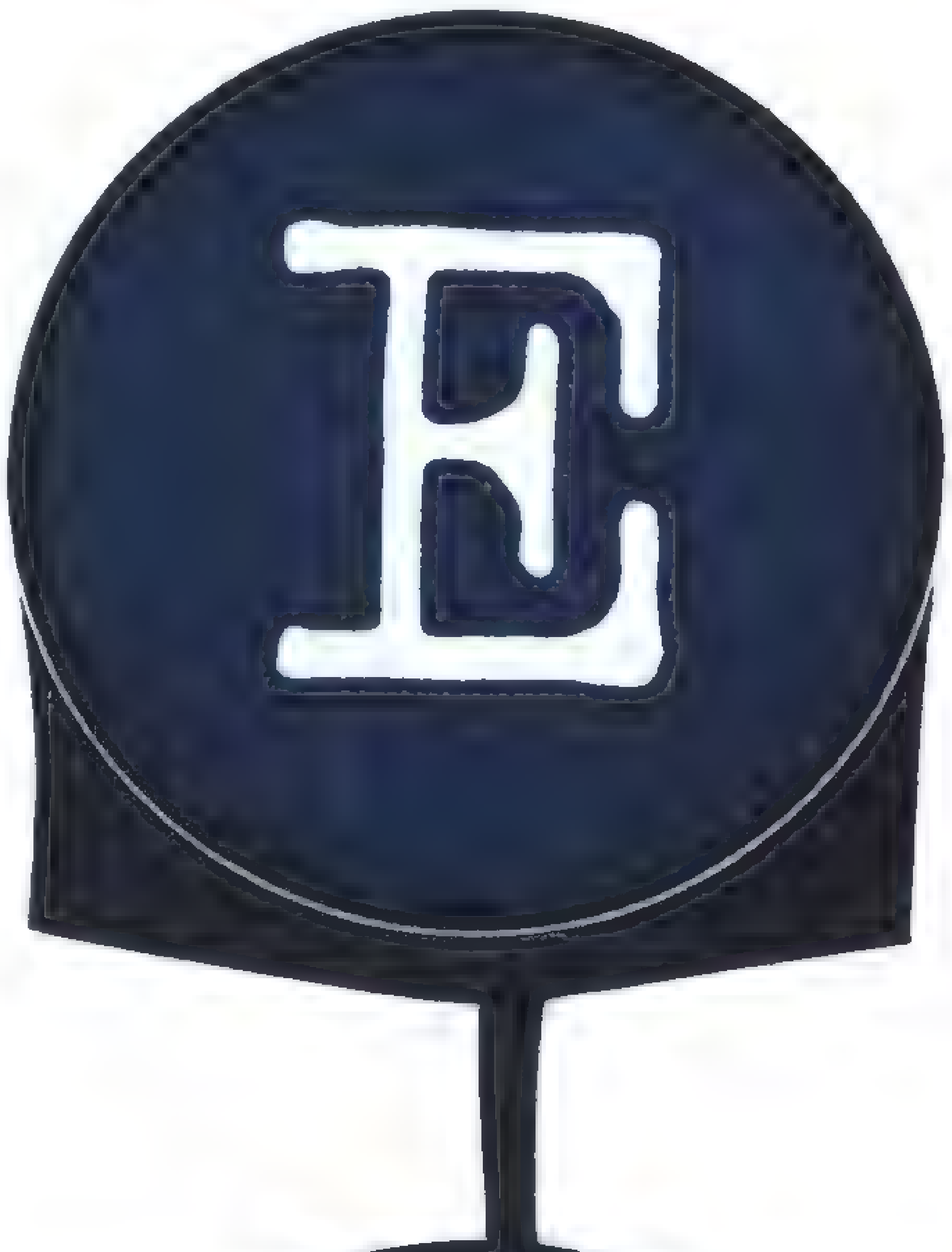
Blue is for Business

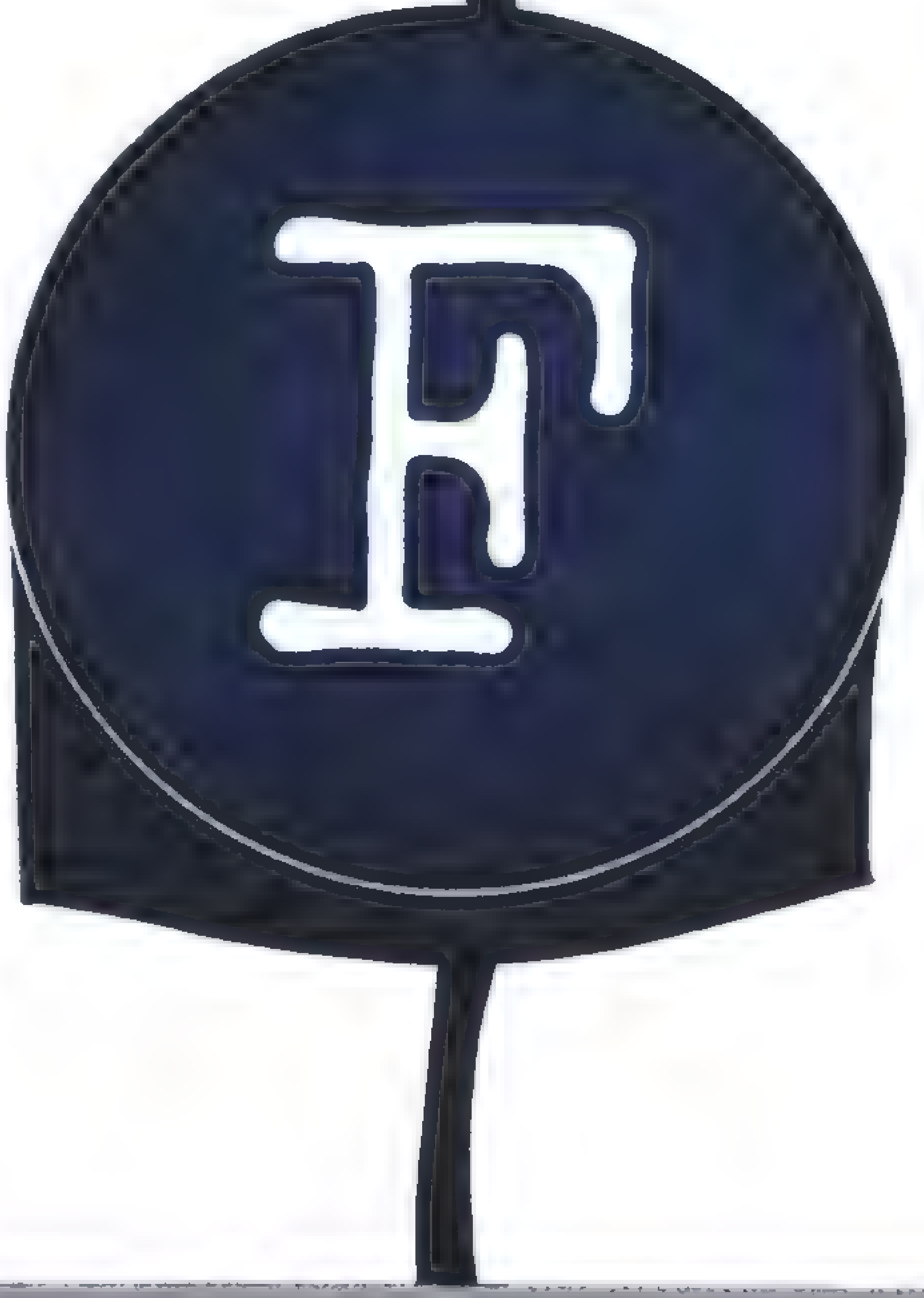
And so you're an alumnus.

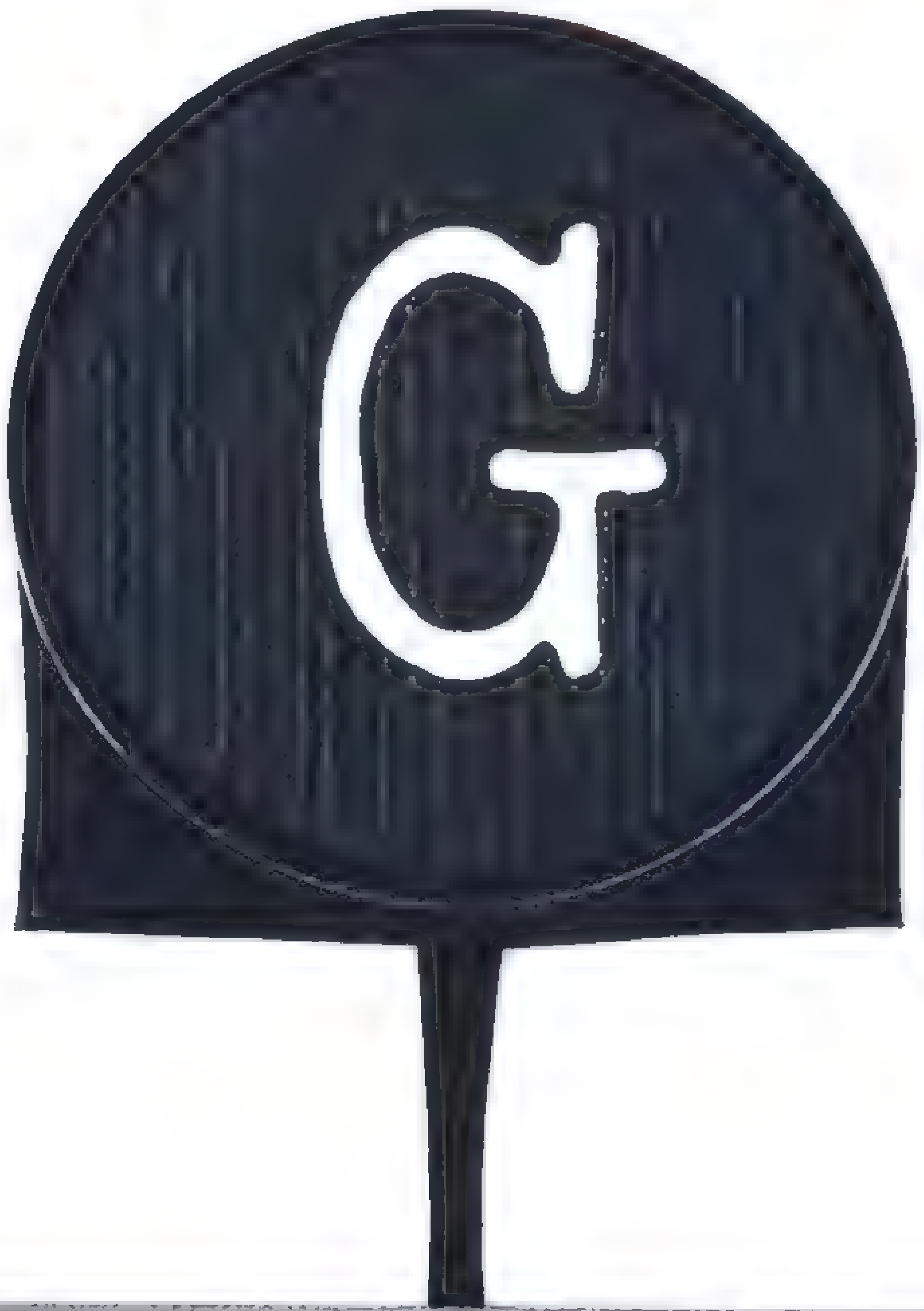
You find the business world as exacting and rewarding as those wonderful college days, and perhaps more so. Getting started, as always, is the toughest hurdle to take. Move #1 is to leave the campus behind, and enter business looking like a businessman, and not a student. Favored all-around outfit for the new alumnus (and older ones, too, you'll notice) is the Blue Suit. Wear it this season in a plain, three-button model, single-chested with simple and straight-hanging lines. The plain white broadcloth shirt with low slope forward collar and red ground foulard tie keeps you looking only slightly older than a college man. The grey tapered crown hat is now an inevitable part of your business self. A white handkerchief and plain black shoes are the finishing restrained touches for your business blue.



DRAWINGS BY MARTIN BURNISTON



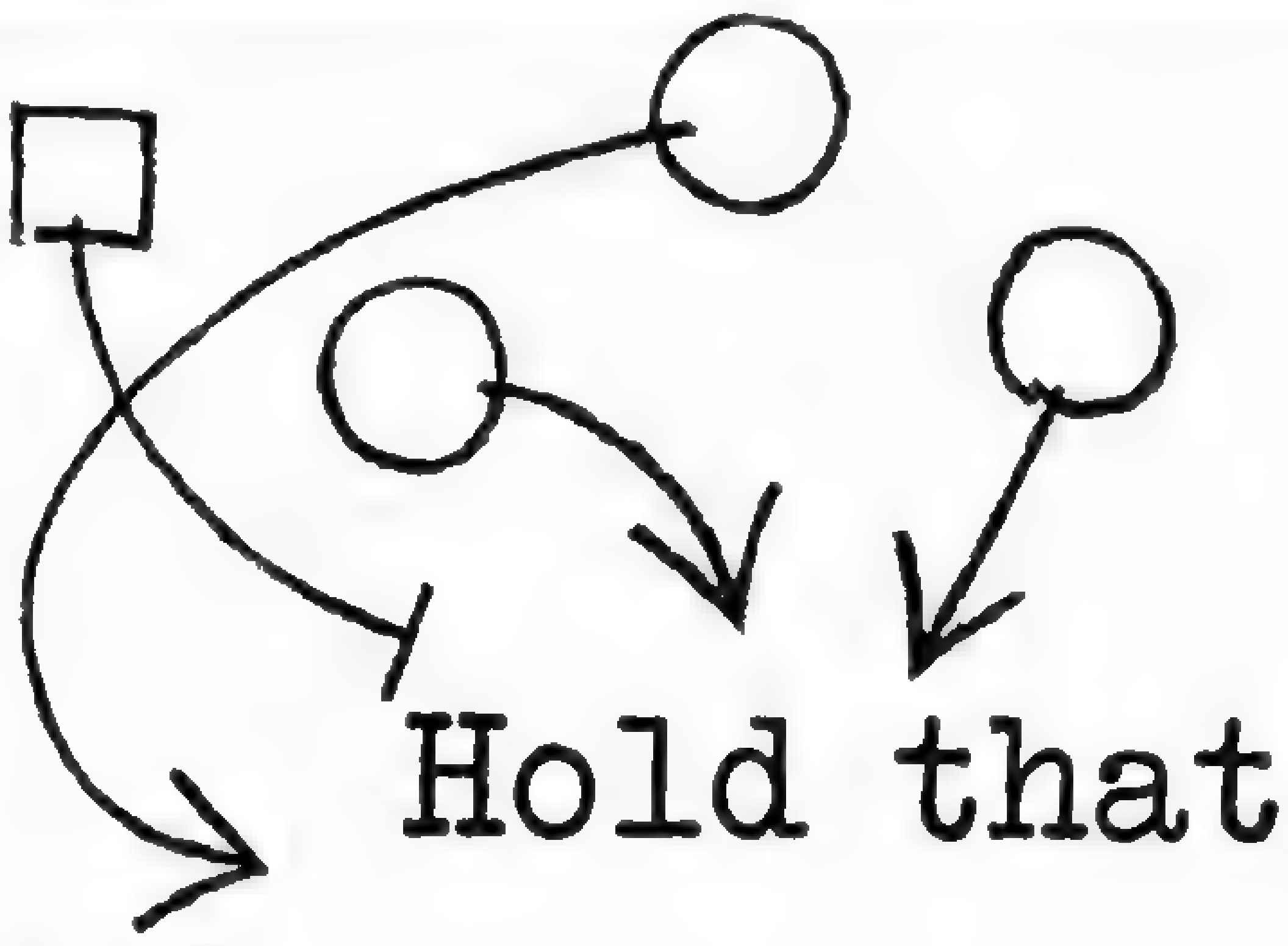




E A close-up of an alternate in blue: two tone herringbone worsted with lighter blue and grey stripings.

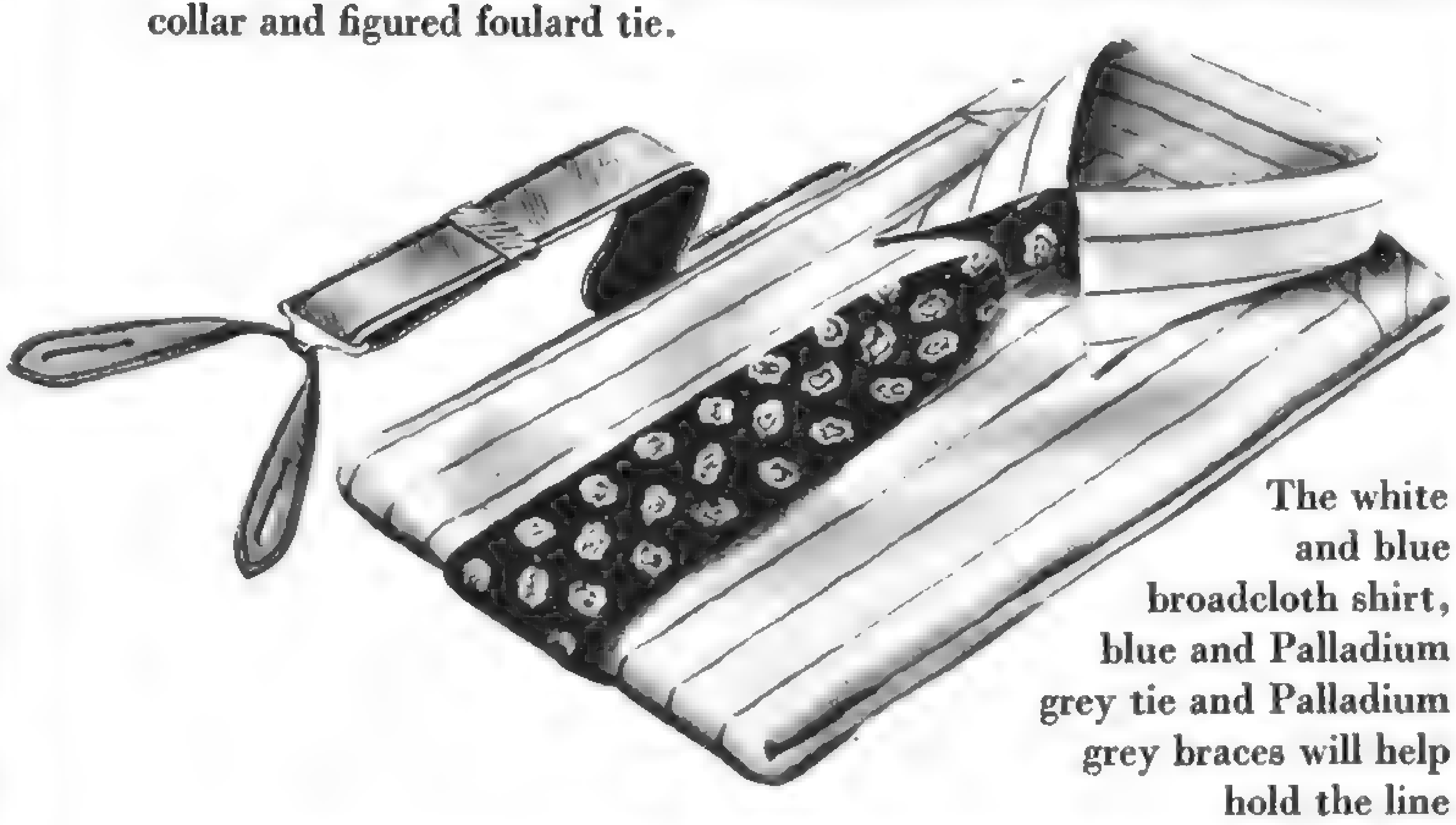
F Another dark business-blue suit showing fine pin dotted stripes spaced widely apart.

G Still another variation in dark blue which shows extremely close-set light grey stripings.

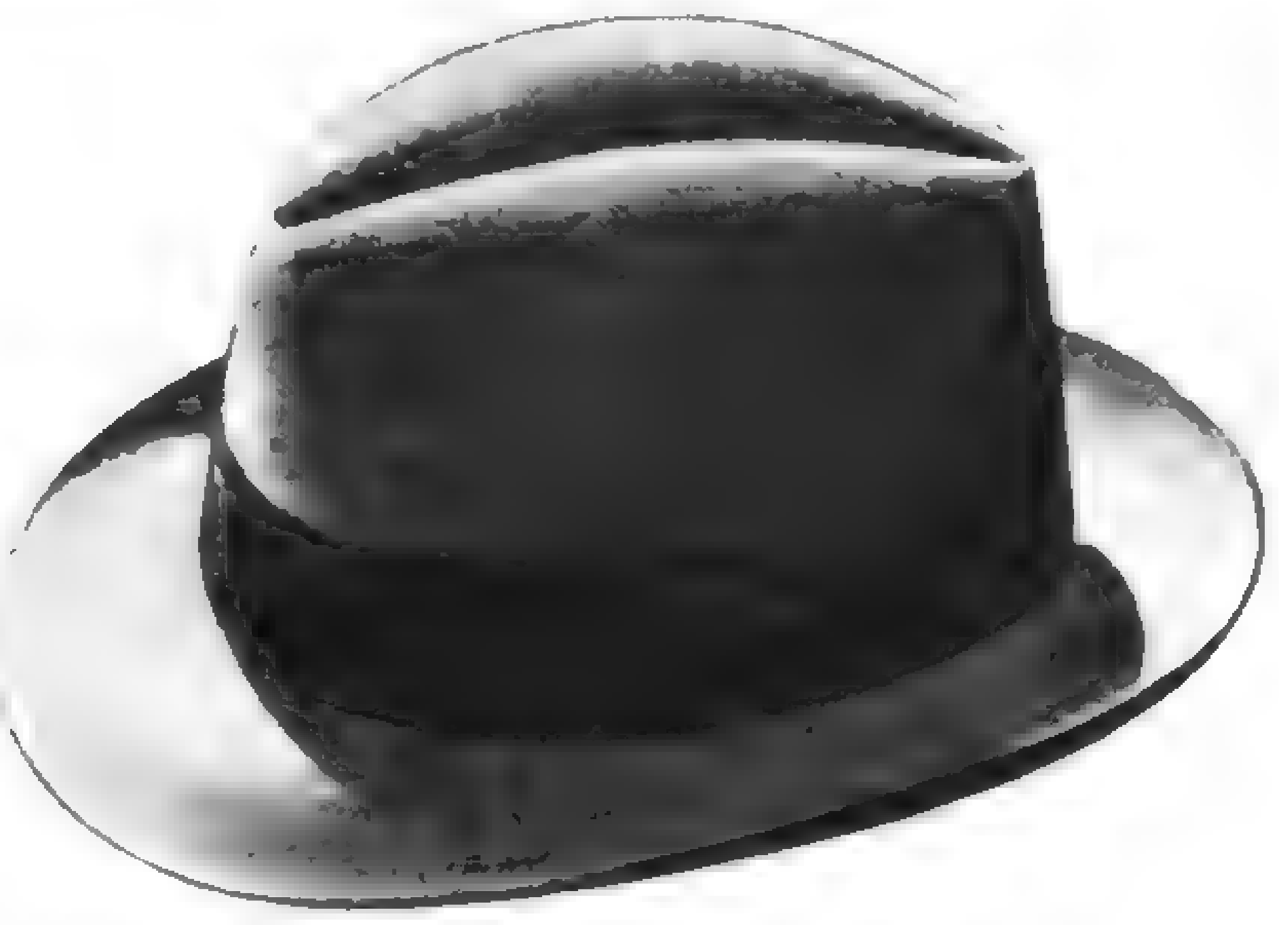


Hold that line! still goes

Your football days are over, but hold that line still goes. The hairline may be one that you'll have to retreat on, year by year, and accept the dictates of nature philosophically. But the line around the middle—and don't kid yourself—sneaks up on you fast, and you may still be thinking of yourself as a swivel-hipped halfback while others are wondering why you carry a balloon tire around under your coat. There are ways to watch it, of course. One exercise is to push yourself repeatedly away from the dining table. Another is to dress wisely, and favor your natural assets in height. Here we give you the long look, insofar as design can keep that threatening balloon out of sight:—a long-cut tweed coat for fall, with deep-cut lapels and deep-V pattern. Tapered crown hat, a bit high for effect, black straight tip shoes, pigskin gloves. Business blue suit, underneath, with white shirt, spread collar and figured foulard tie.

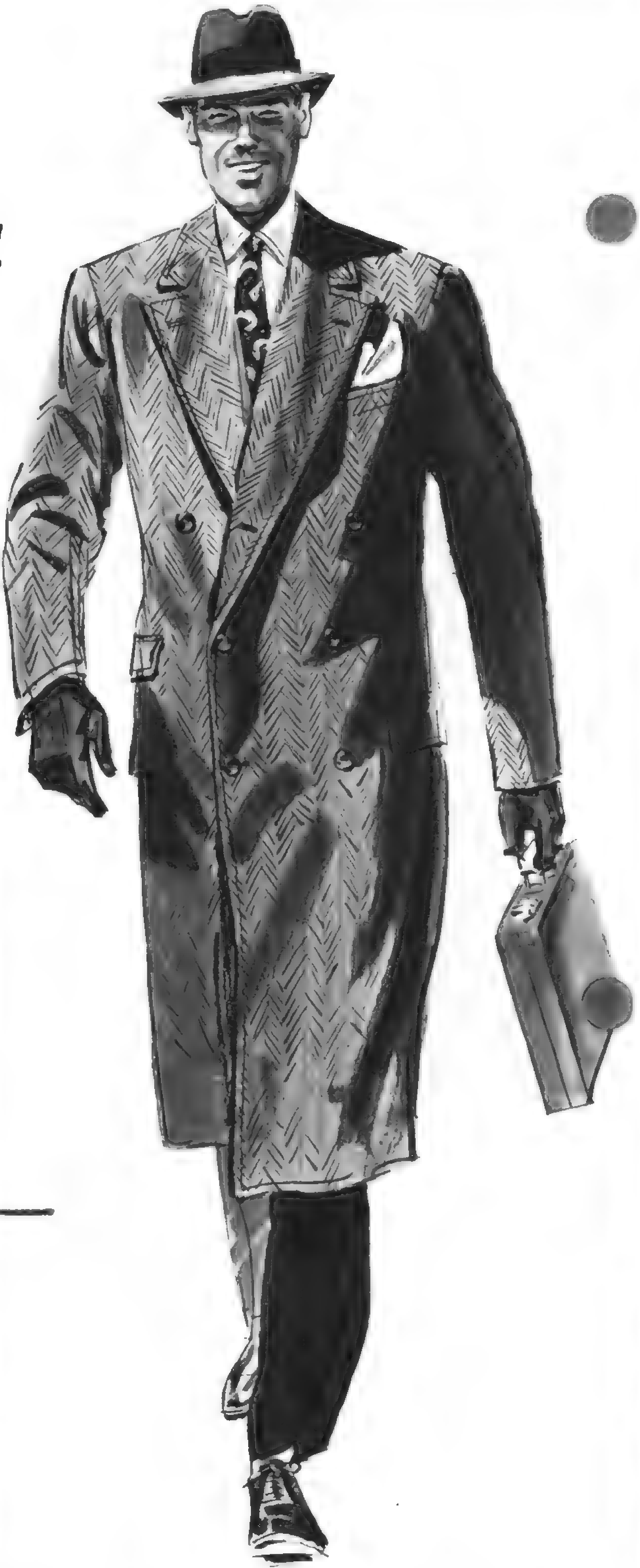


The white and blue broadcloth shirt, blue and Palladium grey tie and Palladium grey braces will help hold the line

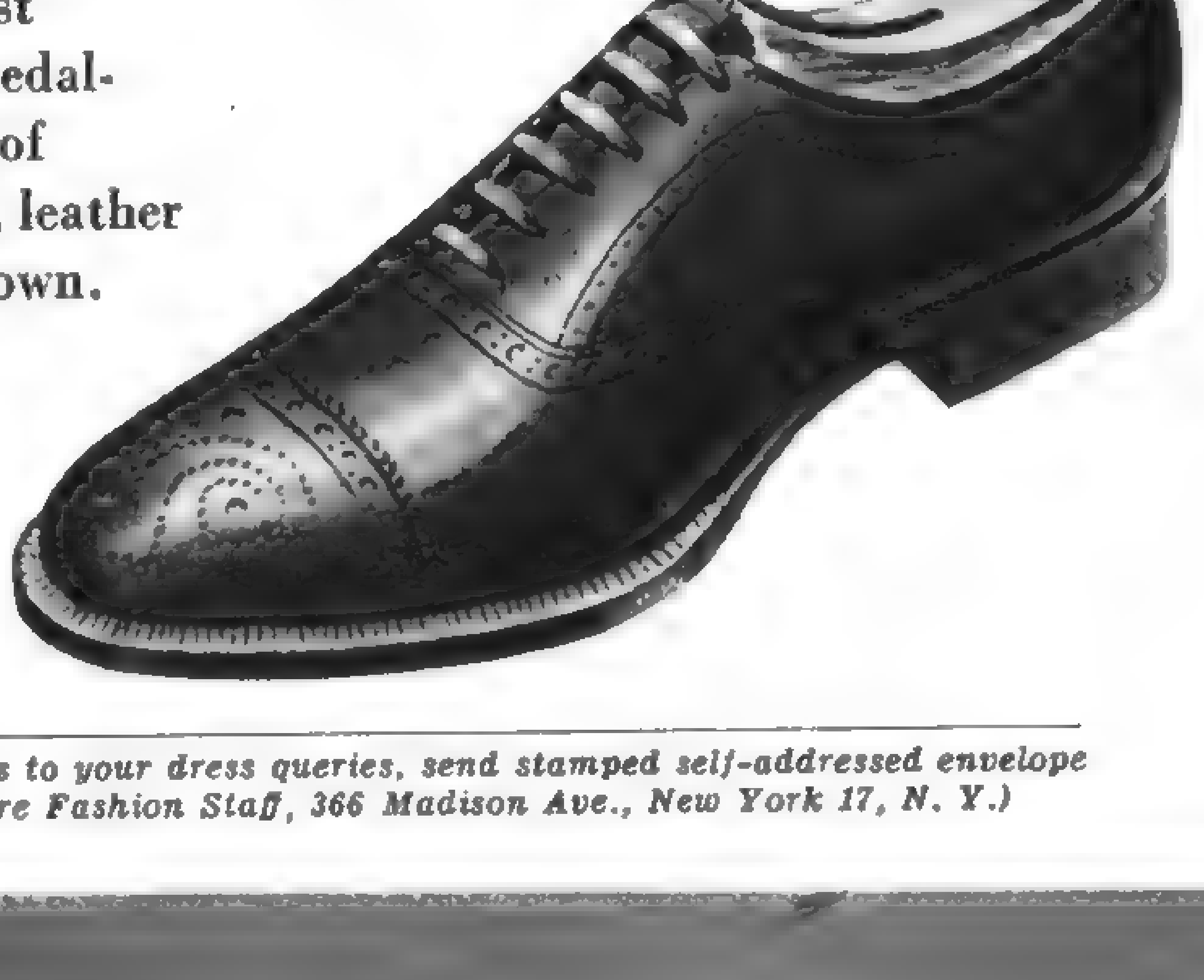


The tapered snap brim hat has a fairly high crown and a crease only in the center. Narrow brim is smartly furnished with a raw edge.

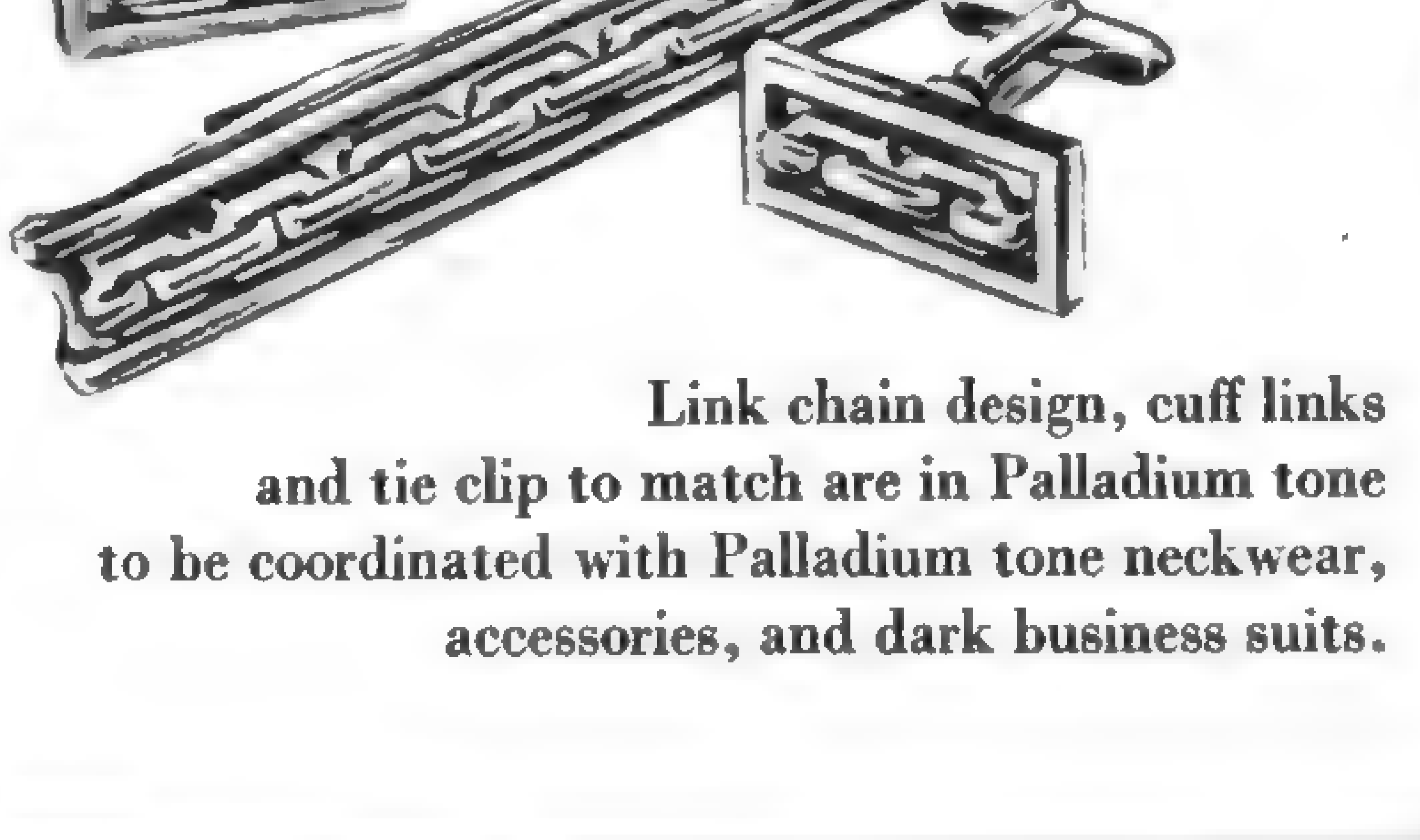
DRAWINGS BY MERRILL HARVEY



DRAWING BY GUS PETERSON

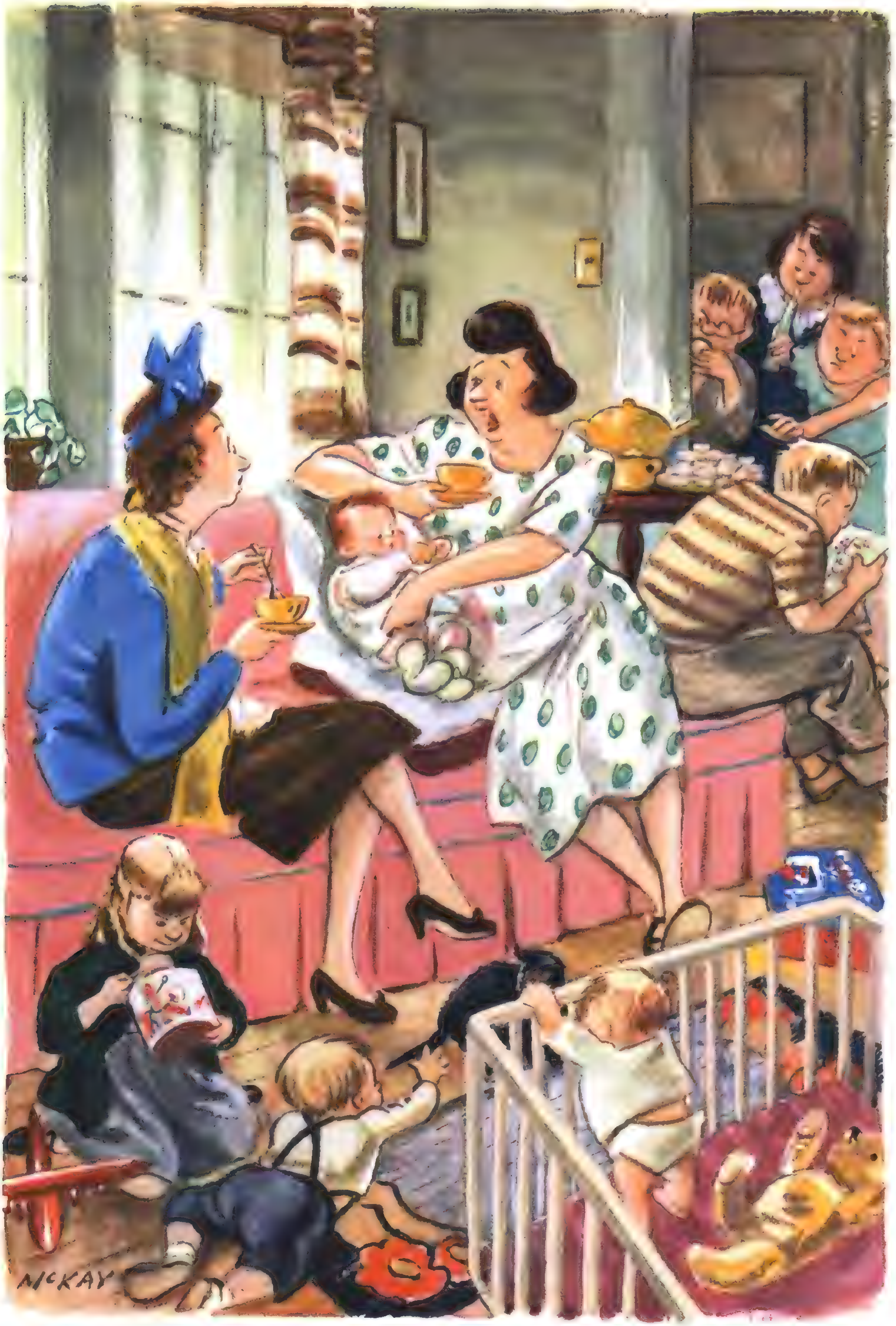


Made along trim lines the new custom last town shoe has a medallion toe cap, soles of medium thickness, leather a smooth, dark brown.



Link chain design, cuff links and tie clip to match are in Palladium tone to be coordinated with Palladium tone neckwear, accessories, and dark business suits.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



"My husband deserted me ten years ago, but he comes back now and then to apologize"

"Now cracks a noble heart": Flash Sebastian starts for dreamland in 1:02 of first round after a left hook from Sugar Ray Robinson

Left: Billy Arnold, on his way down to the canvas for the count, takes a sorrowful last look at opponent and consciousness as Rocky Graziano lands a show-stopper

Below: With his jaw jarred out of shape by the terrific force of Tony Zale's blow, Rocky Graziano takes his own turn at hitting the deck and taking a curtain call

Curtain Time!

The manly art of being knocked cold calls for a finished performance: while each finale has a different touch, the end is always the same

Ringside or balcony, fight fans pay their money to see somebody get dropped for the count and they go wild when it happens. Like the death of the hero in a great tragedy, the knockout is the supreme moment of any prize fight and no fighter has yet developed a graceful technique for having the curtain fall on him. A fighter may be an expert at bobbing and weaving, a murderer with his right cross, but he can't practice his knockout position. He may fold in the middle and cuddle up on the canvas: relax for ten seconds or more flat on his back, drape himself over the ropes. These are the classical poses with one possible addition: it was not a KO, but the time Firpo sent Jack Dempsey flying through the ropes with a terrific right that bounced off the Champ's jaw is a famous, camera-preserved example of the best way to please the crowd while trying to put your opponent to sleep. Dempsey came back to win that particular fight, but most boxers who leave the ring head first are traditionally carried out of the arena the same way. As in any creative sport, however, wherein each participant is allowed the greatest expression of his genius, boxing provides many knockout theme variations.

And most boxers, when knocked cold, assume unconsciously distinctive positions which will make good camera material. Sometimes the final pose is heroic, sometimes it is pitiful, often it is merely grotesque. Here, six sharp ringside photographers show how boxers, in their own unrehearsed manner, put on the ten-second act. #

Right: Sent into a ground space loop by the paralyzing right of Lightweight Ike Williams, Flores makes a last kick before leaving for the evening

Below: Quietly resting in the fourth, Humberto Savala of Mexico City catches up on dreaming while Beau Jack eagerly awaits his awakening

Below: Rarely knocked out, Melio Bettina goes into a deep sleep on a lower rope after tough Gus Lesnevitch found the right button and pushed

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

EIGHTH IN A SERIES OF VACATIONS "PLANNED FOR THE MAN" BY ESQUIRE

KODACHROME BY O. C. SWEET

Maybe it's true that there's no more gold in them thar Alaskan hills, but a man with a good gun, a sure eye, and a couple of weeks can bag himself some mighty good eating and find a lot of fun up there

Big Game—Only Hours Away

If you're a man who can hold his aim when a brute topping a hundred and thirty-two inches in his bear feet rushes you, then it's safe to keep on reading

***A Travel Article by* RICHARD JOSEPH**

ALASKA has always been a land of hunters and seekers, right from the beginning, in the eighteenth century, when the wilderness was first settled by the Russian *promishleniki*, the fur hunters of Siberia. A different sort of huntsman came to the northland in 1898—the hunter of gold and the seeker of quick fortune. Most Alaskans trace the real beginning of their country to the invasion of the sourdoughs a half-century ago.

Today, Alaskans look forward to the annual arrival of two groups of hunters: the man-hunting Seattle schoolmarm and other species of spinster who come up in droves on the summer boats, attracted by the fact that in Alaska the men outnumber the women almost two to one; and the big-game-hunting sportsmen from the States, drawn to the outdoorsmen's paradise which is the Territory in the autumn.

September is one of the best times of the year for the sportsman's visit to Alaska, when the foliage is running riot and the caribou, sniffing the first flakes of snow on mountain peaks, come down into the valleys.

We recommend a September vacation in Alaska to the sportsman with big ideas—big ideas about the size of the quarry he wants to squint at across the sights of his rifle, and large notions about what he chooses to spend for this privilege. Alaska is no place for a man who wants to do his hunting on the cheap.

Most things cost more in Alaska, because practically everything you buy must be shipped in from OUTSIDE. Provisions, equipment and registered guides all cost money, quite important money. A fair budget for a party of four on a big-game-hunting trip, including the fifty-dollar nonresident hunting license, air transportation within the Territory, etc., would run about $3000.

For that figure you'll get a chance to shoot some of the world's largest carnivorous animals in one of the finest big-game areas in North America. On a well-organized hunting trip you stand a good chance of getting shots at the great brown bear, black bear, grizzlies, giant moose, caribou, Sitka deer and mountain sheep and goat. Your ten-dollar bird license permits you to bang away at grouse, ptarmigan, geese and ducks. It's open season on most game all over Alaska in September. What's more, it's an excellent fishing month. There's rainbow, cutthroat, grayling and steelhead in the hundreds of lakes, creeks and rivers in Alaska, and along the seacoast the huge king salmon and the fighting coho are spirited game for light tackle.

Nonresident hunters have brought home some outstanding trophies from Alaska. (There's no fee for trophies shipped out of the Territory by licensed hunters.) One happy marksman has a brown-bear skin eleven feet long and eleven feet eight inches wide as a souvenir of his hunt on Kodiak Island, and on the Alaska peninsula a brown bear was taken whose skin measured about eleven and a half feet square. In southeastern Alaska grizzly pelts measuring nine feet eight inches in length and width have been taken. In the mountain-sheep department, record trophies have had horn spreads of almost twenty-eight inches, while mooseheads with antler spreads of better than seventy-three inches have caused proud riflemen to puff up until they burst their hunting jackets.

If you'd like one of these jolly little mementoes for your game room, first thing to do (unless you want to try to pick up something at a taxidermist's) is to decide which section of the Territory you wish to hunt. Then you write to one of the licensed guides in that area and arrange for the hunt. The Alaska Development Board, Juneau, will be very helpful to you in this stage of the planning by furnishing you with their listing of more than three hundred places to go in the Territory, together with a brief description of the area and a short inventory of its attractions for the tourist and sportsman. The Development Board will also send you the names and addresses of the licensed guides in each area and a copy of the hunting and fishing regulations.

Although arranging for an Alaskan hunting trip is something of a production, especially since hotel and camp accommodations are rather limited, once you've got your arrangements all set it's only a matter of hours by plane from the big cities of the northern U.S. to the jumping-off places for big game.

It's three hours and forty-five minutes from Seattle to Ketchikan via Pan American DC-4, five and a half hours to Juneau, and nine hours to Nome. Northwest Airlines will fly you to Anchorage via DC-4 in seven and three-quarter hours from Seattle, fourteen hours from Minneapolis-St. Paul, sixteen hours from Chicago, nineteen and a half hours from Washington and twenty hours from New York.

From any one of the above Alaskan cities you can hop a plane of one of the ten local air lines operating within the Territory, or you can charter a plane chauffeured by one of the famed Alaskan bush pilots, who rate among the best fliers in the air. In that way you're almost sure of big game, even if you're a lousy shot. You can always swoop down from the sky and scare 'em to death. ⧻

KODACHROME BY O. C. SWEET

Seward Peninsula, which is the western tip of Alaska, points fifty miles straight across the cold waters of Bering Strait to Siberia. On a clear day, you can almost see the wolves chasing the sleds

Near Alaskan waters, say the natives, a wise man keeps back from the edge of the stream when salmon are jumping—there's no use risking a broken arm, or being mistaken for a grasshopper

KODACHROME BY HORTER FROM F. P. G.

What I Found in My Pocket

A man may have a delightful time—it will certainly be full of surprises—picking his own pockets for the treasures that he has stored there and forgotten

by G. K. CHESTERTON

EDITOR'S NOTE: "ONE FOR THE BOOK"

G. K. Chesterton, a big man with a big heart and laugh, belongs on your program of good reading

It must have been a weakness for pyrotechnics—abetted by a fondness for puns and paradoxes—which made me idolize G. K. Chesterton when I was a young writer. Now that my youth is over by a couple of generations the idolatry has also passed, but I still relish the Old Master masquerading as the Artful Dodger, the playful philosopher who loved to turn platitudes upside down and twist logic around any given point. Chesterton, who liked his beer as much as his Bible, and who believed that all problems would be solved if the complicated modern world would return to simple medievalism, wrote like a missionary in oversize armor, a philosopher who defended the obvious with the zeal of a fanatic. Shaw accused him of being a romantic reactionary.

I think I have read most of the sixty-odd (sometimes very odd) books that Chesterton wrote before he died at the age of sixty-two. A key to his tricky humor can be found in his fondness for tricky titles: *The Man Who Was Thursday, The Flying Inn, The Club of Queer Trades, The Moderate Murderer, The Poet and the Lunatics, Four Faultless Felons, Tremendous Trifles.* It is from the last-named that I have chosen *What I Found in My Pocket,* one of Chesterton's most whimsical and most revealing pieces. High-spirited and ingratiating, it is, nevertheless, a fine example of Chesterton's quiet gusto. Moreover, it exhibits a peculiar magic, a power to give trivialities unsuspected and startling significance. Here he proves that nothing, not even the contents of a man's pocket, is commonplace.

And who can disagree with him!

—LOUIS UNTERMEYER

ONCE when I was very young I met one of those men who have made the Empire what it is—a man in an astrakhan coat, with an astrakhan mustache—a tight, black, curly mustache. Whether he put on the mustache with the coat, or whether his Napoleonic will enabled him not only to grow a mustache in the usual place, but also to grow little mustaches all over his clothes, I do not know. I only remember that he said to me the following words: "A man can't get on nowadays by hanging about with his hands in his pockets." I made reply with the quite obvious flippancy that perhaps a man got on by having his hands in other people's pockets. Whereupon he began to argue about Moral Evolution, so I suppose what I said had some truth in it. But the incident now comes back to me, and connects itself with another incident—if you can call it an incident—which happened to me only the other day.

I have only once in my life picked a pocket, and then (perhaps through some absent-mindedness) I picked my own. My act can really with some reason be so described. For in taking things out of my own pocket I had at least one of the more tense and quivering emotions of the thief; I had a complete ignorance and a profound curiosity as to what I should find there. Perhaps it would be the exaggeration of eulogy to call me a tidy person. But I can always pretty satisfactorily account for all my possessions. I can tell where they are, and what I have done with them, so long as I can keep them out of my pockets. If once anything slips into those unknown abysses, I wave it a sad Virgilian farewell. I suppose that the things that I have dropped into my pockets are still there, the same presumption applies to the things that I have dropped into the sea. But I regard the riches stored in both these bottomless chasms with the same reverent ignorance. They tell us that on the last day the sea will give up its dead; and I suppose that on the same occasion long strings and strings of extraordinary things will come running out of my pockets. But I have quite forgotten what any of them are; and there is really nothing (excepting the money) that I shall be at all surprised at finding among them.

Such at least has hitherto been my state of innocence. I here only wish briefly to recall the special, extraordinary, and hitherto unprecedented circumstances which led me in cold blood, and being of sound mind to turn out my pockets.

I was locked up in a third-class carriage for a rather long journey. The time was towards evening, but it might have been anything, for everything resembling earth or sky or light or shade was painted out as if with a great wet brush by an unshifting sheet of quite colorless rain. I had no books or newspapers. I had not even a pencil and a scrap of paper with which to write a religious epic. There were no advertisements on the walls of the carriage, otherwise I could have plunged into the study of them, for any collection of printed words is quite enough to suggest infinite complexities of mental ingenuity. When I find myself opposite the words "Sunlight Soap" I can exhaust all the aspects of Sun Worship, Apollo, and summer poetry before I go on to the less congenial subject of soap. But there was no printed word or picture anywhere; there was nothing but blank wood inside the carriage and blank wet without. Now I deny most energetically that anything is, or can be, uninteresting. So I stared at the joints of the walls and seats, and began thinking hard on the fascinating subject of wood. Just as I had begun to realize why, perhaps, it was that Christ was a carpenter, rather than a bricklayer, or a baker, or anything else, I suddenly started upright and remembered my pockets. I was carrying about with me an unknown treasury. I had a British Museum and a South Kensington collection of unknown curios hung all over me in different places. I began to take the things out.

The first thing I came upon consisted of piles and heaps of Battersea tram tickets. There were enough to equip a paper chase. They shook down in showers like confetti. Primarily, of course, they touched my patriotic emotions, and brought tears to my eyes; also they provided me with the printed matter I required, for I found on the back of them some short but striking little scientific essays about some kind of pill. Comparatively speaking, in my then destitution, those tickets might be regarded as a small but well chosen scientific library. Should my railway journey continue (which seemed likely at the time) for a few months longer, I could imagine myself throwing myself into the controversial aspects of the pill, composing replies and rejoinders pro and con upon the data furnished to me. But after all it was the symbolic quality of the tickets that moved me most. For as certainly as the Cross of St. George means English patriotism, those scraps of paper meant all that municipal patriotism which is now, perhaps, the greatest hope of England.

The next thing that I took out was a pocketknife. A pocketknife, I need hardly say, would require a thick book full of moral meditations all to itself. A knife typifies one of the most primary of those practical origins upon which as upon low, thick pillars all our human civilization reposes. Metals, the mystery of the thing called iron and of the thing called steel, led me off half dazed into a kind of dream. I saw into the entrails of dim, damp woods; where the first man, among all the common stones, found the strange stone. I saw a vague and violent battle, in which stone axes broke and stone knives were splintered against something shining and new in the hand of one desperate man. I heard all the hammers on all the anvils of the earth. I saw all the swords of feudal and all the wheels of industrial war. For the knife is only a short sword; and the pocketknife is a secret sword. I opened it and looked at that brilliant and terrible tongue which we call a blade; and I thought that perhaps it was the symbol of the oldest of the needs of man. The next moment I knew that I was wrong; for the thing that came next out of my pocket was a box of matches. Then I saw fire, which is stronger even than steel, the old, fierce female thing, the thing we all love, but dare not touch.

The next thing I found was a piece of chalk; and I saw in it all the art and all the frescos of the world. The next was a coin of a very modest value; and I saw in it not only the image and superscription of our own Caesar, but all government and order since the world began. But I have not space to say what were the items in the long and splendid procession of poetical symbols that came pouring out. I cannot tell you all the things that were in my pocket. I can tell you one thing, however, that I could not find in my pocket.

I allude to my railway ticket.

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Lorelei

She knows all sighs and she knows all sinning,
And they whisper out in her breaking wave:
She has known it all since the far beginning,
Since the grief of that first grave.
She shakes the heart with her stars and thunder
And her soft low word when the winds are late;
For the Sea is Woman, the Sea is Wonder—
Her other name is Fate!

From "Virgilia," by Edwin Markham.
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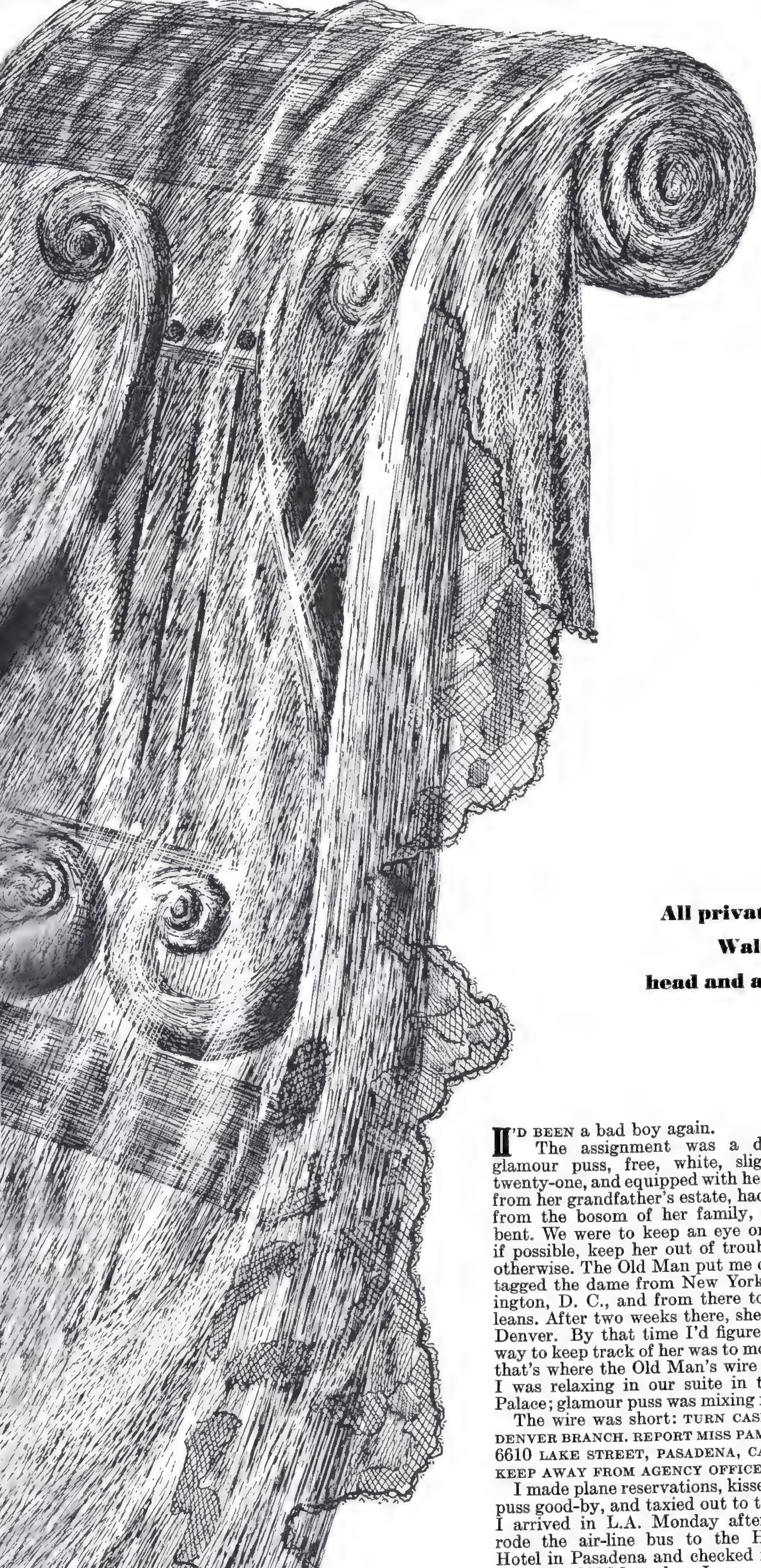

THE BRASS MONKEY

All private eyes like a good murder, but when Duke Wallace tripped over five, a beautiful live redhead and a gold, gem-set monkey, the going got rough

by WILLIAM FRANCIS

I'D BEEN a bad boy again.

The assignment was a dream. A glamour puss, free, white, slightly over twenty-one, and equipped with heavy dough from her grandfather's estate, had taken off from the bosom of her family, adventure bent. We were to keep an eye on her and, if possible, keep her out of trouble, law or otherwise. The Old Man put me on it and I tagged the dame from New York to Washington, D. C., and from there to New Orleans. After two weeks there, she led me to Denver. By that time I'd figured the best way to keep track of her was to move in, and that's where the Old Man's wire found me. I was relaxing in our suite in the Brown Palace; glamour puss was mixing my drinks.

The wire was short: TURN CASE OVER TO DENVER BRANCH. REPORT MISS PAMELA BOLT, 6610 LAKE STREET, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA. KEEP AWAY FROM AGENCY OFFICE.

I made plane reservations, kissed glamour puss good-by, and taxied out to the airport. I arrived in L.A. Monday afternoon and rode the air-line bus to the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena and checked in. Then I wired the Old Man where I was and relaxed. I knew I'd hear from him because of the plane I'd taken instead of a train and the Huntington Hotel instead of some flea bag on Raymond Street. And I did.

I was having a few in the Ship Room when his call came through. He raised the usual hell about the expense and then got down to business. "You're not supposed to report to Miss Bolt until Thursday, Duke," he told me.

"I can wait," I said.

"Well . . ."

"Maybe I'd better look her up tomorrow, then."

"I think you'd better, Duke," he said. The thought of me being idle for two days was bothering him. "I told her Thursday because I thought it would take you that long to get settled on the other deal. And I figured you'd take the train."

"I'll see her tomorrow," I said.

"All right. You didn't contact the L.A. office, did you?"

I said no and then hung up.

That night I got involved with a guy in the Ship Room and the next morning I overslept. It was ten when I woke up and it was eleven by the time I'd eaten and taxied downtown to a car-rental agency. At eleven-thirty I was driving up Lake Street to visit Miss Pamela Bolt.

Only the roof and some of the top-floor windows of the house were visible from the street. The place was set well back and there was a high ivy-covered wall around it. The big ironwork gates were open and I drove in and up the tree-lined driveway. The road ran straight past a large expanse of sunburnt lawn, dotted with trees and shrubs, and then branched, and one fork curved in front of the house.

I parked in front of the wide porch and walked up the steps to the big front door.

ILLUSTRATION BY H. E. BISCHOFF

It was half stained glass and there was a pearl-shell bell button set in a brass diamond-shaped frame. I pushed it. I couldn't hear any bell ring inside. I couldn't hear anything and nothing happened. I rang again. Nothing. I waited. I rang again. Still nothing. I turned and went down the steps to my car. As I was getting in, I caught, in the corner of my eye, a movement in one of the second-story windows. I looked up. The shade was down and, as I watched, it moved as though a breeze had stirred it. Only the window was closed.

I shrugged, because it was none of my business if someone peeked out at me. If Miss Bolt wanted to play games she'd have to find another boy. I started to get into the car again and then, from behind me, I heard the distinctive tinkle of glass being broken. I looked up at the window again and now there was a broken pane. I watched for several minutes, but nothing more happened. I could see, though, that the shade had been torn or cut a bit when the pane broke. It was fishy.

I walked back along the driveway to the point where it curved. There, following its original course, it continued back and I could see, behind the house, a garage building. I walked back to it, passing on the way a side porch and entrance. The garage held two cars—a '42 Buick and a '41 Ford convertible. There were no people.

I went back to the front and tried the door. It was locked. I studied the window again, and, as I watched, there was a movement of the shade. This time it might have been a breeze. I went to the side entrance. It was locked. I went around to the back and tried the door there. It was locked. I sat down and smoked a cigarette and then I got up and opened the door with my penknife.

The door led into a large service porch. It was deserted. I walked across it and to the door on the other side. This one was unlocked. I went through it and into the kitchen, large but recently modernized. There was no one there. I shouted, "Anyone home?" That got nothing. I poked around, but I couldn't find anything out of the ordinary. I was going to leave, but there was something damned strange about the front-window deal.

The kitchen led into a big, dark, paneled dining room. There was nobody there. And nothing suspicious. I shouted again. I got nothing again. I followed my nose out of the dining room and into a hallway that was just as dark and paneled. It was empty. I walked to the front door and then back to an archway to the living room. I found the guy there.

He was lying on the floor in front of the fireplace. He was dressed in a black coat, white starched shirt, black vest, striped pants, and black socks and shoes, and there was a black string tie around his neck. He was wearing a collection of tightly knotted ropes too. Around his ankles and around his wrists; and there was a gag tied across his mouth, but he didn't care. He was out and it was easy to see why. There was a nasty gash on his temple.

I cut him loose and tried for a pulse. It was there, but faint. I couldn't help thinking that if I hadn't overslept I might have been around when this guy got hit and trussed. It was twelve then, and I knew from the condition of the congealed blood on his head that he'd got it only a few hours ago. I was late.

What I didn't know then was that I was late all the way, because by that time, of course, the Brass Monkey was gone, too.

I left the guy in the living room and went upstairs to investigate the window. The hall ran the whole length of the second floor, dark and paneled like the downstairs. I got the wrong room the first try. It was empty. The room across the hall was the right one. There was a girl in there.

She was lying on her side under the broken window, gagged and tied, wrists together behind her, and ankles tightly bound. She was a nice-looking girl—deep red hair, big green frightened eyes that followed me as I walked to her, and a trim neat figure, full-shaped breasts, and slim hips. There wasn't any doubt about the figure because, except for gag and ropes, she was as naked as a fresh tongue in a butcher's showcase.

I noticed a gash on her left foot and a small glob of blood on the floor. I undid the gag and cut her bonds. Then I ripped a blanket from the bed and threw it over her and went into the open bathroom. The medicine cabinet yielded some gauze and adhesive tape. I took them back to the girl and started bandaging the cut on her foot. She sat and tried to work some feeling into her hands and finally she swallowed and said, "I . . . I can . . . There are others."

I looked at her and the red mark of the gag across her face. "Where?"

"Other rooms," she said. She was having a hard time talking.

I went out to the hall and tried the room next to hers. This one was a guy. He was young, with black curly hair, blue bloodshot eyes, and the usual gag and ropes. He was on the top of the bed, dressed in red-striped pajamas.

I cut him loose and left him. He seemed all right, but he didn't say anything.

In the room across from his was another girl. She was under the covers and only her tousled brown hair and blue eyes showed. I stripped the covers and she was sporting gag and ropes. She was wearing one of those shortie nightgowns and it was doing about as much good as snow on a hot stove. I cut her loose and left her. She didn't say anything either.

Next was an older woman, dressed in a housecoat that fully covered her, gagged and bound tightly into an armchair. Her hair was grey and her eyes were a wide-awake blue. I cut her loose and left her to recover on her own. That took care of the second floor. I went back to the redhead.

She was sitting right where I'd left her, but she was taking a lot more notice and she was well covered with the blanket.

"Three beside you on this floor," I told her. "Any more?"

"Downstairs?" she asked.

"Downstairs there's an older guy in striped pants."

"Morris, the butler," she said. "There's the cook and Bess, the maid."

"Where?"

She shook her head. "Maybe upstairs. Were any of them hurt?"

I told her no and went out to the hall. The third floor was just about the same layout, but fewer rooms. In one of them I found a girl, the maid. She was dressed in a black-and-white uniform and she was tied and gagged and lying in the center of a small, neat room. Her hair was blonde and her eyes were closed. She was out, but it was a faint because I couldn't find any mark on her head. I cut her loose and carried her down to the redhead's room and dumped her on the bed.

"Keep an eye on her," I said. "The cook must be downstairs."

She was.

I found her stuffed into a small broom closet just off the service porch and she was gagged like the rest, but she'd been tied in a jackknife position and probably hurt a hell of a lot worse than the others when I cut her loose.

That was the lot.

I picked the cook up—she was a small, thin woman—and carried her up to the redhead's room and dumped her on the bed beside the maid. The redhead was up, wrapped in a white terry-cloth robe and limping painfully back and forth across the room.

"How about a doctor?" I asked. "Who's the family doc?"

"Rantoul." She gave me the phone number and told me the phone was down in the lower hallway. I glanced at the maid and saw she was coming out of it, and then I went down and rang the doc. He was out.

"I'm calling for Miss Bolt," I told the nurse. "And it's a matter of life and death. Get hold of the doc and send him right over here or we'll call someone else."

I waited while she relayed that to someone, and then she said, "We'll find him and send him right over."

I hung up and went in to the guy on the living-room floor. He was still out and there was still a pulse. I found a crocheted dingus on the couch and spread it over him.

Then I sat down and burnt another weed.

I SHOULD have called the law, but there were two reasons I didn't. One was that the whole caper might turn out to be the result of a perverted sense of humor, or a drunken brawl or the usual Bolt family routine. Any guy who works as a private cop long enough develops a jaundiced eye toward any setup that involves dough, regardless of how screwy the first appearance.

The second reason was the Old Man. He'd acted so damned cagey in getting me in contact with the Bolt woman that I felt he wouldn't appreciate a house full of blue on our very first date.

On the other hand, there was one very good reason to call a cop. The guy under the tatted network might pass in his chips and I'd be in the middle of hell with a bobsled. I went in and felt his pulse again. It was still there—weak, but there. I decided to gamble. A guy named Benny-the-Knife once told me that it was "very hard to kill a mug who wants to live." And as he was sitting out his second reprieve from the big shock, I put a lot of stock in his advice. I kept hoping the guy in the striped pants really wanted to live, though.

I went back upstairs to the redhead.

The maid and the cook were both sitting up and showing interest. The redhead was almost normal.

"Which one's Pamela Bolt?" I asked.

"Grey hair," she said. "Second room down. Could I help? I'm all right now."

"Check on the two young ones," I said.

I went to the second door and went in. Miss Pamela Bolt was still massaging her ankles. She hadn't moved from the chair.

"I'm Duke Wallace," I told her. "From the Agency."

"Yes. Was anyone hurt?"

"Morris," I said. "I've called Doctor Rantoul. We ought to have some law around . . . but . . ."

"Oh, yes. No. I really don't know. I . . . I'm not making sense. I can't seem to walk. Needles."

"Sure. And shock, but the doc will know what to do. The ropes were very tight and it's uncomfortable being gagged."

She rubbed the red streak on her face. "Very," she said. "I wish I could walk, I'm so upset about the others."

"They'll be okay," I told her. "But the doctor might want to know if we've called the police. You haven't said whether we want them or not."

"I . . . I don't know, I can't seem to think. The others are really all right?"

"Fine. Morris needs some attention, but the rest are fine. You don't want to tell me about it now?"

"Doctor Rantoul is an old friend. I'll talk to him. Please wait until he's been here."

"Okay," I said. "I'm supposed to be at your disposal."

"You're kind. Will you call Mr. Herbert Lamishson? You'll find his number in the notebook on the phone stand. Tell him Miss Bolt must see him right away. He'll come, I'm sure."

"Sure," I told her. "You'd better try to walk. It's the only way to get the circulation started."

I went to the door.

"Have you been in the study?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Should I?"

"I suppose not. I suppose it's gone."

"What?" I asked.

"The monkey, of course."

"I didn't see it," I said. "Could it be tied up?"

"Oh, dear, no. The Brass Monkey.

Haven't you heard . . .?"

The faint sound of the doorbell interrupted her.

I said, "I'll get it. Probably the doc."

I went downstairs. I didn't see any monkeys on the way, brass or otherwise.

The doctor was a tall, stout guy with horn-rimmed glasses, a grey pompadour, and a mustache. He looked surprised. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Come in," I said. "Tell you about it later." I led him into the living room and uncovered the guy on the floor.

"Morris," he said. "Good Lord!"

He put his bag on the floor and examined Morris. Then he stood up and told me we'd have to get him to bed. Between us we hauled him up to his room on the third floor. There the doc got busy dressing the gash.

"Miss Bolt is in her room," I said. "She wants to see you when you've done this one."

I went down to the study. It was paneled, but not as dark as the dining room, and it opened off the hallway across from the living room. There was a rolltop desk and a large leather-covered couch and two matching chairs arranged around the room. The desk was locked.

I found the safe because the section of paneling that hid it hadn't been closed tightly; otherwise it might have taken some time. The safe was a three-by-three-foot box, heavy and tough looking. There were three holes drilled around the combination knob and the piles of metal shavings were what had kept the panel section from closing all the way. I wrapped my handkerchief around the handle and pushed on it. The bar worked freely and the door swung open. The cavity inside was divided into two sections; one was a larger empty hole the full height and about two feet wide. The other side was divided into six drawers, all of them closed and all locked.

I closed it and poked around the rest of the room. Nothing. Then I went into the hall and looked up the Herbert Lamishson number and dialed it. The girl who answered took my message and told me she'd try to locate Mr. Lamishson as soon as possible. I went back upstairs to Miss Bolt's room. "Doc been in?" I asked.

"Yes. He's seeing the others. Morris is quite seriously hurt and we are getting a nurse in."

"Do you feel like talking?" I asked.

"Yes. I really don't know how it all happened, though."

"I'd rather have some explanation about my being here," I said.

"Willie didn't tell you anything?"

"Willie?" I asked.

"Your employer," she explained, and I grinned. "I suppose it's my fault. You see, I decided to sell the Brass Monkey and I wanted someone to travel to New York with Sherry and myself, for protection."

"Sherry?"

"My secretary, the lovely redheaded girl. Did you see her?"

"I saw her," I said.

"I didn't want anyone to know we'd be taking the Brass Monkey with us and I asked Willie to send a man who might pass as a family friend. Perhaps I tried for too much secrecy, but I didn't like traveling with the Brass Monkey and . . ."

"What's this Brass Monkey?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, I really don't feel up to going into its history. You'll find a scrapbook in the study; the story is all in there. I'll just say that I had a very good offer for the monkey and I've never liked it or had any pleasure from it and I doubt if it's been in this house more than a month altogether since my father died ten years ago. In any case, I decided to sell it and I felt I should take it to the dealer in New York, because the insurance didn't cover the value.

"So I phoned Willie and asked him to send me someone for protection on the trip. We were to leave next Thursday." This was Tuesday. "In telling him about my plans I did stress the idea of secrecy to Willie."

"Was the monkey in your safe downstairs?" I asked.

"Yes. I suppose it's gone?" I nodded. "They said they'd taken it. That, of course, explains this whole . . . occurrence."

"Of course," I said. "Did you always keep the monkey in the safe?"

"I told you the monkey hasn't been in this house more than a month altogether since my father died."

"I forgot," I said.

"It's been on loan to various museums," she went on. "The latest was The Eastern Culture Museum. I asked them to return the monkey as soon as I decided to sell. That was last Thursday. I requested them to deliver it as inconspicuously as possible because I didn't want anyone to know it was here. Mr. Elman brought it over Friday morning and I put it into the safe at once. Now it's gone."

"Who knew it was here?" I asked.

"I really don't feel like telling the entire story, Mr. Wallace. This whole experience has been so trying. Could you possibly wait until I've rested?"

"Sure," I told her.

"You see, Mr. Wallace, there have been several people killed over the monkey. Now I must rest. I'll talk to you later. Why don't you read the scrapbook? It will explain so much."

"I'll do that," I said.

I opened the door and stepped into the hall. The doctor was just coming out of the redhead's room. I waited and he walked down the stairs with me.

"How's Morris?" I asked.

"I think he'll make it. I'll get a nurse over for him. Miss Bolt thought that would be better than a hospital."

"Yeah."

"I'd like to know what happened here."

"What did Miss Bolt tell you?" I asked.

"Miss Bolt is an old and very dear friend. She asked me not to ask questions."

"Good idea," I said.

"Perhaps. Shouldn't the police be called, though?"

"Unless Miss Bolt wants it, there aren't going to be police," I said. "I found them all tied up here and outside of that I don't know anything."

"It's that damned monkey," he said.

"You knew it was here?" I asked.

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I saw it for the first time last Sunday night. I was here, socially, of course, and prevailed on Pam . . . Miss Bolt, that is, to show it to me. I've never had time for museums."

"It was here when Old Man Bolt was alive," I reminded him.

"Yes. But I was not welcome in this house then, Mr. Wallace. You see, at one time I wanted to marry his daughter. Good day. The nurse will be over quite soon."

I watched him go out the front door. Then I shrugged. What the hell, it didn't mean anything to me who'd loved Miss Bolt. The shrug was for myself, but it turned out I had an audience—the redhead.

She came down the stairs, favoring her left foot, still in the white terry-cloth robe; still quite a dish. The red mark across her face was almost gone and I could see that her mouth was soft and warm looking.

"Puzzled?" she asked.

"Not much," I said. "Why?"

She had stopped about five steps up the stairs and I looked up at her.

"The doctor is a character," she told me.

"Yeah. What's with the others?"

"So are they," she said.

"I mean, what did the doc recommend?"

"Rest. They are all bedded down. I thought I could help."

"With what?"

"Whatever it is you're going to do."

"Come on," I said. "I'm going to do it in the study."

She came down the steps and I waited until she went through the study door in front of me. I was getting to be a perfect gentleman.

She arranged herself on the leather couch, but not with any studied planning. I walked over to the rolltop desk and climbed into the swivel chair. "You're Sherry?" I asked.

"Sherry White," she said. "Do you have a name?"

"Duke Wallace. I'm a detective."

"Yes."

"Where's the scrapbook that will tell me about the Brass Monkey?"

"The Brass Monkey! But . . . is it here? What does it have to do with what happened? It isn't here. It's at a museum. It always is."

I looked at her, right into the big green eyes. She was lying and she was acting and she was lousy at both.

I didn't care. About half my life had been spent listening to and watching women lie to me. About five per cent of them had been beautiful and about two per cent of the beautiful ones had been as nice as this redhead. I was, at that particular moment in time and space, thirty-six years old and I'd been schooled in the dirty, perverted, nasty world of crime, with and without beautiful women. I was impressed by this redhead, I was available, and I was there to be had, but none of this could change the fact that the redhead with the name from a wine bottle was a liar and a poor one.

"It was here," I said. "Where's the scrapbook?"

She got up, carelessly, but I'd seen it all before. She found and brought me a leather-bound book, big and filled with lots of pages, and put it in my lap.

It was packed with clippings about the Brass Monkey and I felt a little ashamed that I didn't know what the Brass Monkey was.

The redhead walked up and hung over the back of my chair. "The article from that Sunday Supplement is just about as complete as you'll find," she said. It sounded as though she were whispering in my ear.

I stopped turning the pages at a double-page, tabloid size. "This one?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Go sit down," I told her, "or go up and see if anyone needs you."

"I'll wait," she said.

THE article was illustrated with a very colorful drawing of an Oriental gentleman surrounded by several scantily dressed members of his harem. It was entitled "The Curse of the Brass Monkey."

And it started: "The Brass Monkey is not, of course, brass. It is a priceless object of art fashioned of solid gold and crusted with precious jewels. But it is cursed and the curse follows in its wake like the albatross of the Ancient Mariner."

I skimmed through the article. Boiled down, it amounted to this:

In the year 1857, the Rajah of Gwapur, an independent prince of India, was attacked by his neighbor, the more powerful Rajah of Bhopior. The ensuing war lasted a scant month and resulted in the complete rout of the Bhopior forces, although they were superior in both numbers and equipment to their enemy. A very advantageous peace treaty was worked out and the victory of the Gwapur side was credited to the influence of the rajah's military chief, one F. Branton Bentely-Braze. Bentely-Braze was an English soldier of fortune, a retired colonel of a famed Scottish regiment. In 1880 Bentely-Braze retired from the rajah's service to return to England. The rajah's gratitude for his services was overwhelming and the colonel was presented with "great quantities of gold and jewels, including a trio of golden monkeys depicting the traditional See-Hear-Speak No Evil proverb." These three monkeys were the prize of all the gifts and each was encased in a velvet-lined, leather-bound case. The monkeys were described as fourteen inches high, and about eight pounds in weight. Each was mounted cross-legged on a jeweled dais and the three were identical as to value, but different in that each was adorned with varying combinations of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Each wore a gold-mesh jacket intergraded with "perfect stones of immense value, and a necklace composed of eleven blue-white diamonds. All three wore jeweled headdresses and in each headdress a large jewel was featured—ruby for the See Monkey, emerald for the Hear Monkey, and diamond for the Speak Monkey."

The workmanship was, of course, the very finest, but the name of the artist had been lost in time, as the monkeys had been in the possession of the rajah's family for many generations.

The colonel may have been a great hand with the army, but he was seemingly unfitted for much else, because he carried his treasures with him on the small cargo ship which was to take him to England; sort of an all-the-eggs-in-one-basket deal and not very bright on the colonel's part. There was no exact record of just what the "great quantities of gold and jewels" amounted to, but whatever they were, the colonel placed them in the ship captain's care, and he, in turn, locked them in his safe. There was no room in the safe for the monkeys, however, and the colonel kept them in his cabin.

The ship was fourteen days out of Bombay (exact position unknown) when, about midnight of a calm but starless night, a terrific explosion "blew the ship almost apart." This was apparently without seeming cause or warning. The colonel was in his cabin at the time, and the force of the blast threw him violently across the small room and against the bulkhead, breaking his right arm. Dazed and in great pain, he still thought of the monkeys. He attempted to save all three, but with only his left arm usable, he could only manage two of the cases. He carried these out of the cabin. It was his intention to return for the third. Once on deck, however, he could see that the ship was doomed and would sink within a very short time. He had, he stated, a fleeting thought of the treasure in the captain's safe, but he was alert enough to realize that there would be no time to reach it. He was fortunate in joining a small group of sailors and passengers who were launching a boat. But as he was climbing into the lifeboat he dropped one of the cases into the sea and watched it sink.

The boat containing the colonel and twelve other men (the ship had carried six male passengers and a crew of thirty-six) was the only one launched and all the others had gone down with the ill-fated cargo ship.

Fifteen days later, the boat was picked up by a British tramp. Of the thirteen who'd managed to escape, four were dead, three died before the tramp made port, and the rest were wasted and gaunt from lack of water and food. The colonel still had the lone case.

Bentely-Braze reached England without further incident. But, instead of great riches, his sole asset was the monkey; and the monkey he'd saved, without knowing it until the tramp had picked him up, was the Speak No Evil monkey. The other two, along with the gold and jewels, were lost to the sea.

In great need of funds, Bentely-Braze had sold the monkey to a London art dealer, one Thomas Lindsey, for "around twenty thousand pounds."

The very night of the sale, Lindsey's establishment was razed by a fire of undetermined origin. Lindsey had taken the monkey to his house and so it was saved. But Lindsey lost a fortune in the fire. He, too, was forced to sell the monkey. He sold it to another London dealer for "about what he'd paid for it."

There is no record of anything disastrous happening to the second dealer. In fact, this dealer kept the monkey for ten years without incident. By this time it was known in the trade as the Braze Monkey.

The author of the article tried to connect the curse with the second dealer's death, but according to facts the man died of natural causes at the age of seventy-two. The Braze Monkey was auctioned along with several objects of art and the entire lot was bought by a wealthy Turk, a M. Hama. Hama loaned it to the London Museum of Art, where it was on display for some eight years. Labeled "The Braze Monkey," it rested in its case untroubled for the entire period. Some unnamed wit referred to it as the "Brass Monkey" and the name stuck. Hama was killed in an accident (not explained by the author) and the monkey was sold by his heirs to an American newspaper publisher who was buying art at that time.

The American, having overextended his fortune by his purchases, committed suicide. A year later, the Brass Monkey passed on to a collector in Boston. The Bostonian went broke in 1919 through a too-late investment in airplane engines, and the monkey was offered for sale. It wasn't very widely known, but the story of the curse was established with it and the sale received little interest. It was sold, however, to a Westerner, Silas Combesty, and the train carrying it to his San Francisco home was wrecked by train robbers who were unsuccessful, two being killed. The fact that the train also carried a quantity of gold bullion was glossed over.

Silas later sold the monkey to James Madison Bolt of Pasadena, a millionaire whose fortune was founded on oil property. Bolt kept the monkey on display in his home, using it for a paperweight. Bolt was described as a rugged character. He defeated a plan to steal the monkey when two men tried to overpower him in his own house. Bolt shot the two men, one fatally. Bolt was a widower; and, the article stated, the curse worked against Bolt's only son. The son killed himself and his wife in a San Francisco hotel in 1929, leaving two small children, a boy and a girl. There was no explanation for his act, as his affairs were all in order. Bolt himself died in 1937, by which time his fortune had decreased, though it was still of considerable size. His only daughter, a spinster, inherited, but the son's children were provided for by trust funds. The spinster put the monkey out on loan to a museum shortly after Bolt's death and it had circulated between several such institutions ever since.

The article ended: "So the Brass Monkey waits, and the curse waits for its next victim."

The article throughout had tossed a lot of words around, words like "priceless" and "valued at millions," but Bolt had bought it for two hundred thousand dollars.

I CLOSED the book and looked at Sherry. "What was it insured for?" I asked.

"Three hundred thousand," she said.

"Lot of brass," I told her. "Let's talk about what happened this morning."

"I really don't know much about it."

"Every little bit helps."

"All right. I was taking a shower. I didn't hear anything, but when I stepped out of the stall there were two men waiting in the bathroom. One of them had a gun and he told me not to scream. The other one walked behind me and fastened the gag across my mouth, and they tied me with my hands behind me."

"Didn't even let you dry yourself?"

"No." She didn't blush. "They told me they'd tied everyone in the house the same way."

I shook my head. "All of them had some clothes on," I said. "Sure they didn't . . . ?"

"No. They didn't touch me except to tie me up."

"What time was it?" I asked.

"They finished and left at a quarter to nine. I could see the clock on my night table. Anyway, I couldn't move much and I heard the phone ring twice, once at ten and once at ten-thirty. Then I heard you, or, rather, a car drive up to the front and I managed to roll off the bed and over to the window, but I couldn't manage to sit up so I just had to lie under it and I was afraid you'd go away. I heard you ring the doorbell. Finally I managed to lift my feet up and kick at the window. Then I did it again and I broke the glass. I guess I cut my foot then, but I didn't feel it at the time."

"How about the men? Were they masked?"

"No," she said. "And I remember just what they looked like. One was a blond man, young and sort of good-looking. He was big, and his eyes were blue. He didn't have a gun, or at least he wasn't holding one. He tied me. The other was short and dark. He wore a hat and it was tipped over his forehead. He needed a shave and his nose was kind of flat and broad. He had a crescent-shaped scar on his left cheek."

"How were they dressed?" I asked.

"The blond wore tan slacks and a blue sports shirt, no tie and no hat, and his coat was checked, brown and white. His shoes were brown. The other wore a wrinkled blue suit and a white shirt, and his tie was sort of red diamonds against a cream background. The tie was dirty too, spotted. Black shoes."

"Good," I said. "The two young people are the Bolt son's kids?"

"Yes. Debby—that's the girl—and Jimmy."

"I'm going up and talk to the people."

"I'll come with you," she said.

"Go rest," I told her. "That's what the doctor ordered."

"You don't like me?"

"I think you're adorable. Now go hit the sack. If you hear the doorbell, let the nurse in."

She went up the stairs ahead of me. I kept on to the third floor. I could pretty well figure in what order the goons had taken the house, and the cook was first. I knocked on the first door I came to. It was the right one. The cook was in bed, but not sleeping. Her name was Mrs. Williams.

"What happened?" I asked. "You're not too upset to talk?"

"No. I was in the kitchen getting tea and toast for Miss Bolt, and this man knocked on the back door."

"What man?"

"One of the ones who tied me. There were four of them, but I only seen this one right at first."

"Can you describe him?" I asked.

"He was thin, tall and thin, and sort of a sad face, if you know what I mean. He was the one who knocked and I didn't see the rest of them right at first. But he, just as soon as I opened the door, see, he pushed right in. Grabbed me and held his hand across my mouth. Then the rest came in. One of them, a big blond fellow, tied me up, and they put me in that closet."

"What did the other two look like?"

"One was short and sort of dirty-looking and he had a scar on his cheek. The other one, he had a gun, was kind of stout, not real fat, but fatter than the rest of them and sort of soft-looking. He just held the gun."

"Did they talk?" I asked.

"None of them said a word, not a single word. Just tied me up and put me in the closet. I like to died in there with that gag in my mouth."

"Did they bring the rope?" I asked.

"Yes. We didn't have any rope. The blond fellow had a big loop of it when he came in."

"And none of them were masked?" I asked.

"No. The fat fellow wore a hat and so did the little dirty one. The other two wasn't wearing hats."

I got what they were wearing besides hats, but Mrs. Williams wasn't a very sharp witness. I left her and went down to the second floor, and went into the room where I'd found the young guy. He was in bed and asleep. I woke him.

"Sorry," I said, "but I've got to find out some things."

He yawned and then held his head. "What a deal," he complained, "and me with a hang-over! I don't know from nothing about it."

"Tell me what happened to you."

"Okay," he said. "I was asleep—got in late, or early, I guess. I knew I'd had plenty to drink, but I didn't have enough so that my mouth should feel like it was filled with rags. But when I woke up it was. I saw a tall, thin character wrapping my legs together with rope and a flabby guy standing at the end of my bed holding a gun. I thought I was having the D.T.s. The flabby guy, the one with the gun, told me to go back to sleep."

"He talked to you?" I asked.

"Just that. He talked like a fairy—high voice, you know. 'Go back to sleep, kid.' That's all he said. And I guess I did for a while. I don't know when I woke up."

He wasn't very sharp either. The men wore dark suits, white shirts and ties, not very loud. I told him to go back to sleep.

I remembered the maid and went back up to the third floor. She was awake and resting and she didn't know anything. She'd been making her bed before going down to get Miss Bolt's tea and toast, and a man, a blond man, had walked up behind her and put a gag over her mouth, and then he and a short, dark man had tied her up and left her lying in the center of her room. Her description fitted Sherry's men.

I went down to Debby's room. She was propped up in bed working on her nails—a cute girl, about twenty-one, sort of turned-up button for a nose and a wide smile, still slightly marked from the gag. "My hero," she said.

"Yeah. Who tied *you* up?"

"Sit down." She patted the edge of the bed. I sat down. "A tall thin man, and a fat man with a gun watched him."

"They just tied you up?" I asked.

"Yes, of course." She wrinkled her nose at me. "Oh, I know what you mean. I was asleep, and when I woke up the thin one was gagging me. Then he tied me up, put the covers back over me, and that's all. They went away."

"Did they speak to you?" I asked.

"No. Just tied me up."

"You always sleep in that short thing?"

She nodded. "You're kind of cute, you know."

"You are, too," I told her. Then I walked out.

MISS BOLT was resting, but said she didn't mind talking. I pulled a chair over to her bed and sat down. I heard the doorbell and footsteps in the hall and down the stairs. Sherry letting the nurse in, probably.

"About this morning," I said.

"I was up and I'd rung for my tea," Miss Bolt said. "It was eight-thirty-five when my door opened. I thought it was Bess with the tea, but it was a blond young man and right behind him was a short dark man with a gun. The blond person told me to keep quiet and I wouldn't be hurt. Then he came over to me and gagged me and put me in the chair and then tied me up. Then they went out. About nine-thirty they came back and there were two others with them—a tall thin man and a fat one, not really fat, sort of almost fat. The fat one said, 'We're taking the Brass Monkey. Nobody is hurt, but they're all tied up, like you. When you get loose, don't call the police because there's a way for you to get the monkey back. If the police are notified, we'll melt the monkey down and sell the jewels. You'll hear from us, but in the meantime you'd better get a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in old small bills together. It will take that to buy the monkey back.' Then they left."

"Okay," I said. "You were going to sell the monkey, you had the museum return it to you, and you were going to take it over to New York?"

"That's right."

"And," I went on, "you called the Old Man, Willie, and asked for a man to travel to New York with you. Why didn't you ship it?"

"It was insured for three hundred thousand, Mr. Wallace. A New York dealer had offered me five hundred thousand for it. I didn't like to risk shipping it when the insurance was so much lower than the selling price."

"Logical," I said. "Who knew you were going to sell?"

"Miss White and the rest of the family. I made no secret of it. But I didn't tell anyone I was having it returned from the museum or, when it arrived, that it was in the house."

"You told Dr. Rantoul," I reminded her. "You showed it to him."

"Yes, I'd forgotten."

"Have you forgotten telling anyone else?"

"Are you questioning my honesty?"

"Your memory," I said.

"I told no one else."

"Okay. How did you receive this offer of five hundred grand?"

"By letter. I wrote in return and agreed to the offer. The next letter from the dealer was about the terms and the manner of transfer. I didn't show that one to another soul because I knew I should have to take the monkey to New York and I wanted the trip kept secret, or rather the purpose for the trip. I told my family I was going to New York to discuss the sale and I would have the museum ship the monkey if the arrangements were all right. I wrote the dealer I was bringing the monkey "

"How did you expect me to fit in?" I asked.

"No one knew about you or the fact that you were from the Agency. My call to Willie was private, I assure you. Miss White made the reservations, but she expected the third person on the trip to be my lawyer, Herbert Lamishson."

"I don't think your plans were any more secret than a show-girl's navel, Miss Bolt."

"I beg your pardon, but . . ."

"No," I told her. "I walked into this mess and ungagged and untied every person in this house, and not one of them, including the servants, asked me who the hell I was or what the hell I'm doing here. They didn't ask because they knew me when they saw me, and that goes for you too."

"Mr. Wallace," she said, "my family and my help were shocked and unnerved by this whole experience. I should have been surprised if they'd thought to question you or your motives. As for myself, well, you do not enjoy the anonymity you seem to think. Willie told me he was sending Duke Wallace. I am an avid reader of mysteries, extending even to magazines in that category. A week ago I came across your name and picture in an article on crime. I remembered this when Willie mentioned your name and I made it my business to refer to the article. So I knew you; but no one else in this house has my interest in crime stories, and no one knew your name and no one knew you."

"I'll let it pass," I told her. "Who was the dealer in New York?"

"Josef Kliner." She gave me the address.

"And who had the monkey insured?"

"Continental. I suppose I ought to get in touch with them."

"We handle them," I said. "I'll do it. I guess that's all. Still no law?"

"I'll want to talk to you about that," she said, "but not right now."

"If you plan to call Willie, don't bother. I'm going to get in touch with him."

I left before she could answer. Downstairs, I put a call through to the Old Man. It took half an hour to get through and I smoked two weeds while I waited. Finally I got him. "Willie?" I asked.

There was a long pause—long when you consider that the Old Man knew it was a toll call and he was paying for it; I'd reversed the charges. Finally: "Duke?" he asked.

"Yeah. How are you, Willie?"

"You had some purpose in calling?"

"Some," I admitted.

"I'm not amused, Duke."

"Okay," I said. I told him what I'd found at the Bolt house. He didn't interrupt me. When I'd finished he said, "What do you think?"

"I don't, yet," I said. "I'm going to need help. Can I call on the L.A. branch?"

"I'll teletype Kelly to follow your instructions, but you'd better keep it out of the office; get what men you want and work out of your hotel. Send your reports to me, direct. I'll get in touch with Continental and find out what they want to do. I'm sure they'll take a chance on getting the monkey back for half the policy value, but I'll have to check. Anything else?"

"Yeah. You better look up a Josef Kliner." I gave him the address. "And find out about the deal he offered Miss Bolt. And check your office to see if Miss Bolt's call to you was tapped there."

"Tapped?"

"Or overheard," I said. "I'm sure there was a leak, but it was probably at this end. I'll let you know what we can dig up. So long."

I HUNG up and called the L.A. office. I told Ed Kelly to send me Ted Black and Benny Clark.

"You'll get a teletype from the Old Man about it," I said. "Have Ted and Benny plan on spending a few days. I'm at the Huntington and they can get me there. Also dig up that expert you use for vault work and shoot him over. I want Ted with fingerprint and camera stuff. Okay?"

It was okay. I hung up and went upstairs to Sherry's room. She was at her dressing table, fooling with her hair and still in the white robe.

"I'm going back to my hotel," I told her. "Will you lock up the study or keep everyone out until I send a man over to check it?"

"All right. Will you be back?"

"Tomorrow. I'll see you then. Going out tonight?"

"If I'm asked."

"I'm too busy," I said.

"Spurn me. You'll be sorry."

"I already am," I said.

Next I went to Debby's room. She was still in bed, reading.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Fine. Why?"

"Like to go out and play tonight?"

"With you?"

"With me," I said.

"All right. Eight-thirty?"

I nodded and left. I went downstairs and out the front door to my car. Back at the hotel, I waited for Ted and Benny. They showed up about an hour after I got there and they had the vault man with them.

"Some setup," Ted said.

"Not much, but I call it home. Squat for a minute. You bring a car?"

"Mine," Benny said.

"Okay, Ted, you take the car and Joe, here . . ."

"Tom," the vault man told me.

"Okay, Tom; you take Tom and go out to this address on Lake Street. You're expected. Case the study. A redhead will show you around. Let Tom here work the safe over and you try for fingerprints in the room."

"What are you after?" Ted asked.

"Everything and anything. You and Benny going to stay here?"

"Too rich for our blood," Benny said. "We'll hole up in a flea bag downtown."

"Okay. Ted, you get going. I'd like to have you back before I go out. I'll leave here about eight."

"We'll make it. See you." Ted and Tom left, and I turned to Benny.

"For you the easy job. Tonight you snoop around the bars and see what you can pick up on Jimmy and Debby Bolt—that's a brother and sister; Sherry White—that's a choice redhead; and these four mugs." I gave him a thumbnail run down on the four. "They pulled this caper."

"What caper?"

"I don't want to clutter your mind. Just keep the ear open for talk about a Brass Monkey."

"You nuts?"

"No," I said. "You got the guys—one big blond; one thin sad face; one short, dark, and dirty; and a flab."

"Okay. Shall I use Ted?"

"Sure. Where do I send him?"

"There's a small bar on Raymond Street, half a block below Colorado. Have him meet me there at nine."

"Okay, Benny," I said. "Want a drink?"

"No, I'll have enough prowling the mills. Report here?"

"Yeah, tomorrow morning unless you strike a hot lead to the unholy four. In that case get me here, or in one of this town's night spots."

Benny went out as Room Service came in with ice and soda. I tipped, dug a bottle out of my luggage, and mixed a tall cool one. Then I sat down and blew smoke rings for a while. I didn't know whether to pitch Debby a line or tank her till she talked; either way I figured she'd be easier to get information from than Sherry. And I wanted to know how that family had known me and if they'd all known about the monkey and Miss Bolt's secret plans. I was willing to make book that they *had* known, and I was mainly interested in knowing *how*.

I finished my drink, called Service and had a steak sent up, ate it, shaved, showered, and dressed for my date. Ted and Tom got back at a quarter to eight. I fixed them a drink and asked Ted about it.

"Got a lot of fingerprints, but I don't know what they mean because I didn't have none from the people who belong in the house."

"Okay," I said. "We'll get them."

"Good. And I took pictures of the layout. Now, does a big, bossy bastard mean anything to you?"

"Nope."

"That's swell, because I told him off. See, the redhead you mentioned let us in and showed us the study and, while we was there, this big bossy bastard comes in. He wants to know who we are and who sent us and stuff like that. I ask him who he is and who sent him. He's Miss Bolt's lawyer, he says, and we should keep a civil tongue in our head. So I tell him to peddle his papers and push him out of the room. Okay?"

"All right by me," I said. "I've got to hurry, so I'll get the rest from you in the morning . . . You find anything?" I asked the vault man.

"I get plenty, Jack," he said.

"Duke."

"Okay, Duke. Them holes was drilled with a diamond-tip drill. I'd say it was electric and I'd say it took about fifteen minutes for each hole."

"Great," I said.

"You don't want to hear it?"

"I want to hear it. Shoot."

"All right then. So the whole thing is wasted time."

He stopped and looked at me. I played. "Why?" I asked.

"Because the combo works just as good as it ever did, and so does the lock. Them holes never opened that box, Jack."

"Duke," I said.

I DIDN'T wait for the rest of his explanation. That was enough for me. I told him to write a complete report of his findings and the reasons and to send it to me at the hotel. Then I sent him away with Ted, after telling Ted about the date with Benny. It was almost eight-thirty when I reached the Bolt house. Debby had the door open before I got my finger off the bell. "Let's go," she said.

We were in the car and driving out the driveway before I took time to find out what the hurry was about.

"Nothing. Aunt Pam and Hopeless Herbert are in the study talking about the monkey and they'd rope you in."

"Hopeless Herbert?" I asked.

"Our dear, dear family lawyer. The jerk."

"Why hopeless?"

"Oh," Debby said, "he courted Aunt Pam after grandpop died. Didn't get to first, though."

"Didn't anyone court her before grandpop died?"

"No, sir. Grandpop always said there was no man worth her time. Or so she says. Really, I think the old dog just kept her around to wait on him. And anyway I'm not going to spend the evening talking about the family. What'll we do, Duke?"

"How did you know my name, Debby?"

"Sherry told me."

"How did she know?" I asked.

"What difference does it make? I thought you were going to be fun."

"I will be," I said. "But first I want to know how Sherry knew my name, and when she told you."

"If I tell you, will we not talk about it and just have fun?"

"Cross my heart."

"All right. Sherry told me because she'd already told Jimmy and Jimmy told me."

"I don't get it," I said.

"Well," Debby explained, "Jimmy's got the hots for Sherry. She told him she was going to New York with Aunt Pam and Jimmy said he'd go too. Then Sherry told him he couldn't because she and Aunt Pam were taking the Brass Monkey and there was a detective going with them. So he said he didn't believe Sherry, and Sherry showed him your picture in a magazine and told him you were going with them and it was a secret and he mustn't tell Aunt Pam he knew."

"Why would she do that?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess she didn't want Jimmy tagging along to New York spoiling her fun, and if a detective were going and it was sort of supposed to be secret, then Jimmy wouldn't insist. I don't know why she did it. Anyway, Jimmy told me about you and how you were going to New York with Sherry and Aunt Pam, and I went to Sherry and told her I knew, and she said if I'd not tell Aunt Pam I knew, she'd show me your picture like she had Jimmy. And she did. Now let's forget it and have fun."

Debby's idea of fun, I found out, was to visit every night spot in town where people gathered—even a few private homes where there were parties. She didn't drink much, but she talked a hell of a lot and to a hell of a lot of people and about a hell of a lot of things. I figured if Aunt Pam's secret plans depended on Debby for their secrecy, everyone who stayed up past nine o'clock had heard about them. Certainly everyone we met knew I was a detective and that the Brass Monkey had been stolen from the Bolts that morning and that Debby had a "mad passion" for me. They knew it because she told them whether they wanted to hear or not.

By one o'clock she'd met everyone in Pasadena and had spread the message. She'd even included several people from out-of-town in the coverage. Then she was hungry. We drove to a drive-in and ate hamburgers. I was ready to take her home when we finished. She had more ideas—a party in Flintridge.

I said, "No."

She said, "Oh, please, Duke."

So I followed her directions and pretty soon we were rolling along a dark street up in the Flintridge hills.

"There," she said.

I stopped the car and looked around. There was no house, there was nothing but hills.

"Here?" I asked.

"Uh-huh."

"There's no party here," I told her.

"We'll have one, Hero."

"Now, look, Debby, I . . ."

She was in my lap, pressed very close to me because of the wheel, and her eager lips were smearing lipstick on my face. She said she loved me, she said I loved her, she said we loved each other and with people who loved each other there was nothing wrong. She said I should take her. I said I would take her home. If she heard, she ignored it. She squirmed and wiggled until she had me where she wanted me. I know what happened, but I don't know how it happened and I know it wasn't any of my fault and I know I had very little to do with it. And, later, Debby sighed in my arms and said, "I really have to go home, sweetheart. Aunt Pam doesn't like to have me stay out so late."

I took her home and went back to the hotel and went to bed. I didn't go right to sleep because I figured Debby would be spreading the latest news around in the morning, and, when that happened, people would probably point at me in the street.

The funny part is that I dreamed about Sherry White that night.

The next morning at eight-thirty, Ted and Benny woke me up to report. I stayed in bed and listened to them. Benny did the talking for both. He talked like a treasury report.

"Jimmy Bolt is a junior-type playboy. He's got dough from a trust fund, but he spends more than he gets. Drinks, but it doesn't take much to throw him. Gambles, and is unlucky. Gives the local gals a play, but his heart belongs to Sherry White. May be in to several bookies and may need dough. Has been known to keep undesirable company if you're looking for a connection with the underworld. Debby Bolt is a character."

"You're telling me?" I asked. Benny gave me a look. "Go on," I said.

"She is known to one and all, tells lots of lies, and has a very strong type imagination. Spends her dough on clothes and jewelry and has large bills at most of the stores. Her credit is good, though, because she always manages to pay up in time. No steady boy friend; sort of plays the field. Most people like her and most of them don't believe much of what she says." I sighed. Benny said, "What?"

"Nothing. Go on."

"She's screwy enough to do almost anything. Sherry White isn't very well known. Seen once in a while with Jimmy Bolt, but not steady. Been with Miss Bolt for four years and it isn't known where she came from, but we'll dig if you want it. She don't seem to haunt the same places as the two Bolts and if she steps she does it out of town. Some of Jimmy's friends have tried to date her and got a cold 'no.'

"According to what we heard, the Brass Monkey was going to be sold and was at the Bolt house. This story we heard was always prefaced with 'Debby Bolt says' and was generally unbelieved. About eleven o'clock we began hearing a story about the Brass Monkey being stolen. This was credited to Debby Bolt, too, and was figured to be mostly bull.

"We got maybe a lead on one of the four guys. The blond. He might be a guy called Chuck . . . We didn't get any last name for him and the lead is thin as hell. We picked it up in a bar on Fairoaks Avenue, just above Colorado Street."

"That's all?" I asked.

"Yeah. Except that this morning I catch a news broadcast over the radio and there's an account about three guys getting knocked off in a deserted house out near a place called Rosemead."

"Any descriptions?" I asked.

"Yeah. One tall, one young, and one short. Could be?"

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Like a hunch, maybe. But usually my hunches stink." Benny lit a cigarette. "Still," he said, through the smoke, "a hunch is always a hunch."

"Let me get dressed and we'll see about it."

I skipped the shower and shave and postponed breakfast and we were on our way to Rosemead twenty minutes later. A cop at the station looked at our credentials and then directed us to the deserted house. It sat by itself in a large field of boulders about two miles from the town of Rosemead. The sheriff's car was parked in front and there was a meat wagon waiting. We walked around in back and poked in the door there. There were ten guys crowded inside, but only seven of them were taking any interest. The other three were dead; and if any of the Bolt household could see and remember correctly, the dead men were three of the four who had stolen the Brass Monkey.

WE GOT the details from one of the sheriff's men, a little guy with big ears and a happy look. There wasn't much to find out. A couple who lived within a mile of the abandoned house had been driving home about three in the morning, passed on the street a block away, and noticed light in the place. They phoned the Rosemead police when they got home. The police knew the place was sometimes used by tramps, so they didn't investigate until daylight, at which time they found the three dead men and called in the sheriff. The couple said they'd noticed a grey Chevrolet panel truck parked in front of the house.

"Where did you pick it up?" I asked.

"Who said we picked it up?" Ears asked.

"Look," I told him, "this farsighted couple might have noticed it was grey, they might even have noticed it was a panel truck and not a sedan, but from a block away they didn't pick it as a Chevvy."

"Okay. We found it right in front. It's down at the Rosemead station."

He told us the three men had been shot, probably with the .45 automatic found on the floor of the shack. They'd been drinking; there were two empty and one partly filled whiskey pints. The light in the place came from a new kerosene lantern and there was a pile of old blankets on the floor. There was also a small supply of canned goods and several opened and empty cans—beans, fish, and stuff like that. The furniture was just orange crates and packing cases.

The three men had carried identification. Ears gave us their names. Chuck Hellmore, Pasadena address, was the blond; John Krobinski—the only address was a San Francisco number and street and it was from '44—was the short, dirty, scar-faced guy; Emmett Tobin, address General Delivery, Los Angeles, was the tall, thin guy.

We left the place without talking to the sheriff and went back to the Rosemead station. A cop there let us look through the truck. It was a grey '39 panel Chevvy and in the back there was an electric drill with a diamond-tipped bit, both new-looking, a coil of new rope, and part of a torn sheet.

We drove back to the Huntington and from there I sent Ted into L.A. with instructions to go through the rogues' gallery at Police Headquarters for a line on the three dead guys. I put Benny on the Pasadena address found on the blond, and from there to the hardware stores after the rope and drill purchases.

"They might have bought the stuff in town," I said. "And, Ted, check the license on that Chevvy—probably stolen. And when you get back, case the Bolt neighborhood and see if you can trace the truck into the Bolt grounds." I gave Benny the Bolt address and told them to report to me there.

They left and I shaved, showered, and had breakfast. I was at the Bolt house at ten-thirty. Sherry let me in.

"Come into the study," I told her. "I want to talk to you."

She said all right. She was dressed in a skirt and sweater and looked fine. We went in and sat down. I wanted to talk to her, but she started it. "You were out with Debby last night," she told me.

"Yeah."

"Shame on you. She's just a child."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Twenty-eight."

"Little old for Jimmy, aren't you?"

It didn't bother her. "That's what I keep telling him." The doorbell sounded. Sherry went to answer it; I could hear a voice saying, "Sherry, my dear, all recovered, I see. Is that detective fellow here?"

She said, "Yes, Mr. Lamishson, he's in the study."

"Good, good. I want to talk to him."

He was maybe fifty, tall and big, but with some fat around the middle. He was pompous, important, and pleased with himself. "Ah, the detective," he said.

I didn't get up. "Yeah," I said.

"Now," Lamishson said, "here's a development." He took an envelope out of his coat and flourished it under my nose. "Came in my morning's mail."

I waited until it passed my face again and then grabbed it.

It was the dime-store variety; white, cheap, and sold by the millions. It was addressed in typewritten script to: "Mr. Herbert Lamishson, Colorado Building, Pasadena, California," and it had a canceled three-cent stamp in one corner. The postmark was Pasadena and the time and date were four p.m. of the day before.

"Did you open it?" I asked Lamishson.

"Of course. Why do you think I brought it over?"

I shrugged. The envelope had been slit at one end by a knife or letter opener. I shook out the single sheet of paper it contained and unfolded it. It was typewritten, too.

"Get the hundred and fifty grand in small old bills. You've got one week. Next Tuesday at ten-thirty you drive your car out Linda Vista Avenue to the dam. Turn around and drive back. You'll be contacted someplace after that. Have the money in a box ready to turn over. We'll take the box and give you a key and a set of instructions and if you follow them you'll find the Brass Monkey. We're on the square with you so do not try a double-cross. Be alone and remember, NO COPS."

I read it twice. Then I put it back in the envelope and put both in my pocket. "Well?" I said.

"As I see it," Lamishson said, "we have no choice."

The doorbell sounded. Sherry went again and I heard what was said.

A voice: "I'm from the Continental Insurance office."

"Bring him in, Sherry," I called.

The guy was Tip Nicholas and I knew him from some other cases.

"Hi, Tip," I said. He said "Hi" and I introduced Lamishson. "Miss Bolt's lawyer," I said, "and Sherry White, her secretary. Sit down. How do you like this caper?"

"Not good. What did you turn up?"

"Can't say," I told him. "I don't know where I stand on it. The Agency is handling it, I guess, but I came into it through Miss Bolt."

"I think our interests are identical, Duke. I'm not sure how we want it worked, though."

"Maybe this will help you decide," I told him. I gave him the letter and he studied the envelope and then read the note. He looked at me when he'd finished.

"Like it?" I asked.

"Stinks."

"Yeah."

"I really don't see what . . ." Lamishson started.

"It's this way," Tip told him. "We want to recover the monkey for a hundred and fifty grand if we can; it'll save us half the policy value. But this arrangement doesn't give us any assurance that we'll get it. What's going to stop the gang from taking our money and keeping the monkey?"

"Insurance is a gamble," Lamishson said. "I can't see why you wouldn't be willing to take this chance."

"You forget," I said, "that when insurance companies gamble, they have better than house odds. And they don't have that in this case. Here's an out, Tip. Suppose your outfit puts up the dough and Miss Bolt agrees to regard it as part of the policy pay-off if the monkey isn't recovered?"

"We thought of that, Duke, but it's no deal."

"But why?" Lamishson insisted.

"Well," Tip told him, "mostly because we'd be paying off on the policy before we've established that there was no collusion or fraud."

"Young man," Lamishson said, "I don't believe you have any basis for such suspicions. And you can mark my words that when this affair is settled your company has had its last bit of business with Miss Bolt."

Tip shrugged. "We don't want to lose the business, but, like I say, we can't pay off, even a partial payment, until we're satisfied that this robbery is straight. We can't do it even to save half the policy value."

"Utter stupidity," Lamishson said.

"Maybe," Tip admitted. "I don't make the company rules."

"Then," Lamishson said, "Miss Bolt will have to put up the ransom money. Her interest in recovering the monkey seems to be greater than your company's. I can't understand any organization professing to be businesslike sitting back and risking losing a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If you found fraud after the monkey was ransomed, you could recover your money."

"Could we?" Tip asked.

"Certainly. Miss Bolt's estate would be open to suit."

"Well," Tip told him, "we don't know whether Miss Bolt has an estate. We don't know enough about her business to know if we could recover our money from her holdings. Perhaps you do."

I sat back and wished I'd thought of that.

WE KICKED it around for a while, but Tip stuck to his original idea: the insurance company wouldn't put up any money until they were satisfied the robbery was on the up and up. Lamishson left. He was sore and he was certain that Miss Bolt would raise the money for the ransom; and after the monkey was back he'd see to it the insurance company got sued for everything but statutory rape.

I told Tip that I didn't know who I was working for on the deal, Miss Bolt or his company, and that it was an ethical question and the Old Man would have to figure it out. Tip told me the monkey's jewels would bring about a hundred thousand if they were pried off and sold separately. A fence would pay about a third to half of that for them, so the thieves had a better bet on the ransom deal. Tip left. The phone rang. Sherry went out in the hall and then called me.

I put the receiver to my ear.

"Mr. Wallace?" It was a high-pitched male voice.

"Yeah," I said. I put my hand over the mouthpiece and talked fast to Sherry. "Get upstairs and get Miss Bolt on the extension. I want to know if she recognizes this voice."

"Mr. Wallace," the voice said, "if I hear the click of the extension, I shall hang up."

"Skip it, Sherry. Come back." She was halfway up the stairs. She came back.

"Talk," I told the voice.

"Yes. Don't try to trace this call, Mr. Wallace."

"How the hell would I trace it?" I asked. "Go on and talk."

"All right. You're interested in the Brass Monkey?"

"Yeah."

There was a high-pitched giggle. "I've changed my plans. Bring the money tonight. First go to the corner of Raymond and Green, at ten o'clock. Park there and a messenger will bring you an envelope. He will know nothing, so don't waste time questioning him. Read the instructions in the envelope and be certain you do not drop it out of the car. Also do not take more than two minutes reading it. If you do, the bargain is off. You will be watched and if you drop the message from your car or take longer than two minutes reading it, you will not be met. Follow the instructions. You must drive the car you are using now and you must put no distinctive markings on it. Be sure all of your lights are in working order and do not add any new ones. Are you getting this?"

"Go on," I said.

The voice giggled. "We have to be very careful. If you follow the instructions you will be met and you will have a chance to satisfy yourself that the monkey is really being turned over to you. We will be armed and watching you."

"What's to prevent you from taking the dough and keeping the monkey?" I asked.

"You must trust me, Mr. Wallace. What else can you do?"

"Okay," I said. I heard the phone click at the other end.

"Was it one of them?" Sherry asked.

"Yeah. I've got to talk to Miss Bolt and then I want to talk to you. Is Morris in shape yet?"

"No. The doctor said he mustn't be disturbed at all."

"Okay. Stick around until I see Miss Bolt."

She was in her room, writing letters. "Miss Bolt," I said, "everybody in this house and nearly everyone in town knew all about your plans to take the Brass Monkey to New York. And everyone in the house knew me before I got here. Don't tell me no."

"Oh, dear," she said. "Debby talks so much."

"How did she find out?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose she snooped around and found the dealer's second letter, and the phone extension is in her room and she might have listened when I called Willie. Maybe she found the magazine with your picture."

"All right," I said. "But why did you try to sell me the idea that no one knew about your plans or me?"

She gave me a blank look.

"All right," I said. "I'll tell you and then you tell me how right I am. You may not want it generally known, but you're pretty smart and you're a cool cookie. You had this deal all figured out. I'll admit you had time to think about it while you were tied up. When I cut you loose, you knew me and you knew I was here in your interests. You knew I wouldn't call the cops if you said no. You knew you stood to make half a million if you could buy the monkey back. And you also knew that a caper like this isn't worked from the outside, and that it must have been cased from the inside. So you pitched me a line about how secret your plans had been so I wouldn't pin the finger job on one of your family. Right?"

"I'm not sure I understand you," she said, "but I told you what I believed: that my plans were unknown and that no one in this house except myself knew you. If you've discovered that they knew about my plans and about you, then I suggest that Debby snooped around and listened to my phone call. But I don't hold with your idea that anyone in this house conspired with the burglars. Debby is curious and interested in everything the least adventurous, and I'm sure her actions were foolish but innocent."

"Okay," I said. "Now I'm going to ask you a question and before you tell me 'nobody' I want you to think carefully and try to remember. Who knew the combination of the safe?"

"Nobody."

"You did."

"Yes," she said, "I did, but no one else."

"And you kept it locked?"

"Of course."

I was tired of her, real tired. "The safe was opened by someone who knew the combination," I told her.

"And you are suggesting someone in this house told the burglars?"

"I'm suggesting someone snooped around and saw the combination and . . ."

"The combination, Mr. Wallace, was not written anyplace and so no one could see it. I learned it from my father and I didn't tell anyone. There is absolutely nothing of value kept in it; it is an old safe and not fireproof and we keep our valuables in a safety-deposit box. I have not opened it, except to put the monkey there, more than two times a year."

"Someone could have watched you open it," I said.

"In the hope that someday the monkey would be there?"

"Not exactly," I said. "Just someone who's curious and interested in anything the least adventurous; someone foolish, but interested."

"I don't like your attitude, Mr. Wallace."

"I know the safe was opened by combination," I said. "Someone told the guy what that combination was. When you showed the monkey to Dr. Rantoul, he watched you open the safe, didn't he?"

"Are you suggesting Dr. Rantoul was in league with the criminals?"

"All right," I sighed, "skip it." I told her about the phone call. "Can you get the hundred and fifty grand in small bills by tonight?"

"I'll go to the bank," she said. "I'm sure I can have them get the money."

I told her about the letter Lamishson had received. "The plans are changed, but if it's a trick, I'll try to save the dough for you. The insurance representative was here," I said, "but they won't put up any money until they're satisfied there was no fraud."

"Fraud?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh," she said. She didn't say anything else. We looked at each other for a while and then I went downstairs. The nurse, a cold-looking dame, was in the kitchen. I asked her about Morris and she told me he was better, but that I shouldn't try to question him unless it was absolutely necessary. I said it wasn't and went into the study. Debby and Sherry were there.

"Hello, Hero," Debby greeted me. I grunted. "How unpleasant can you be?" Debby asked.

She looked nice in slacks and a blouse and shoes that were just soles and some strings to hold them on. Her toenails were red.

"Where's Jimmy?" I asked.

"In the sack," Debby told me. "Late night."

"He'll die of bedsores."

"Or ulcers."

"We didn't see him last night," I said.

"Party in Flintridge," Debby said, and giggled.

"Oh. Well," I said, "while you two are together I want to ask which one of you knew the combination to the safe?"

They looked at each other and then Debby smiled and Sherry smiled and, still smiling, they both looked at me and Sherry said, "Oh, everyone knew about that."

I said, "Oh, God."

THERE was an explanation, of course. Miss Bolt kept the safe set on the next to last number of the combination. In other words, when she closed the safe she ran the combination out to the next to last number. Then, when she wanted to open it, all she had to do was turn the dial to the last number, in this case *left to forty*. Debby and Sherry didn't know why she did it, but they knew she always did—sort of a habit. And everyone knew the last number and could open the safe, if they wanted to, but there was no use opening it because there wasn't anything in it.

"Except the monkey," I said.

Then I went downstairs and kicked it around with Pamela Bolt again, and all that got me was the information that the safe had been set that way after the last time she'd opened it to show the monkey to Doctor Rantoul. And she didn't know, she said, and she didn't believe, she said, that anyone else really knew the last number; and when I told her it was *left to forty*, she suggested I'd guessed. She also confused me with this remarkable deduction:

"Nobody," she said, "ever could have opened the safe even if they knew the last number, because then the combination wouldn't have been set on the next to last number and I would have known that the safe had been opened."

I told her that if someone knew the last number they might just as well have known the whole damn combination and I was damned sick and tired of her and the whole damned household and if she didn't like it she could call the Old Man and have him take me off the case, and in any event she ought to be on her way to the bank. Then I took a deep breath and said, "And if the arrangements for me meeting the monkey man tonight get snooped out and become the common knowledge of the City of Pasadena, I'm not responsible. If you've got any authority, I want you to forbid anyone to leave this house until I'm back from my errand tonight."

I slammed the door on my way out. Sherry told me the only phone extension was in Debby's room, and I went in there and fixed it so it was useless. I phoned Lamishson from the downstairs phone and told him that the plans had been changed and he was to meet Miss Bolt at her bank in half an hour. I didn't do anything to the phone because I intended to keep my eye on it and I might need it anyway.

Miss Bolt came down while I was standing in the hall after my call to Lamishson. "I'm going to the bank and I've forbidden anyone else to leave the house." She didn't wait for my answer; she went past me like I was a bad odor. I retreated into the study and tried to think.

A lot of things happened that afternoon. Ted and Benny came in with their reports. Ted had found two of our dead guys in the rogue pictures. Both were small-time grifters who'd been up for a lot of things, including armed robbery and con schemes. That took care of the scar-face and the thin man. There wasn't anything on the blond in the police files in L.A. Benny had that.

The blond kid had been a flyer during the war. He had a wife and a ten-month-old kid at the Pasadena address. He'd worked at a lot of jobs since his discharge and he'd quit every one of them. He'd been in police trouble once: stealing from parked cars; and he'd drawn probation. It was the old story of a guy unable to take a comedown; easy meat for a deal like the monkey caper. Benny also told me the blond kid could have been friendly with the Bolt kids and, through them, Sherry. He patronized the same bars.

The rope and drill and bit had been bought in Pasadena by the blond kid the day before the heist. The panel truck had been bought from an L.A. dealer a week before by a tall thin guy who paid cash.

"That's funny, huh?" Ted said.

"No, it's smart," I told him. "Why run into law trouble because of a hot car when you're in a hundred-and-fifty-grand caper? The only funny part is that plans were being made before Miss Bolt had the monkey brought here from the museum. This job was cased well and early."

"Maybe you could tell us about the job?" Benny asked, and I remembered that neither of them knew the details of the lift. I told them. Then Ted told me he hadn't found anyone who saw the panel truck drive into the place. I heard someone come down the stairs and I went into the hall. Debby was at the phone. I walked over and took it out of her hands.

"Mine won't work," she said. "I have to call a guy."

"What guy?"

"Just a guy who might take me out tonight."

"You aren't going out tonight," I told her. "And you aren't going to phone."

"But Aunt Pam said we just had to stay in this afternoon."

"Aunt Pam talks through the hole in her head. Nobody goes out, nobody phones."

"I'm a prisoner?" Debby asked.

"Of love," I told her. "Go back upstairs."

"All right, Hero. How come Aunt Pam is getting the money so early? Have the plans been changed?"

"What plans?"

"About the ransom."

"Go upstairs," I said. I slapped her fanny when she walked past and she turned and smiled a promise at me. She was a cute kid. I went back to the study.

"I'm going to have to talk turkey to that redhead," I said.

"Nice work," Ted told me.

"Yeah. But this will be business." I told them that Sherry had been around when Lamishson brought the letter and also when the flab had called me. "I guess she's put two and two together and is shooting off her mouth about it."

Ted and Benny didn't know anything about the letter or the phone call, so I told them about both.

"And you're going on this junket?" Ted asked.

"What else?"

"Ought to be a cinch to crack, huh?"

"I know it looks that way," I said, "but it won't work out. He's got a smart plan."

"But, look, Duke," Benny said. "This flab doesn't know that we've connected the three dead guys to this deal. He thinks you figure he's got helpers still. But now he's solo. So why don't we load the meeting place with guns and put on a surprise party of our own?"

"How?" I asked.

"Well, it's easy to figure his plan. He sends you the instructions, then he hightails it to the meeting place. Your instructions are to take a long roundabout way to the meeting spot, see? Okay, we follow you until the guy has to break and make the meeting spot himself."

"And he won't be there," I said. "Because he'll see you following."

"Then that's out. But don't forget he's solo."

"How about this?" Ted said. "Suppose he's watching when you get the instructions and you can't throw them out of the car. How far can he watch? Suppose we case the deal at that corner and pick a spot in every direction you can go. When you pass that spot you throw out the instructions and we'll get them. If he's solo he won't be able to watch you for far, unless he follows you, and if he does that we'll pick him off."

"I'll give you that," I said. "We could pull in enough men to pick him up if he follows me, say one car full parked along every route I could possibly take away from that corner. But after we pick him up, what? Where's the monkey? He won't be carrying it, you can bet. It'll be parked someplace and he'll pick it up just before he goes to the final meeting spot. I know we ought to grab him for the murders, but I'd like to get that monkey back first. If I don't, it's gone for good.

"It's a smart plan. I'll probably be driving around for an hour and I'll be following a set of complicated instructions that I couldn't throw out if I wanted to. Even if I know right away where I'm finally going to end up, he'll have at least four or five places to check me and if I'm followed when I pass his check points or if I don't pass them he'll know something is wrong and we can kiss the monkey good-by. He won't try again. He'll be hot and he'll be anxious to take what a fence will give him for the stones and blow. At that it'll be more than he would have had if he split with the other three. I don't think there's any way we can beat him. He'll have me covered the minute we meet and he'll be far enough away so I can't grab him and close enough so he can drill me. He's killed three guys, you know."

"Yeah," Ted said, "and it might just suit him to knock you off and take the dough and keep the monkey."

"On that cheerful note," I said, "we adjourn. Watch front and back so no one leaves, also the phone. A guy facing death is entitled to some fun; I'm going up and talk to Sherry."

I DIDN'T knock; I walked in; she was on the bed, reading, fully dressed. I walked over and sat down next to her. "Don't you like me, Sherry?" I asked.

"Of course I like you."

"Then why do you keep shooting that lovely mouth off?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You told Debby about the ransom letter," I said. "You also told her I got a phone call from one of the burglars. And you told her the plans for the ransom had been changed. Right?"

"Wrong. I told her about the letter, but I didn't know what it said. I told her you got a phone call from one of the burglars, but I didn't know what he said. I didn't tell her there was any change in the plans."

"So she figured it out," I said. "You told her the monkey was going to be ransomed?" She nodded. "Why?"

"But why not? We're all curious and we're all interested."

I was patient. I told her that someone inside the house had been the burglars' source of information. I told her the heist crowd knew too much about the Bolt family routines and habits to have come into the deal cold. I told her the burglars had known about the combination. And I told her I thought she might have been the good little fairy who told them all the things.

"I didn't. I didn't at all. Why, I think you're hateful to even think I'd do such a thing."

"You told Debby about Miss Bolt's secret plans," I said.

"Oh, that. Debby knew; she just came to me to see if she'd got all the details."

"Oh. And how did she know?"

"The same way all the rest of us knew," Sherry said. "Aunt Pam doesn't have any secrets, but we let her think she does. Why, we wouldn't dare let her keep secrets, she does such silly things."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Silly investments and things like that. We have to know what she's up to, because whenever she tries something we think is silly, we tell Herbert and he stops her."

"Was selling the monkey silly?" I asked.

"No. And we didn't try to stop her, either. We didn't tell Herbert."

"So you all snoop around into her business and if she is acting silly you tell Herbert and he stops her?"

"I told you that."

"So you did," I said. I started to get up.

"Where are you going?"

"Downstairs."

"Why?"

"I don't know," I said.

I went downstairs. Ted was in the study. "Benny's in the kitchen," he told me. I went back and got him, and when we were back in the study, I told them my idea.

"The guy can't afford to wait until a few minutes of ten to line up his messenger, and he can't afford to use anyone who knows him, because it isn't hard to figure we'll grab whoever he sends and sweat him a bit."

"All right," Ted said.

"So," I went on, "you and Benny visit every messenger service in town including Western Union and find out if any arrangement has been made about a boy to meet our guy about ten of ten tonight."

"How do we get this information?"

"Do you know any law in this town who might be willing to go around with you and act official and keep quiet?"

Benny said, "I know a plain-clothes who used to work with Burns when I did. He might want to do me a favor."

"Get him. And get going. If the guy hasn't made his arrangement yet, keep going back, or have the messenger outfit phone you; Ted can hold a spot near a phone."

"And when and if we get this information?" Benny asked.

"You'll be right behind the messenger boy when he keeps his date. And then you get behind the guy he meets and stay with him. It's going to be very tough, but don't let him spot you and don't lose him."

"Well . . ." Ted started.

"I'm not asking you if you can do it, I'm telling you to try. If you tip to him we lose the monkey. Maybe."

"Maybe?"

"Get going," I said.

They left and I sat in the study and tried to think. I made a list of the way the people in the Bolt house had been tied, the probable order. It didn't help. Then I made a list of which pair had tied each person. But that wasn't complete because I hadn't talked to Morris. I went upstairs to his room. The nurse was against it, but I told her it was important. Morris looked pale and there was a bandage around his head. But he was able to talk.

He'd been in the living room, he said, straightening up. He usually did that in the morning, first thing. He hadn't heard anything until a man walked up behind him and grabbed his arms. He said he struggled and tried to turn around to see the man, and then another man, a short, dark man with a scar on his cheek, put a gag in his mouth. Morris said he broke away from the man who had his arms and turned and looked at him. It was the blond kid. Morris tried to run into the hall and someone out there said, "Don't let him out here, you fools." And then something hit him and he didn't remember anything else.

"How about the voice?" I asked.

"It was high-pitched and it sounded familiar."

"Did you recognize it as someone you know?" I asked.

"No," he said. "But I think I heard it before. I'm not sure."

He didn't have anything else to tell me. I went down to Sherry's room. She was mad at me. "Roll your hoop, coward," she told me.

"When was the monkey in the house before this time?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"Think," I told her.

"Oh, all right." She thought. I waited. "It came back just after V-J Day."

"Back from where?"

"From wherever it was; I don't know—a museum, I guess. And then it went to the other museum."

"Right away?" I asked.

"Oh, Duke, I don't know. It was here for a while, I guess. A week or so."

"Did you see it?"

"Yes, I saw it when it arrived, but I didn't see it leave. I saw it at the Eastern Museum later. We all did. Is that all?"

"For now," I said. "I'll be back, honey."

"Promise?"

"Yeah."

I went down and called Lamishson's office. He was in court. I called Dr. Rantoul. He was out.

"Is he married?" I asked.

"Well, really . . ."

"It's an independent survey," I said. "We're trying to find out what type women doctors marry."

"Very funny. They marry the female type and Dr. Rantoul isn't married and it isn't any of your business."

I hung up, went back to the study, and completed my list with the information Morris had given me. Then I tore it up and made a list of the differences between Debby and Sherry, so far as I knew them. Miss Bolt came in.

She put a box on the couch. It was somewhat bigger than a shoe box and it was wrapped in brown paper and tied neatly with heavy string.

"There's the money," she told me. "Will you want to count it?"

"Did you?" I asked.

"The bank did."

"Then I won't. Did you meet Herbert?"

"No," she said. "He didn't show up."

"Well," I said, "we'll get the monkey back tonight."

"Yes," she said. "I hope so."

I had the damnedest feeling that she didn't hope so, that she didn't care if the monkey never came back. I had the feeling she didn't care if I didn't, either.

THAT was at four o'clock in the afternoon. I sat in the study for about an hour making more lists. First I made several lists of different ways to make up a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in small bills. I figured hundreds and under were small bills. The list I liked best totaled three thousand bills. Some lists had less and some had more, but that one I liked best. Then I made a stack of all the bills in my wallet, ten in all, four of them ones. And then I tried to imagine how high the stack would be if I had two thousand, nine hundred, and ninety more to pile up.

All of which proved nothing.

Then I wondered why I didn't go tell Sherry to pack a few essentials, grab her coat, and meet me in the study. And I wondered why I wouldn't take the box under one arm and Sherry's hand in mine and walk casually out to the car and drive away to Mexico. And then I spent some time daydreaming about what we'd do in

Mexico—besides what you're thinking, I mean. And all the time I knew damned well why I didn't do any of those things. And it wasn't because Sherry wouldn't have gone.

The phone rang and I went out and answered it. It was Benny. "Got it," he said. "Ace Messenger . . ."

"I don't give a damn about the details. Are you sure?"

"Yeah." He sounded hurt.

"You know what to do?"

"Yeah. We cased that corner. Gas station on one side, freight warehouse on the diagonal, another warehouse across from that."

"The other one?"

"Nothing. Railroad tracks end on the other side. And there's a movie house up on Colorado, around the corner from Raymond, so there'll be plenty of parked cars around."

"Sounds okay," I said. "Don't blow it."

"Try not to, Duke."

"Nice of you." I hung up.

I went up to talk to Jimmy, but his room was empty. He wasn't in Debby's or Miss Bolt's, so I went to Sherry's.

"He went out," Sherry told me.

"Miss Bolt said no one was to go out."

"She didn't tell Jimmy; he was asleep."

"Didn't you tell him?"

She shook her head. "I didn't see him. Debby was supposed to tell him. But he wouldn't pay any attention to her."

"Damn," I said. "The guy spends more time in bed than anyone I've ever seen. I haven't seen him since I woke him up to find out who tied him up."

"He's out most of the night and sleeps most of the day."

"Nice arrangement. I'll see you tomorrow, maybe."

"Good-by, coward."

"I'll make you eat those words, honey."

I got the package from the study and took it out to the car. Back at the hotel, I tossed it on the bed and ordered a setup from room service and, when it came, I fixed a long drink and tried to take up thinking where I'd left off in the study. It didn't do me any good. We hadn't been on the case long enough to know everything we should have. Later, when the ransom was paid and the monkey back, or even if we didn't get it back, we'd start digging. Then we'd find out things like how deep Jimmy was into the bookies and how much Debby needed cash. We'd dig into Miss Bolt's affairs and see how she stood financially, and the same with Morris and Mrs. Williams and the maid and Lamishson and Dr. Rantoul. The insurance company would foot the bill because they'd go a long way to prove fraud or to recover the monkey or the dough. In two days you couldn't solve anything. Unless it was open and shut, and this wasn't.

I had my own theory, and I found out later how wrong it was. But at that time, I was pretty sold on it. I was making another list; it read:

Rantoul and Miss Bolt
Sherry White
Herbert Lamishson
Debby
Jimmy
Mrs. Williams

That's as far as I got when the phone rang. It was seven-thirty.

"Duke?"

"Yeah. What is it, Benny?"

"I think your caper is off for tonight."

"Somebody got the flab?" I asked.

"Yeah. You know about it?"

"I guessed," I said. "It figures, you know."

"Uh-huh."

"Who was he?"

"Timmion Arkaian, suspected fence; he ran a jewelry drop in town here."

"How'd he get it, Benny?" I asked.

"Messy. Head beat in with a poker."

"When?"

"Four, five o'clock this afternoon. I was with my plain-clothes pal and Ted was holding the Ace spot and my pal got a rush call. I went along and it turned out to be Arkaian. He was in a room he'd rented about two weeks ago. Private residence on Wilson Street, but there was nobody home when he got it. The woman of the house got there about seven and saw Arkaian's door open and went in. Pulled a blackout when she saw him and came to and called for cops. What makes him our boy is the envelope full of typewritten instructions they find in his coat pocket. You would have had quite a drive."

"Any monkey?" I asked.

"No. Maybe it's in his jewelry store. I haven't let on I'm interested in it."

"Anything else?" I asked.

"Yeah. The guy had a gun—this Arkaian, I mean—and it put out one slug before he got smashed. We get a tough break on it because it's in the woodwork."

"Could you get me in as a spectator?"

"I'll get you in some way. Come on over. The stiff's gone, though."

"Just as well." I hung up, got my package, and went down to the car. The Wilson Street address was a Spanish-type house, stucco and red-tile roof. I parked and Benny came out of the front door.

"Around the side," he told me. "The room has a separate entrance."

It was up a set of tile steps, a square room with a fireplace and connecting bathroom. The rug near the fireplace was stained and a small table lay on its side, a vase splintered near it. Benny pointed to the scarred woodwork where the slug had been dug out.

"They're going to frisk his shop?" I asked.

"Yeah. They're in getting the woman's statement in writing. Then they'll case his apartment; if he's still got one."

"Meaning?"

"His identification gives the Winston Arms," Benny said. "They're going over there, next."

"They'll find it searched," I said. "He was hiding out here. When will they crack the store?"

"I don't know. Soon, I guess. They got the keys to the store off the stiff."

"Let's go. The monkey went with the killer, or he'd have the keys."

Benny went in to tell his pal so long, and I went out to the car. I pushed the package onto the floor. Benny got in and I drove a block to a drugstore. "Wait," I told Benny.

Inside, I went into the phone booth and called Dr. Rantoul's office. There was no answer.

I dialed his home phone. The doc's voice said, "Dr. Rantoul speaking."

I said, "Duke Wallace. Where were you this afternoon about three to five, say?"

"I was at the Huntington Hospital all afternoon. Why are you asking?"

I hung up and called the Huntington Hospital. It took a police impersonation and twenty minutes to establish the fact that Dr. Rantoul had spent the afternoon there and could not have left unnoticed for any period longer than ten minutes. I went back to the car.

We drove downtown again and parked. We went into a bar and ordered a drink.

"Did Miss Bolt really get the dough, Duke?"

"She said she did," I told him.

"Then I guess she did. She gave twenty-five grand to that cancer drive, so I guess she can afford the monkey. When were you going to pick up the dough?"

"It's out in the car." I swallowed half my drink. "When did she give the dough?"

"Couple of weeks ago. It was in the paper. Her old man died of cancer, and she . . ."

"Oh, my God," I said.

"What's the matter?"

"I left a hundred and fifty grand out in my car, and it's real money!"

I DROPPED the glass and rushed out to the car. The package was still there. I sat down and tried to stop shaking. Benny came out and joined me.

"You nuts?" he asked. "You broke the glass. I had to pay for it."

"Benny," I told him, "don't ever get to thinking anyone is smarter than you. I did. I had this caper figured from the word go and let Tip Nicholas change my mind. I ought to knock his head in. Let's go."

"Where?"

"Get rid of this dough. I never carried so much long green around before and it might corrupt me."

I drove up Lake to the Bolt house and parked. "Wait," I told Benny. I went in without ringing the doorbell. Miss Bolt and Sherry were in the living room. I put the package on the floor in front of Miss Bolt.

"I don't need the money," I told her. "The guy who was supposed to pick it up is dead. Murdered."

She looked startled and her hand jerked up to her mouth.

"Yeah. I know most of it now, Miss Bolt. I'll see you about it later."

"Where are you going?" Sherry asked.

I turned at the door. "To get the monkey."

I went out to the car. I drove down Lake to a drugstore and went in and looked up an address. Then I went back to the car and drove down to Walnut Street; the address I wanted was an apartment house on that street near Los Robles. I parked. "You heeled, Benny?" I asked.

"Yeah." He patted his chest.

"You'll need it closer. Come on."

We walked up to the door and I found the name I wanted. Apartment 7. It was on the third floor. We walked up and I knocked on the door and Herbert Lamishson opened it.

"Take him, Benny," I said.

Benny moved in and motioned at Lamishson with his gun. "Back in," he said.

Lamishson stepped back. I saw it coming, but I was too late and Benny was too impressed by the fact that he held the only gun in sight. Lamishson's move was fast and my only excuse is that Benny was in front of me. The vase Lamishson grabbed from the entry-hall table cracked against Benny's head and splintered and a piece caught me on the forehead. I blinked and threw my arm up and by that time Benny was down and Lamishson threw a left at me that caught me on the temple. I staggered forward and fell across Benny, and Lamishson helped me down with a hard blow on the back of my neck. For an instant it was black, but I could hear the sound of Lamishson's foot against Benny's side. I ducked and tried to crawl forward. Lamishson let me. He was taking his time and he wanted me in so he could close the door. I heard it slam while I was trying to get up. I didn't make it. A hard leather-covered foot smacked against my ribs and the wind grunted out of me.

He aimed another and I rolled with it, but it hurt just the same. He made his big mistake then by trying to go for the gun Benny had dropped. He got it, but I was on his back when he straightened up. I didn't stay long. I tried to anchor my hands in his throat, but he got a finger and twisted and I let go and he turned and hit me a glancing blow with the gun that tore a gash on my cheek, and the blood started. I put everything I had into a short left into his paunch and he grunted and backed and I followed, trying to get the gun. I remember thinking that sooner or later he was going to shoot; he didn't want to, he wasn't going to unless he had to, because, once he did, he was sunk. He wasn't quite ready to run, then. I moved in close, expecting to hear the gun and not hearing it, but feeling it as he bashed at my head with it. I took it on the shoulder, a sharp driving pain that shot down and along my arm. Then I was close and hanging on and my left was working into his stomach and he tensed against me and I knew he was going to blast and I got both my hands on his gun wrist and turned and twisted while he beat at me with his free hand. I threw myself backwards and we went down and I'm not sure just how or what happened, but I heard the gun and felt the jolt in his body and smelled the rank warm smell of cordite and he relaxed; and blood, not mine, soaked into the cloth of my coat.

I stayed there, trying to get the strength to push his body off mine, and finally I opened my eyes and Benny was up staring down at me.

"You did fine," I told him. "Real fine."

He didn't say anything. He rolled Lamishson off me and helped me stand up. I didn't have to look to know Lamishson was dead.

"Let's find the monkey," I said. We walked down a short hallway to the bedroom. There was a bag half packed in the bed and on the floor there was a leather-bound case. Inside was the monkey.

I didn't touch it. Benny didn't say anything and we went back to the front room. There was a lot of activity in the hall outside.

"We're going to have the law on us," I said. "We might as well call them." Benny dialed the number and I waited, collapsed in an easy chair, until the cops arrived.

THE cops were dubious about our story, but they found a suit of Lamishson's that was spotted with blood, and the monkey, so they hauled us down to the station and I told them the whole story. Then I told it five times more, and at three in the morning they let me call the Agency lawyer. He took an hour and a half to get over to Pasadena. Because of his name and reputation, the cops let me out. I knew they put a tail on me, but I didn't care. All I did was go to the hotel and go to bed.

In the morning, the Old Man called.

"Duke," he said, "I'm sorry as hell about this."

"It was nothing," I said.

"What? Anyway, I want you to know that the man responsible has been fired. I won't tolerate a thing like this, although, in a way, it was a natural mistake."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"No, of course not. I'll explain. I sent a man, a trusted operator, down to check on Josef Kliner. He reported yesterday that while there is a jewelry store with the name Josef Kliner, Kliner himself has been dead for three years. I sent him back to find out who made the offer. He reported just as I was leaving at six; he said no one in the store knew anything about it. I went down myself. The store is not the address you gave me. The address you gave me is next door and that is a mail drop—a mailing service."

"I know what a mail drop is," I said.

"Of course it was closed at that hour, so it wasn't until this morning that I could check into it. This establishment had received a fee by mail from Pasadena to receive mail and letters for a Josef Kliner. They keep a record. They mailed two letters and received two, altogether. Both incoming were incoming from Miss Bolt, both outgoing were to Miss Bolt. They sent *her* letters to Josef Kliner, General Delivery, Pasadena."

"It fits," I said. "But this caper is over." I told him the story.

"I see," he said, when I'd finished. "Do whatever you can for Miss Bolt, Duke, and then report to me. I'll have something for you."

"Okay, Willie," I said. "Tell me one thing."

"Stop that 'Willie' business. What is it?"

"Did the old man ever let you into the house to court her?"

He hung up. I went to the Bolt house. Miss Bolt was in her room and Sherry was with her.

Miss Bolt didn't act pleased to see me.

"The police called you?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You know Lamishson is dead?"

"I was told you people killed him."

"One of those things," I said. "Self-defense."

"He was unarmed."

"I don't like the way things turned out any more than you do, Miss Bolt. I'd much rather have seen Lamishson tried for Arkaian's death."

"Arkaian?"

"The guy who bossed the monkey business," I said.

"Sherry, I want to talk to Mr. Wallace alone."

"No," I said. "You stick around, Sherry. Miss Bolt shouldn't get off of everything. You see, she's sort of responsible."

There was a long silence. "Well," I said.

"Stay, Sherry. I suppose I am responsible."

"Shall I tell about it, Miss Bolt?" I asked.

"Yes, I really don't know the details, whatever you may think."

"Why did Lamishson need money?"

"He'd misappropriated some of my funds and forged my power of attorney to do it."

"When did you find out?" I asked.

"Several months ago."

"And you didn't say anything, or do anything about it?"

"No," she said. "Money in . . . well . . . Herbert is—was—a very dear friend. I hoped he'd be able to make up the loss before the annual audit. You see, I couldn't stop the audit."

"So you didn't tell him you knew?"

"I didn't."

"But he had to get dough to cover the loss, and he knew Arkaian. I don't know how (we found, later, that Lamishson had defended Arkaian on a 'receiving stolen goods' charge and got him off), but he knew Arkaian was a crook. He also knew all about this house and the habits of the people in it; things like the way you left your safe and where everyone would be likely to be at eight-thirty in the morning. And he knew the monkey was insured for three hundred grand. He also knew you'd sell the monkey if you were offered enough for it."

"He asked me once if I would sell it," Miss Bolt said, "and I told him that I would for five hundred thousand."

"So he knew how much would tempt you. He arranged for you to get what looked like an offer from a New York dealer. Incidentally, there isn't any New York dealer, Miss Bolt; it was just Lamishson's way to get the monkey into the house and out of the museum. You bit; he had his fake dealer insist on delivery to New York, because he knew how you'd react to that. And you did just as he expected. Arkaian was all lined up and waiting and all the plans were made. Then the monkey arrived from the museum on Friday. I don't know why they waited until Tuesday, but . . ."

"Saturday the cleaners and window washers come in the morning," Sherry said, "and Sunday morning Mr. and Mrs. Robers stop by and take Miss Bolt and me to church."

"What about Monday?"

"The woman who does the wash."

"Okay, that's why they waited until Tuesday. I wasn't due until Thursday according to the Old Man. Arkaian had his three helpers all rigged, and Tuesday they moved in and took the monkey. They drilled the safe to make it look like an outside deal, but they were a bunch of amateurs on that and muffed it. They slugged Morris because Arkaian was afraid Morris would know him if he saw him. Morris says Arkaian's voice was familiar, but I don't know if or when Morris saw the guy."

"Morris goes to trials on his days off," Sherry offered.

"Maybe," I said. "So, anyway, they pulled the heist. Then they hid out in a shack near Rosemead and when the rest got stiff enough, Arkaian killed them."

"Oh, no," Miss Bolt said.

"Yeah. And I think he saw me out with Debby earlier and heard her telling people who I was. Anybody within the city limits would have heard. So to complete his double-cross, he called me and made new arrangements for the ransom. Originally, it was going to be Lamishson's deal. He'd take the ransom dough and take his share out before turning it over. And the monkey would have been returned. But under Arkaian's double-cross we were supposed to pay the dough and he'd keep the monkey. When I called Lamishson and told him the change in the pay-off, he knew he was being double-crossed and he went hunting Arkaian. That's why he didn't meet you at the bank. He found him, killed him, and took the monkey. He was pulling out when Benny and I called on him. End of story."

"But . . ." Sherry started.

"Miss Bolt's part?" I asked. "Well, when did you know it was Lamishson, Miss Bolt?"

"Not until you insisted that someone in this house had informed the thieves," she said. "Of course I wasn't sure, even then."

"You were damned near positive and you kept quiet about Lamishson's needing dough. If you'd told me, I'd have collared Lamishson right away; like milking a cow—grab and pull and he'd have spilt."

"He was a very dear friend."

"As it was, I had it all figured that you and the Doc were playing it together."

"Dr. Rantoul?"

"He fitted in every way but the Arkaian killing," I said. "At least he did with you holding the key fact. Lamishson may have been a dear friend, but he was a lawyer and he was smart enough to know that the insurance company would never put up the ransom dough the way things looked. So he was taking you, not the insurance outfit, and he knew it. But you would have kept quiet anyway, and you'd have let it work if Arkaian hadn't been greedy. You'd have let it work even if the insurance company never paid you."

"Mr. Lamishson was a very dear friend, Mr. Wallace; I could have given him the money, but he wouldn't ask and I couldn't hurt him by telling him I knew of his need."

"Then I let Tip Nicholas put me off with his remark about maybe you couldn't raise any dough," I said. "I put you and Rantoul together in the deal, and I didn't think you got the dough from the bank. I thought it was fake, newspapers or something."

"But what . . . ?"

"I might have been in Mexico right now. Is there anything you want me to do?"

"Must everything . . . ? I mean . . ."

"I didn't tell the police I knew you knew it was Lamishson," I said. "But I'll put it in my report. I'm sure Willie will keep it quiet. He's a very dear friend, too, isn't he?"

"You may laugh at friendship, Mr. Wallace, but it is a very rare and . . ."

"Good-by, Miss Bolt," I said; and I walked out. Sherry followed me. "Good-by to you, too, redhead," I said.

"But why?"

"Because if Miss Bolt knew about Lamishson's shortage, you did, too. And so you knew he was behind the monkey business. And you didn't tell me. You made me promises with your eyes, and didn't tell me."

"I didn't, Duke. I didn't have the slightest idea. Honest. I guess Pamela had some secrets, after all. Don't you believe me?"

I looked down into her big green eyes and I believed her. I kissed her. "I'll be around tonight to collect those promises, honey."

"All right, darling. I'll be waiting."

I went back to the hotel.

I INTENDED to keep my date with Sherry. I called the police station and found out that I would have to appear before an inquiry deal, but it wasn't serious. Then I had a drink and went to bed. I wanted to be in good shape. The desk called me at six. I cleaned up and ate and went back to the room to call and tell Sherry I'd be there in thirty minutes when there was a knock on the door. I answered it. It was glamour puss.

"Darling," she said, pushing me back so she could get inside the room. "Where the hell have you been, darling? I've combed the city. The detective who took your place is an awful pill, sweetheart."

"I . . ."

"I've been so lost without you, dearest. My, this room isn't going to be large enough. They have cottage things here. I'll get one for us. What's the matter, honey?"

"I have to make a phone call," I said.

"Go ahead. You look good enough to eat, baby. Shall we go out for a while? Not too late, though. Oh, angel, I was *so* low when you left . . ."

She went on and I picked up the phone and gave the Bolt number. I had to tell Sherry I wouldn't be there.

"This," I thought, "is where I came in."

The Snows of Kilimanjaro

Continued from page 37

"I can't listen to it," he said. "Talking is the easiest. We quarrel and that makes the time pass."

"I don't quarrel. I never want to quarrel. Let's not quarrel any more. No matter how nervous we get. Maybe they will be back with another truck today. Maybe the plane will come."

"I don't want to move," the man said. "There is no sense in moving now except to make it easier for you."

"That's cowardly."

"Can't you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names? What's the use of slanging me?"

"You're not going to die."

"Don't be silly. I'm dying now. Ask those bastards." He looked over to where the huge, filthy birds sat, their naked heads sunk in the bunched feathers. A fourth planed down, to run quick-legged and then waddle slowly towards the others.

"They are around every camp. You never notice them. You can't die if you don't give up."

"Where did you read that? You're such a bloody fool."

"You might think about someone else."

"For Christ's sake," he said. "That's been my trade." He lay then and was quiet for a while and looked across the heat shimmer of the plain to the edge of the bush. There were a few Tommies that showed minute and white against the yellow and, far off, he saw a herd of zebra, white against the green of the bush. This was a pleasant camp under big trees against a hill, with good water, and, close by, a nearly dry water hole where sand grouse flighted in the mornings.

"Wouldn't you like me to read?" she asked. She was sitting on a canvas chair beside his cot. "There's a breeze coming up."

"No thanks."

"Maybe the truck will come."

"I don't give a damn about the truck."

"I do."

"You give a damn about so many things that I don't."

"Not so many, Harry."

"What about a drink?"

"It's supposed to be bad for you. It said in Black's to avoid all alcohol. You shouldn't drink."

"Molo!" he shouted.

"Yes Bwana."

"Bring whiskey-soda."

"Yes Bwana."

"You shouldn't," she said. "That's what I mean by giving up. It says it's bad for you. I know it's bad for you."

"No," he said. "It's good for me."

So now it was all over, he thought. So now he would never have a chance to finish it. So this was the way it ended in a bickering over a drink. Since the gangrene started in his right leg he had no pain and with the pain the horror had gone and all he felt now was a great tiredness and anger that this was the end of it. For this, that now was coming, he had very little curiosity. For years it had obsessed him; but now it meant nothing in itself. It was strange how easy being tired enough made it.

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting. Well he would never know, now.

"I wish we'd never come," the woman said. She was looking at him holding the glass and biting her lip. "You never would have gotten anything like this in Paris. You always said you loved Paris. We could have stayed in Paris or gone anywhere. I'd have gone anywhere. I said I'd go anywhere you wanted. If you wanted to shoot we could have gone shooting in Hungary and been comfortable."

"Your bloody money," he said.

"That's not fair," she said. "It was always yours as much as mine. I left everything and I went wherever you wanted to go and I've done what you wanted to do. But I wish we'd never come here."

"You said you loved it."

"I did when you were all right. But now I hate it. I don't see why that had to happen to your leg. What have we done to have that happen to us?"

"I suppose what I did was to forget to put iodine on it when I first scratched it. Then I didn't pay any attention to it because I never infect. Then, later, when it got bad, it was probably using that weak carbolic solution when the other antiseptics ran out that paralyzed the minute blood vessels and started the gangrene." He looked at her. "What else?"

"I don't mean that."

"If we would have hired a good mechanic instead of a half baked kikuyu driver, he would have checked the oil and never burned out that bearing in the truck."

"I don't mean that."

"If you hadn't left your own people, your goddamned old Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on——"

"Why I loved you. That's not fair. I love you now. I'll always love you. Don't you love me?"

"No," said the man. "I don't think so. I never have."

"Harry, what are you saying? You're out of your head."

"No. I haven't any head to go out of."

"Don't drink that," she said. "Darling, please don't drink that. We have to do everything we can."

"You do it," he said. "I'm tired."

Now in his mind he saw a railway station at Karagatch and he was standing with his pack and that was the headlight of the Simplon-Orient cutting the dark now and he was leaving Thrace then after the retreat. That was one of the things he had saved to write, with, in the morning at breakfast, looking out the window and seeing snow on the mountains in Bulgaria and Nansen's Secretary asking the old man if it were snow and the old man looking at it and saying, No, that's not snow. It's too early for snow. And the Secretary repeating to the other girls, No, you see. It's not snow and them all saying, It's not snow we were mistaken. But it was the snow all right and he sent them on into it when he evolved exchange of populations. And it was snow they tramped along in until they died that winter.

It was snow too that fell all Christmas week that year up in the Gauertal, that year they lived in the woodcutter's house with the big square porcelain stove that filled half the room, and they slept on mattresses filled with beech leaves, the time the deserter came with his feet bloody in the snow. He said the police were right behind him and they gave him woolen socks and held the gendarmes talking until the tracks had drifted over. In Schruns, on Christmas day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the weinstub and saw everyone coming home from church. That was where they walked up the sleigh-smoothed urine-yellowed road along the river with the steep pine hills, skis heavy on the shoulder, and where they ran that great run down the glacier above the Madlener-haus, the snow as smooth to see as cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless rush the speed made as you dropped down like a bird. They were snowbound a week in the Madlener-haus that time in the blizzard playing cards in the smoke by the lantern light and the stakes were higher all the time as Herr Lent lost more. Finally he lost it all. Everything, the skischule money and all the season's profit and then his capital. He could see him with his long nose, picking up the cards and then opening, "Sans Voir." There was always gambling then. When there was no snow you gambled and when there was too much you gambled. He thought of all the time in his life he had spent gambling. But he had never written a line of that, nor of that cold, bright Christmas day with the mountains showing across the plain that Barker had flown across the lines to bomb the Austrian officers' leave train, machine-gunning them as they scattered and ran. He remembered Barker afterwards coming into the mess and starting to tell about it. And how quiet it got and then somebody saying, "You bloody, murderous bastard." Those were the same Austrians they killed then that he skied with later. No not the same. Hans, that he skied with all that year, had been in the Kaiser-Jägers and when they went hunting hares together up the little valley above the sawmill they had talked of the fighting on Pasubio and of the attack on Pertica and Asalone and he had never written a word of that. Nor of Monte Corno, nor the Siete Communi, nor of Arsiero. How many winters had he lived in the Vorarlberg and the Arlberg? It was four and then he remembered the man who had the fox to sell when they had walked into Bludenz, that time to buy presents, and the cherry pit taste of good kirsch, the fast-slipping rush of running powder-snow on crust, singing "Hi Ho said Rolly!" as you ran down the last stretch to the steep drop, taking it straight, then running the orchard in three turns and out across the ditch and onto the icy road behind the inn. Knocking your bindings loose, kicking the skis free and leaning them up against the wooden wall of the inn, the lamplight coming from the window where inside, in the smoky, new-wine smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion.

"Where did we stay in Paris?" he asked the woman who was sitting by him in a canvas chair, now, in Africa.

"At the Crillon. You know that."

"Why do I know that?"

"That's where we always stayed."

"No. Not always."

"There and at the Pavillon Henri-Quatre in St. Germain. You said you loved it there."

"Love is a dunghill," said Harry. "And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow."

"If you have to go away," she said, "is it absolutely necessary to kill off everything you leave behind? I mean do you have to take away everything? Do you have to kill your horse, and your wife and burn your saddle and your armour?"

"Yes," he said. "Your damned money was my armour. My Swift and My Armour."

"Don't."

"All right. I'll stop that. I don't want to hurt you."

"It's a little bit late now."

"All right then. I'll go on hurting you. It's more amusing. The only thing I ever really liked to do with you I can't do now."

"No, that's not true. You liked to do many things and everything you wanted to do I did."

"Oh for Christ sake stop bragging will you?"

He looked at her and saw her crying.

"Listen," he said. "Do you think that it is fun to do this? I don't know why I'm doing it. It's trying to kill to keep yourself alive I imagine. I was all right when we started talking. I didn't mean to start this, and now I'm crazy as a coot and being as cruel to you as I can be. Don't pay any attention, darling, to what I say. I love you, really. You know I love you. I've never loved anyone else the way I love you." He slipped into the familiar lie he made his bread and butter by.

"You're sweet to me."

"You bitch," he said. "You rich bitch. That's poetry. I'm full of poetry now. Rot and poetry. Rotten poetry."

"Stop it. Harry, why do you have to turn into a devil now?"

"I don't like to leave anything," the man said. "I don't like to leave things behind."

* * *

It was evening now and he had been asleep. The sun was gone behind the hill and there was a shadow all across the plain and the small animals were feeding close to camp; quick dropping heads and switching tails, he watched them keeping well out away from the bush now. The birds no longer waited on the ground. They were all perched heavily in a tree. There were many more of them. His personal boy was sitting by the bed.

"Memsahib's gone to shoot," the boy said. "Does Bwana want?"

"Nothing."

She had gone to kill a piece of meat and, knowing how he liked to watch the game, she had gone well away so she would not disturb this little pocket of the plain that he could see. She was always thoughtful, he thought. On anything she knew about, or had read, or that she had ever heard.

It was not her fault that when he went to her he was already over. How could a woman know that you meant nothing that you said; that you spoke only from habit and to be comfortable. After he no longer meant what he said, his lies were more successful with women than when he had told them the truth.

It was not that he lied as that there was no truth to tell. He had had his life and it was over and then he went on living it again with different people and more money, with the best of the same places, and some new ones. You kept from thinking and it was all marvelous. You were equipped with good insides so that you did not go to pieces that way, the way most of them had, and you made an attitude that you cared nothing for the work you used to do, now that you could no longer do it. But, in yourself, you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were really not of them but a spy in their country; that you would leave it and write of it and for once it would be written by someone who knew what he was writing of. But he would never do it, because each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all. The people he knew now were all much more comfortable when he did not work. Africa was where he had been happiest in the good time of his life so he had come out here to start again. They had made this safari with the minimum of comfort. There was no hardship; but there was no luxury and he had thought that he could get back into training that way. That in some way he could work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body.

She had liked it. She said she loved it. She loved anything that was exciting, that involved a change of scene, where there were new people and where things were pleasant. And he had felt the illusion of returning strength of will to work. Now if this was how it ended, and he knew it was, he must not turn like some snake biting itself because its back was broken. It wasn't this woman's fault. If it had not been she it would have been another. If he lived by a lie he should try to die by it. He heard a shot beyond the hill.

She shot very well this good, this rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well? He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook. What was this? A catalogue of old books? What was his talent anyway? It was a talent all right but instead of using it, he had traded on it. It was never what he had done, but always what he could do. And he had chosen to make his living with something else instead of a pen or a pencil. It was strange too, wasn't it, that when he fell in love with another woman, that woman should always have more money than the last one? But when he no longer was in love, when he was only lying, as to this woman, now, who had the most money of all, who had all the money there was, who had had a husband and children, who had taken lovers and been dissatisfied with them, and who loved him dearly as a writer, as a man, as a companion and as a proud possession; it was strange that when he did not love her at all and was lying, that he should be able to give her more for her money than when he had really loved. We must all be cut out for what we do, he thought. However you make your living is where your talent lies. He had sold vitality, in one form or another, all his life and when your affections are not too involved you give much better value for the money. He had found that out but he would never write that, now, either. No, he would not write that, although it was well worth writing.

"Somehow he managed to take it with him!"

Now she came in sight, walking across the open toward the camp. She was wearing jodhpurs and carrying her rifle. The two boys had a Tommy slung and they were coming along behind her. She was still a good looking woman, he thought, and she had a pleasant body. She had a great talent and appreciation for the bed, she was not pretty, but he liked her face, she read enormously, liked to ride and shoot and, certainly, she drank too much. Her husband had died when she was still a comparatively young woman and for a while she had devoted herself to her two just-grown children, who did not need her and were embarrassed at having her about, to her stable of horses, to books, and to bottles. She liked to read in the evening before dinner and she drank scotch and soda while she read. By dinner she was fairly drunk and after a bottle of wine at dinner she was usually drunk enough to sleep.

That was before the lovers. After she had the lovers she did not drink so much because she did not have to be drunk to sleep. But the lovers bored her. She had been married to a man who had never bored her and these people bored her very much.

Then one of her two children was killed in a plane crash and after that was over she did not want the lovers, and drink being no anaesthetic she had to make another life. Suddenly she had been acutely frightened of being alone. But she wanted someone that she respected with her.

It had begun very simply. She liked what he wrote and she had always envied the life he led. She thought he did exactly what he wanted to. The steps by which she had acquired him and the way in which she had finally fallen in love with him were all part of a regular progression in which she had built herself a new life and he had traded away what remained of his old life. He had traded it for security, for comfort too, there was no denying that, and for what else? He did not know. She would have brought him anything he wanted. He knew that. She was a damned nice woman too. He would as soon be in bed with her as anyone; rather with her, because she was richer, because she was very pleasant and appreciative and because she never made scenes. And now this life that she had built again was coming to a term because he had not used iodine two weeks ago when a thorn had scratched his knee as they moved forward trying to photograph a herd of waterbuck standing, their heads up, peering while their nostrils searched the air, their ears spread wide to hear the first noise that would send them rushing into the bush. They had bolted, too, before he got the picture.

Here she came now.

He turned his head on the cot to look toward her. "Hello," she said.

"I shot a Tommy ram," she told him. "He'll make you a good broth and I'll have them mash some potatoes with the Klim. How do you feel?"

"Much better."

"Isn't that lovely. You know I thought perhaps you would. You were sleeping when I left."

"I had a good sleep. Did you walk far?"

"No. Just around behind the hill. I made quite a good shot on the Tommy."

"You shoot marvelously, you know."

"I love it. I've loved Africa. Really. If *you're* all right it's the most fun that I've ever had. You don't know the fun it's been to shoot with you. I've loved the country."

"I love it too."

"Darling you don't know how marvelous it is to see you feeling better. I couldn't stand it when you felt that way. You won't talk to me like that again, will you? Promise me?"

"No," he said. "I don't remember what I said."

"You don't have to destroy me. Do you? I'm only a middle-aged woman who loves you and wants to do what you want to do. I've been destroyed two or three times already. You wouldn't want to destroy me again, would you?"

"I'd like to destroy you a few times in bed," he said.

"Yes. That's the good destruction. That's the way we're made to be destroyed. The plane will be here tomorrow."

"How do you know?"

"I'm sure. It's bound to come. The boys have the wood all ready and the grass to make the smudge. I went down and looked at it again today. There's plenty of room to land and we have the smudges ready at both ends."

"What makes you think it will come tomorrow?"

"I'm sure it will. It's overdue now. Then, in town, they will fix up your leg and then we will have some good destruction. Not that dreadful talking kind."

"Should we have a drink? The sun is down."

"Do you think you should?"

"I'm having one."

"We'll have one together. *Molo, letti dui whiskey-soda!*" she called.

"You'd better put on your mosquito boots," he told her.

"I'll wait till I bathe . . ."

While it grew dark they drank and just before it was dark and there was no longer enough light to shoot, a hyena crossed the open on his way around the hill.

"That bastard crosses there every night," the man said. "Every night for two weeks."

"He's the one makes the noise at night. I don't mind it. They're a filthy animal though."

Drinking together, with no pain now except the discomfort of lying in the one position, the boys lighting a fire, its shadow jumping on the tents, he could feel the return of acquiescence in this life of pleasant surrender. She *was* very good to him. He had been cruel and unjust in the afternoon. She was a fine woman, marvelous really. And just then it occurred to him that he was going to die.

It came with a rush; not as a rush of water nor of wind; but of a sudden evil smelling emptiness and the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "You had better move over to the other side. To windward."

"Did Molo change the dressing?"

"Yes. I'm just using the boric now."

"How do you feel?"

"A little wobbly."

"I'm going in to bathe," she said. "I'll be right out. I'll eat with you and then we'll put the cot in."

So, he said to himself, we did well to stop the quarreling. He had never quarreled much with this woman, while with the women that he loved he had quarreled so much they had finally, always, with the corrosion of the quarreling, killed what they had together. He had loved too much, demanded too much, and he wore it all out.

He thought about being alone in Constantinople that time, having quarreled in Paris before he had gone out. He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness, but only made it worse, he had written her, the first one, the one who left him, a letter telling her how he had never been able to kill it. . . . How when he thought he saw her outside the Regence *one time it made him go all faint and sick inside, and that he would follow a woman who looked like her in some way, along the Boulevard, afraid to see it was not she, afraid to lose the feeling it gave him. How everyone he had slept with had only made him miss her more. How what she had done could never matter since he knew he could not cure himself of loving her. He wrote this letter at the Club, cold sober, and mailed it to New York asking her to write him*

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at the office in Paris. That seemed safe. And that night missing her so much it made him feel hollow sick inside, he wandered up past Taxim's, picked a girl up and took her out to supper. He had gone to a place to dance with her afterward, she danced badly, and left her for a hot Armenian slut, that swung her belly against him so it almost scalded. He took her away from a British gunner subaltern after a row. The gunner asked him outside and they fought in the street on the cobbles in the dark. He'd hit him twice, hard, on the side of the jaw and when he didn't go down he knew he was in for a fight. The gunner hit him in the body, then beside his eye. He swung with his left again and landed and the gunner fell on him and grabbed his coat and tore the sleeve off and he clubbed him twice behind the ear and then smashed him with his right as he pushed him away. When the gunner went down his head hit first and he ran with the girl because they heard the M. P.'s coming. They got into a taxi and drove out to Rimmily Hissa along the Bosphorus, and around, and back in the cool night and went to bed and she felt as over-ripe as she looked but smooth, rose-petal, syrupy, smooth-bellied, big-breasted and needed no pillow under her, and he left her before she was awake looking blowzy enough in the first daylight and turned up at the Pera Palace with a black eye, carrying his coat because one sleeve was missing. That same night he left for Anatolia and he remembered, later on that trip, riding all day through fields of the poppies that they raised for opium and how strange it made you feel finally and all the distances seemed wrong, to where they had made the attack with the newly arrived Constantine officers, that did not know a goddamned thing, and the artillery had fired into the troops and the British observer had cried like a child. That was the day he'd first seen dead men wearing white ballet skirts and upturned shoes with pompons on them. The Turks had come steadily and lumpily and he had seen the skirted men running and the officers shooting into them and running then themselves and he and the British observer had run too until his lungs ached and his mouth was full of the taste of pennies and they stopped behind some rocks and there were the Turks coming as lumpily as ever. Later he had seen the things that he could never think of and later still he had seen much worse. So when he got back to Paris that time he could not talk about it or stand to have it mentioned. And there in the café as he passed was that American poet with a pile of saucers in front of him and a stupid look on his potato face talking about the Dada movement with a Roumanian who said his name was Tristan Tzara, who always wore a monocle and had a headache, and, back at the apartment with his wife that now he loved again, the quarrel all over, the madness all over, glad to be home, the office sent his mail up to the flat. So then the letter in answer to the one he'd written came in on a platter one morning and when he saw the handwriting he went cold all over and tried to slip the letter underneath another. But his wife said, "Who is that letter from, dear?" and that was the end of the beginning of that. He remembered the good times with them all, and the quarrels. They always picked the finest places to have the quarrels. And why had they always quarreled when he was feeling best? He had never written any of that because, at first, he never wanted to hurt anyone and then it seemed as though there was enough to write without it. But he had always thought that he would write it finally. There was so much to write. He had seen the world change; not just the events; although he had seen many of them and had watched the people, but he had seen the subtler change and he could remember how the people were at different times. He had been in it and he had watched it and it was his duty to write of it; but now he never would.

"How do you feel?" she said. She had come out from the tent now after her bath.

"All right."

"Could you eat now?" He saw Molo behind her with the folding table and the other boy with the dishes.

"I want to write," he said.

"You ought to take some broth to keep your strength up."

"I'm going to die tonight," he said. "I don't need my strength up."

"Don't be melodramatic, Harry, please," she said.

"Why don't you use your nose? I'm rotted half way up my thigh now. What the hell should I fool with broth for? Molo bring whiskey-soda."

"Please take the broth," she said gently.

"All right."

The broth was too hot. He had to hold it in the cup until it cooled enough to take it and then he just got it down without gagging.

"You're a fine woman," he said. "Don't pay any attention to me."

She looked at him with her well known, well loved face from *Spur* and *Town and Country*, only a little the worse for drink, only a little the worse for bed, but *Town and Country* never showed those good breasts and those useful thighs and those lightly small-of-back-caressing hands, and as he looked and saw her well known pleasant smile, he felt death come again. This time there was no rush. It was a puff, as of a wind that makes a candle flicker and the flame go tall.

"They can bring my net out later and hang it from the tree and build the fire up. I'm not going in the tent tonight. It's not worth moving. It's a clear night. There won't be any rain."

So this was how you died, in whispers that you did not hear. Well, there would be no more quarreling. He could promise that. The one experience that he had never had he was not going to spoil now. He probably would. You spoiled everything. But perhaps he wouldn't.

"You can't take dictation, can you?"

"I never learned," she told him.

"That's all right."

There wasn't time, of course, although it seemed as though it telescoped so that you might put it all into one paragraph if you could get it right.

There was a log house, chinked white with mortar, on a hill above the lake. There was a bell on a pole by the door to call the people in to meals. Behind the house were fields and behind the fields was the timber. A line of lombardy poplars ran from the house to the dock. Other poplars ran along the point. A road went up to the hills along the edge of the timber and along that road he picked blackberries. Then that log house was burned down and all the guns that had been on deer foot racks above the open fireplace were burned and afterwards their barrels, with the lead melted in the magazines, and the stocks burned away, lay out on the heap of ashes that were used to make lye for the big iron soap kettles, and you asked Grandfather if you could have them to play with, and he said, no. You see they were his guns still and he never bought any others. Nor did he hunt any more. The house was rebuilt in the same place out of lumber now and painted white and from its porch you saw the poplars and the lake beyond; but there were never any more guns. The barrels of the guns that had hung on the deer feet on the wall of the log house lay out there on the heap of ashes and no one ever touched them.

In the Black Forest, after the war, we rented a trout stream and there were two ways to walk to it. One was down the valley from Triberg and around the valley road in the shade of the trees that bordered the white road, and then up a side road that went up through the hills past many small farms, with the big Schwartzwald houses, until that road crossed the stream. That was where our fishing began. The other way was to climb steeply up to the edge of the woods and then go across the top of the hills through the pine woods, and then out to the edge of a meadow and down across this meadow to the bridge. There were birches along the stream and it was not big, but narrow, clear and fast, with pools where it had cut under the roots of the birches. At the Hotel in Triberg the proprietor had a fine season. It was very pleasant and we were all great friends. The next year came the inflation and the money he had made the year before was not enough to buy supplies to open the hotel and he hanged himself.

You could dictate that, but you could not dictate the Place Contrescarpe where the flower sellers dyed their flowers in the street and the dye ran over the paving where the autobus started and the old men and the women, always drunk on wine and bad marc; and the children with their noses running in the cold; the smell of dirty sweat and poverty and drunkenness at the Café des Amateurs and the whores at the Bal Musette they lived above. The Concierge who entertained the trooper of the Garde Républicaine in her loge, his horsehair plumed helmet on a chair. The locataire across the hall whose husband was a bicycle racer and her joy that morning at the Crémerie when she had opened L'Auto and seen where he placed third in Paris-Tours, his first big race. She had blushed and laughed and then gone upstairs crying with the yellow sporting paper in her hand. The husband of the woman who ran the Bal Musette drove a taxi and when he, Harry, had to take an early plane the husband knocked upon the door to wake him and they each drank a glass of white wine at the Zinc of the bar before they started. He knew his neighbors in that quarter then because they all were poor. Around that Place there were two kinds; the drunkards and the sportifs. The drunkards killed their poverty that way; the sportifs took it out in exercise. They were the descendants of the Communards and it was no struggle for them to know their politics. They knew who had shot their fathers, their relatives, their brothers, and their friends when the Versailles troops came in and took the town after the Commune and executed any one they could catch with calloused hands, or who wore a cap, or carried any other sign he was a working man. And in that poverty, and in that quarter across the street from a Boucherie Chevaline and a wine co-operative he had written the start of all he was to do. There never was another part of Paris that he loved like that, the sprawling trees, the old white plastered houses painted brown below, the long green of the autobus in that round square, the purple flower dye upon the paving, the sudden drop down the hill of the rue Cardinal Lemoine to the River, and the other way the narrow crowded world of the rue Mouffetard. The street that ran up toward the Pantheon and the other that he always took with the bicycle, the only asphalted street in all that quarter, smooth under the tires, with the high narrow houses and the cheap tall hotel where Paul Verlaine had died. There were only two rooms in the apartment where they lived and he had a room on the top floor of that hotel that cost him sixty francs a month where he did his writing, and from it he could see the roofs and chimney pots and all the hills of Paris.

From the apartment you could only see the wood and coal man's place. He sold wine too, bad wine. The golden horse's head outside the Boucherie Chevaline where the carcasses hung yellow gold and red in the open window, and the green painted co-operative where they bought their wine; good wine and cheap. The rest was plaster walls and the windows of the neighbors. The neighbors who, at night, when someone lay drunk in the street, moaning and groaning in that typical French ivresse that you were propaganded to believe did not exist, would open their windows and then the murmur of talk.

"Where is the policeman? When you don't want him the bugger is always there. He's sleeping with some concierge. Get the Agent." Till someone threw a bucket of water from a window and the moaning stopped. "What's that? Water. Ah, that's intelligent." And the windows shutting. Marie, his femme de ménage, protesting against the eight hour day saying, "If a husband works until six he gets only a little drunk on the way home and does not waste too much. If he works only until five he is drunk every night and one has no money. It is the wife of the working man who suffers from this shortening of hours."

"Wouldn't you like some more broth?" the woman asked him now.

"No thank you very much. It is awfully good."

"Try just a little."

"I would like a whiskey-soda."

"It's not good for you."

"No. It's bad for me. Cole Porter wrote the words and the music. This knowledge that you're going mad for me."

"You know I like you to drink."

"Oh yes. Only it's bad for me."

When she goes, he thought, I'll have all I want. Not all I want but all there is. Ayee he was tired. Too tired. He was going to sleep a little while. He lay still and death was not there. It must have gone around another street. It went in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements.

No, he had never written about Paris. Not the Paris that he cared about. But what about the rest that he had never written?

What about the ranch and the silvered gray of the sage brush, the quick, clear water in the irrigation ditches, and the heavy green of the alfalfa. The trail went up into the hills and the cattle in the summer were shy as deer. The bawling and the steady noise and slow moving mass raising a dust as you brought them down in the fall. And behind the mountains, the clear sharpness of the peak in the evening light and, riding down along the trail in the moonlight, bright across the valley. Now he remembered coming down through the timber in the dark holding the horse's tail when you could not see and all the stories that he meant to write.

About the half-wit chore boy who was left at the ranch that time and told not to let any one get any hay, and that old bastard from the Forks who had beaten the boy when he had worked for him stopping to get some feed. The boy refusing and the old man saying he would beat him again. The boy got the rifle from the kitchen and shot him when he tried to come into the barn and when they came back to the ranch he'd been dead a week, frozen in the corral, and the dogs had eaten a big part of him. But what was left you packed on a sled wrapped in a blanket and roped on and you got the boy to help you haul it, and the two of you took it out over the road on skis, and sixty miles down to town to turn the boy over. He having no idea that he would be arrested. Thinking he had done his duty and that you were his friend and he would be rewarded. He'd helped to haul the old man in so everybody could know how bad the old man had been and how he'd tried to steal some feed that didn't belong to him, and when the sheriff put the handcuffs on the boy he couldn't believe it. Then he'd started to cry. That was one story he had saved to write. He knew at least twenty good stories from out there and he had never written one. Why?

"You tell them why," he said.

"Why what, dear?"

"Why nothing."

She didn't drink so much, now, since she had him. But if he lived he would never write about her, he knew that now. Nor about any of them. The rich were dull and they drank too much, or they played too much backgammon. They were dull and they were repetitious. He remembered poor Scott Fitzgerald and his romantic awe of them and how he had started a story once that began, 'The very rich are different from you and me.' And how someone had said to Scott, Yes they have more money. But that was not humorous to Scott. He thought they were a special glamorous race and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him.

He had been contemptuous of those who wrecked. You did not have to like it because you understood it. He could beat anything, he thought, because no thing could hurt him if he did not care.

All right. Now he would not care for death. One thing he had always dreaded was the pain. He could stand pain as well as any man, until it went on too long, and wore him out, but here he had something that had hurt frightfully and just when he had felt it breaking him, the pain had stopped.

He remembered long ago when Williamson, the bombing officer, had been hit by a stick bomb someone in a German patrol had thrown as he was coming in through the wire that night and, screaming, had begged everyone to kill him. He was a fat man, very brave, and a good officer, although addicted to fantastic shows. But that night he was caught in the wire, with a flare lighting him up and his bowels spilled out into the wire, so when they brought him in, alive, they had to cut him loose. Shoot me, Harry. For Christ sake shoot me. They had had an argument one time about our Lord never sending you anything you could not bear and someone's theory had been that meant that at a certain time the pain passed you out automatically. But he had always remembered Williamson that night. Nothing passed out Williamson until he gave him all his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and then they did not work right away.

Still this now, that he had, was very easy; and if it was no worse as it went on there was nothing to worry about. Except that he would rather be in better company.

He thought a little about the company that he would like to have.

No, he thought, when everything you do, you do too long, and do too late, you can't expect to find the people still there. The people all are gone. The party's over and you are with your hostess now.

I'm getting as bored with dying as with everything else, he thought.

"It's a bore," he said out loud.

"What is, my dear?"

"Anything you do too bloody long."

He looked at her face between him and the fire. She was leaning back in the chair and the firelight shone on her pleasantly lined face and he could see that she was sleepy. He heard the hyena make a noise just outside the range of the fire.

"I've been writing," he said. "But I got tired."

"Do you think you will be able to sleep?"

"Pretty sure. Why don't you turn in?"

"I like to sit here with you."

"Do you feel anything strange?" he asked her.

"No. Just a little sleepy."

"I do," he said.

He had just felt death come by again.

"You know the only thing I've never lost is curiosity," he said to her.

"You've never lost anything. You're the most complete man I've ever known."

"Christ," he said. "How little a woman knows. What is that? Your intuition?"

Because, just then, death had come and rested its head on the foot of the cot and he could smell its breath.

"Never believe any of that about a scythe and a skull," he told her. "It can be two bicycle policemen as easily, or be a bird. Or it can have a wide snout like a hyena."

It had moved up on him now, but it had no shape any more. It simply occupied space.

"Tell it to go away."

It did not go away but moved a little closer.

"You've got a hell of a breath," he told it. "You stinking bastard."

It moved up closer to him still and now he could not speak to it, and when it saw he could not speak it came a little closer, and now he tried to send it away without speaking, but it moved in on him so its weight was all upon his chest, and while it crouched there and he could not move, or speak, he heard the woman say, "Bwana is asleep now. Take the cot up very gently and carry it into the tent."

He could not speak to tell her to make it go away and it crouched now, heavier, so he could not breathe. And then, while they lifted the cot, suddenly it was all right and the weight went from his chest.

It was morning and had been morning for some time and he heard the plane. It showed very tiny and then made a wide circle and the boys ran out and lit the fires, using kerosene, and piled on grass so there were two big smudges at each end of the level place and the morning breeze blew them toward the camp and the plane circled twice more, low this time, and then glided down and leveled off and landed smoothly and, coming walking toward him, was old Compton in slacks, a tweed jacket and a brown felt hat.

"What's the matter, old cock?" Compton said.

"Bad leg," he told him. "Will you have some breakfast?"

"Thanks. I'll just have some tea. It's the Puss Moth you know. I won't be able to take the Memsahib. There's only room for one. Your lorry is on the way."

Helen had taken Compton aside and was speaking to him. Compton came back more cheery than ever.

"We'll get you right in," he said. "I'll be back for the Mem. Now I'm afraid I'll have to stop at Arusha to refuel. We'd better get going."

"What about the tea?"

"I don't really care about it you know."

The boys had picked up the cot and carried it around the green tents and down along the rock and out onto the plain and along past the smudges that were burning brightly now, the grass all consumed, and the wind fanning the fire, to the little plane. It was difficult getting him in, but once in he lay back in the leather seat, and the leg was stuck straight out to one side of the seat where Compton sat. Compton started the motor and got in. He waved to Helen and to the boys and, as the clatter moved into the old familiar roar, they swung around with Compie watching for warthog holes and roared, bumping, along the stretch between the fires and with the last bump rose and he saw them all standing below, waving, and the camp beside the hill, flattening now, and the plain spreading, clumps of trees, and the bush flattening, while the game trails ran now smoothly to the dry waterholes, and there was a new water that he had never known of. The zebra, small rounded backs now, and the wildebeeste, big headed dots seeming to climb as they moved in long fingers across the plain, now scattering as the shadow came toward them, they were tiny now, and the movement had no gallop, and the plain as far as you could see, gray-yellow now and ahead old Compie's tweed back and the brown felt hat. Then they were over the first hills and the wildebeeste were trailing up them, and then they were over mountains with sudden depths of green-rising forests and the solid bamboo slopes, and then the heavy forest again, sculptured into peaks and hollows until they crossed, and hills sloped down and then another plain, hot now, and purple brown, bumpy, with heat and Compie looking back to see how he was riding. Then there were other mountains dark ahead. And then instead of going on to Arusha they turned left, he evidently figured that they had the gas, and looking down he saw a pink sifting cloud, moving over the ground, and in the air, like the first snow in a blizzard, that comes from nowhere, and he knew the locusts were coming up from the South. Then they began to climb and they were going to the East it seemed, and then it darkened and they were in a storm, the rain so thick it seemed like flying through a waterfall, and then they were out and Compie turned his head and grinned and pointed and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going.

* *

Just then the hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange, human, almost crying sound. The woman heard it and stirred uneasily. She did not wake. In her dream she was at the house on Long Island and it was the night before her daughter's début. Somehow her father was there and he had been very rude. Then the noise the hyena made was so loud she woke and for a moment she did not know where she was and she was very afraid. Then she took the flashlight and shone it on the other cot that they had carried in after Harry had gone to sleep. She could see his bulk under the mosquito bar but somehow he had gotten his leg out and it hung down alongside the cot. The dressing had all come down and she could not look at it.

"Molo," she called. "Molo! Molo!"

Then she said, "Harry, Harry!" Then her voice rising, "Harry! Please, oh Harry!"

There was no answer and she could not hear him breathing.

Outside the tent the hyena made the same strange noise that had awakened her. But she did not hear him for the beating of her heart. #

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Designer for Living

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anyone but a hermit to go through the day without coming in contact with several Loewy-designed objects.

There are literally thousands of them—pens, pencils, transport planes, trucks, tooth-paste tubes, lipsticks, locomotives, cream separators, cigarette packages, railroad stations, ocean liners, refrigerators, stoves, radio and television sets, automobiles, alarm clocks, busses, and something known as a Vibrasseur. Loewy removed the goiter from the neck of the Singer Vacuum Cleaner; and introduced Muzak to a number of the Pennsylvania Railroad's all-coach trains, put another level on the Greyhound Bus, and air-conditioned the breezes that blow through the Hawaiian cruise ship, the *Lurline*. In fact, the sales of products designed or packaged by the Loewy firm add up to more than a billion dollars a year.

Loewy's position is a tribute not only to his ability, which is considerable, but also to his capacity for bringing himself to the attention of the public.

Raymond Loewy is a soft-spoken and unspectacular person, but he has a talent for surrounding himself with possessions that prove irresistible to columnists, photographers, and feature writers. His long, low, Plexiglas-roofed limousines have had only slightly fewer mentions in Broadway gossip columns than Lana Turner's personal affairs. And photographs of his vacation house in the desert near Palm Springs have graced more magazine covers than many a movie star has. The house, a small one, is distinguished primarily by the fact that the swimming pool comes right into the living room. Loewy maintains four other residences—a penthouse in New York, a restored colonial mansion at Sands Point, L. I., and two châteaux in France.

None of the thousands of designs that Loewy has turned out for his clients is so bizarre or extreme as those he makes for himself.

"I use myself as a kind of testing ground for new ideas," he explains. "Many times, what sounds too wild to be practical when you just talk about it is enchanting to a client when he sees it in use. If he's already grown somewhat accustomed to the thing, if he has seen it and used it, he isn't likely to be shocked when you introduce it into a commercial product."

Many of the accessories on the new Studebaker, a project of which Loewy is extremely proud, had their first use on one of his experimental personal automobiles. If the shape of cars to come can be predicted from the design of Loewy's own cars, the jalopy of the future will be vaguely dachshund in shape, with almost as much glass as steel in its body.

Loewy's private limousines have been getting longer and lower each year—a style that is diametrically opposed to the type he has, on several occasions, proclaimed as his ideal. This, he has said, is a car eight feet high, so you can enter without inviting a bruise on the noggin. It ought to have only three wheels—one in front and the conventional two in back—so that it can turn on a dime, slide sideways out of traffic, and park in a space no bigger than itself. Loewy first proposed this radical runabout a few years ago, when a newspaperman asked him for his conception of the postwar taxi. So far, it remains only a conception, but Loewy sincerely believes that such a vehicle would be practical and a real boon to mankind.

Dream projects like Loewy's ideal car are known as "blue-sky jobs" among industrial designers; they are designed primarily to snare newspaper space. Some blue-sky jobs are amazingly close predictions of things to come. Some twenty years ago, Loewy designed a futuristic airplane that bears a striking resemblance to the flying wings now in use, and the launchers at the Rocketport he designed for the New York World's Fair ten years ago were blood brothers of those the invading G.I.s found on the Normandy beaches.

Because of the disproportionate publicity given to blue-sky jobs, a large portion of the public persists in regarding the design demons as dreamy-eyed, brilliant, but impractical eccentrics.

Professionally, the average industrial designer is about as dreamy-eyed as an advertising-account executive, as impractical as a lipstick manufacturer, and as eccentric as a Wall Street banker. Within the past two decades, the designers have become an indispensable part of our mass-production system. Their importance is based entirely on their ability to produce the one industrial design that pleases all their clients—a beautifully proportioned steadily rising sales curve.

It was not always thus. Less than twenty-five years ago, Loewy and such famous other designers as Henry Dreyfuss and Walter Dorwin Teague couldn't give away their designs. As a matter of fact, none of today's Big Three could afford to work as industrial designers; for each of them, design was an extracurricular activity. Dreyfuss did sets for Broadway stage productions, Teague was in advertising, and Loewy drew fashion sketches for magazines like *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. In his spare time he filled sketch pad after sketch pad with designs for rakish, futuristic automobiles, airplanes, speedboats—in fact for "anything that had a motor in it and went fast."

Loewy has been fascinated by such things since he was a small garçon in Paris, where he was born in 1895. At fifteen, he won the Gordon Bennett prize for a long-distance, rubber-band-powered model airplane; and, later, at the University of Paris and the Ecole de Lanneau, he studied mechanical engineering and learned how to design planes that used engines. He came to America shortly after World War I.

Curiously enough, Loewy began his American career as a designer of women's fashions, but he spent some of his off-hours sketching automobiles, and some of his sketches soon came to the attention of the man who made Hupmobiles. The Hupp man hired Loewy to work out plans for the 1930 Hupmobile, which thus became probably the first stock car to be designed by an outside consultant.

With the Hupp account in his files, Loewy set up shop as an industrial designer, and looked around for other objects he could work over. At the time, the field was wide open. Businessmen looked upon the pioneers in the trade as dreamy kids who ought to stop annoying the grown-ups.

The depression was the beginning of the Golden Age for designers. Wildly plunging sales curves made industrialists willing to try anything. The designers had a field day. They ripped gingerbread and frim-fram from a whole gallery of gadgets, swept away the cabbage roses, country scenes, and other "art work" with which manufacturers had hoped to disguise the ugliness of hundreds of badly-designed objects. They hypoed the sales of almost every product they were called upon to revamp, and a legend spread of the wonder workers who revived moribund businesses simply by waving a drawing pencil at them. Loewy's design for the Sears-Roebuck Coldspot refrigerator, for example, was credited with helping boost sales from 60,000 in 1934 to 140,000 in 1935 and to 300,000 in 1936. A radio he designed increased its sales 700 per cent in one year.

Today, there is scarcely a major corporation that does not retain a design consultant. Loewy alone handles some 110 clients. His staff of about 200 engineers, artists, architects, and other talented folk also prepares designs for clients in England, Sweden, and South America. He has offices in New York, Chicago, South Bend, Los Angeles, London, and São Paulo, Brazil.

The main Loewy office in New York is an elegant penthouse suite, which looks more like a tycoon's office in a Hollywood musical than the headquarters of a real-life business worth three million dollars a year. There isn't a filing cabinet or an adding machine in sight. There are, instead, numerous comfortable chairs, attractive coffee tables, and colorful carpeting. The roof has been landscaped with shrubs and trees and rush fences that blot out the backs of surrounding buildings.

The office is an extremely comfortable place in which to work. And it is one of the most efficient salesmen he could employ. Five minutes in the Loewy penthouse and the most conservative businessman is willing to admit that the man who dreamed up the suite could probably improve the looks of his waffle iron—even though he feels that the waffle iron that was good enough for his father is good enough for him.

It is probable that quite a few of the industrialists who pay Loewy and his fellow designers an estimated $25,000,000 a year feel much that way, but few dare to do without a designer's services. These services have expanded, in recent years, to take in many of the functions normally handled by engineers, architects, management consultants, advertising agencies, and even boards of directors.

The way a product is designed affects the way in which it will be manufactured and determines the size and shape of its packaging, which in turn conditions the method and cost of its handling, transportation, storage, marketing, and—in many cases—its service and maintenance. Indirectly, such nondesign factors as insurance rates and capital investment are affected by the design. The moral would seem to be that once you hire a designer, you had better go all the way with him.

Loewy has, for example, worked out an inclusive "design" for retail stores. Before any actual designs for fixtures or buildings are made, the retail development division examines and analyzes the store's profit picture, the composition of its sales, the existing use of space, budget, personnel organization, and time clock location.

Recently, Loewy has moved into a field that represents an extreme departure from traditional industrial design by taking a bold stride into the field of city planning. The project that led to the establishment of his São Paulo office was a contract to erect an entire city where there had previously been only jungle, on Guajara Island, near Santos, in São Paulo, Brazil. Work on the development, to be known as Praia Pernambuco, has come to a halt, but not because of Loewy's inability to handle the job. Before Brazilian politics curbed (temporarily, he hopes) his clients' enthusiasm, Loewy had drawn plans for an airfield, a country club, a polo field, a fishing club, several hotels, shops, and about five hundred houses, all as modern as they could be. When work on the project ceased, Loewy set his São Paulo operatives to designing automobiles, shoe stores, packages, and all the usual things for a dozen South American firms. At last reports, the São Paulo exiles were getting along swimmingly, not at all bothered by the dust that is gathering on plans for their Brave New City.

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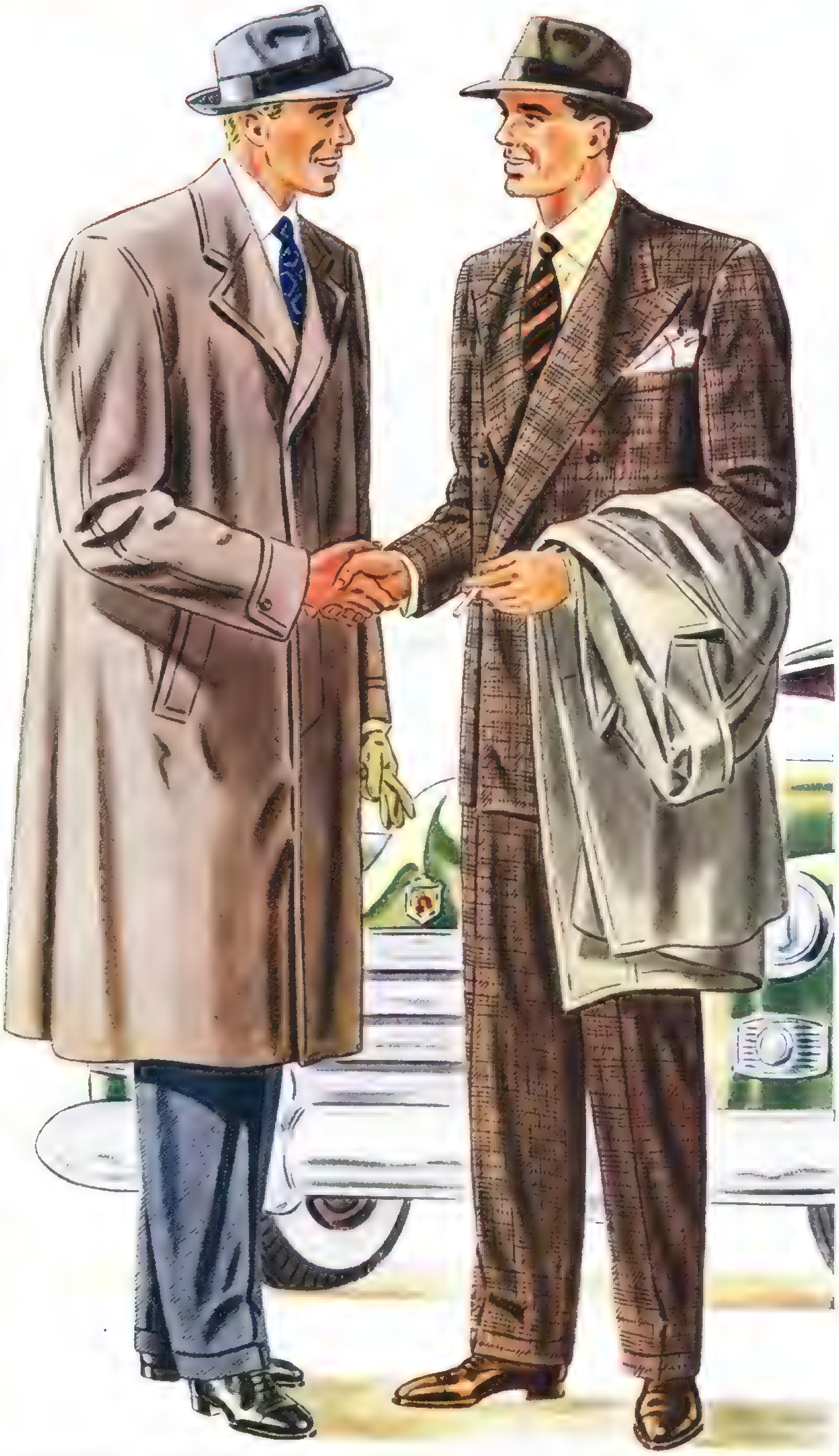

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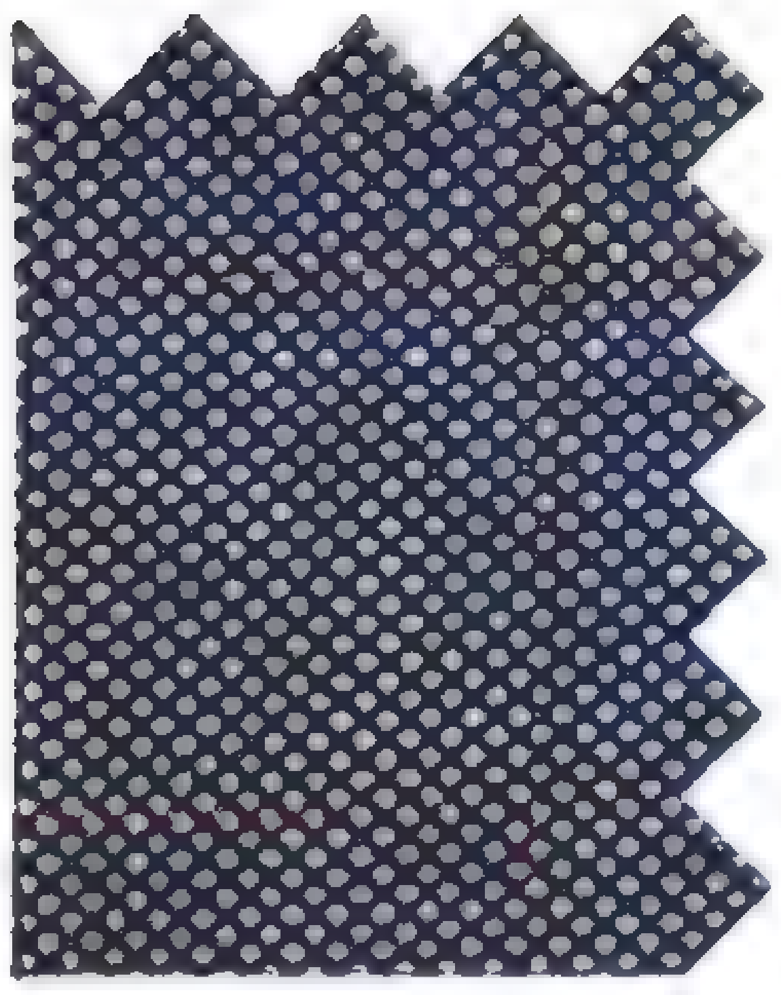

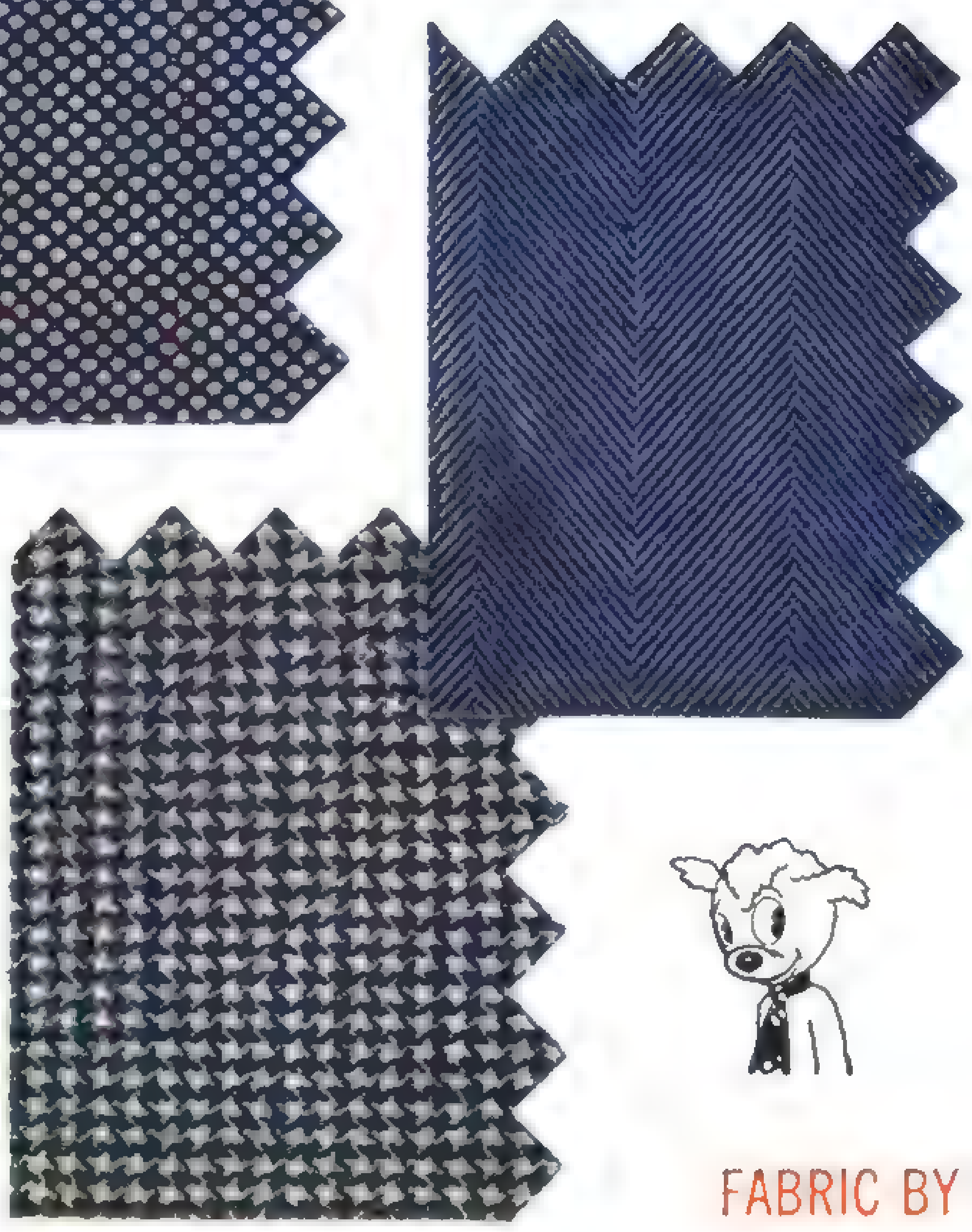

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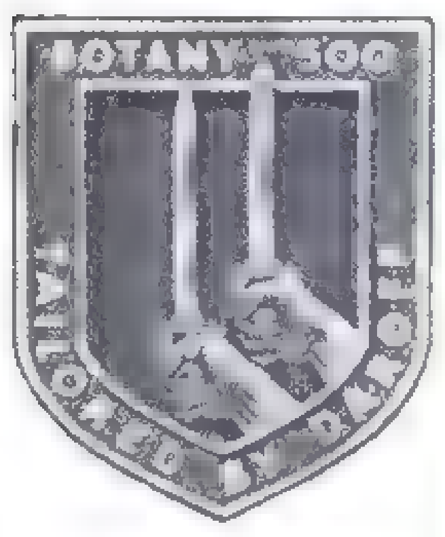

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Sleeping Pills, Inc.

Continued from page 55

vince a producer of your excitement about his silly idea for a musical unless you had prepared for the interview with a liberal dose of the wonder drug? How could you possibly react with amusement or wit to the platitudes of a major executive of a major studio—delivered, by the way, with all the portentousness of the Delphic Oracle—without the aid of artificial stimulation?

But Benzedrine and sleeping tablets alone are not enough. Even a thick hide is only partial protection. For in Hollywood, the best defense is an attack—and to attack successfully you must bury all your scruples at the Los Angeles city limits. You must learn to talk louder and faster and longer than anyone around you. You must practice the art of bootlicking until your tongue is as toughened as your skin is tanned. You must learn to be cruel to your inferiors—a subtle form of cruelty that will not be too long remembered if they should, by some chance, ever become your superiors. You must browbeat tradesmen and waiters; you must make a study of how best to insult people publicly.

Above all, you must be completely materialistic. When you come to believe that money alone, of all the things in this world, has any real meaning, you will be of the élite.

Why are all these things true? There are many reasons. For one thing, Hollywood money is truly fabulous. Only a very few of the great talents in literature or in the theatre have been able to resist the lure of the fortunes they have been offered in Hollywood. For another, the power given a major executive is just short of the life-and-death power of an old-time absolute monarch. And to experience power directed at you is to want somehow to succeed in wielding it yourself. The sophomore at a studio is as cruel to the freshman as the junior was to him the previous year—or decade. Only his particular kind of hazing takes the form of keeping his subordinates in a constant state of fear—fear of losing their jobs, fear of making mistakes, fear of insulting the boss, fear of not buttering him up enough, or of buttering him with an inferior quality of butter.

There are two classes of men (apart, of course, from the actors, with whom this article doesn't concern itself) who can be considered truly successful by Hollywood lights—producers and executives. The line of distinction between a producer and an executive is a very fine one. The producer, who has managed to achieve his status by using his native intelligence—often ruthlessly—knows that one mistake is enough to rob him of his status. He is very careful never to make this mistake. An executive doesn't mind making mistakes, for, in his position of eminence, he can always blame his assistants for his errors.

It is a sound Hollywoodian principle that two cooks are better than one—and twenty cooks twenty times better. And in concocting his not-so-savory messes, a producer will often use the services of as many minions as he can possibly lay his hands on. To each of them he will give lip service, but his eyes and ears will be carefully attuned to the signs of executive approval or disapproval. One word of criticism and he will run like hell, right over the prostrate bodies of his favorites of the previous moment.

As a matter of fact, a successful producer is likely to be the past master of a great Hollywood art, the science of the Biased Nod. This movement starts at a point approximating the upper tip of the right ear and continues, at an angle of one hundred and eighty degrees, toward the left shoulder. At any point in its trajectory, it can be shifted to a vigorous horizontal "no" or to an equally emphatic vertical "yes," depending on the reactions of the producer's superiors. A careful use of the Biased Nod can spell the difference between success and failure.

For most Hollywoodians, the social gambit is a form of life insurance. Get to know the right people, they reason, and you will have available to you the proper ears at the proper moments. Join the right clubs, have the best possible seats for the fights each week, go to the proper barbershop (the one the best producers patronize), play golf with just the proper degree of proficiency, establish your right to a really good table at Romanoff's or Chasen's, give unusual and exotic parties in your well-appointed home—the variations are infinite. But only by following this inflexible dictum will you get what you consider your fair share of credits. And *credits* are the lifeblood of Hollywood.

The credit is a peculiarly Hollywood institution. On the screen, it is just one of that seemingly endless succession of names flashed fleetingly before your eyes; but it is also engraved for all time in the Domesday Books of The Industry. It is fought for with the same delicacy and self-restraint that would be exhibited by six caged lions fighting over one small piece of meat. "What are his credits?" is the first question asked about any candidate for any job, and his credits alone determine whether or not he will get the job. And jobs are ephemeral and credits last forever, and the battle for them is a continuous one.

With the magnificent technical skills that are currently available, there should be issuing from the studios a succession of masterpieces or near-masterpieces. And that is quite obviously not the case. Wherein lies the fault? Not in the actors, who, as soon as they achieve prominence, try to pick their parts with all the intelligence of which they are capable. Not in the directors, who, by and large, know their medium well and want to expand its horizon. Not even in the writers, for there are among this group a large number of true craftsmen who would like nothing better than to write as well as they could on subjects that really interest them. And certainly not in the story editors, who work like slaves trying to interest their studios in the more intelligent stories, only to fall back, bloody and bowed, at the constant impact of the stone walls of producers and executives. These are the real villains of the piece, and it is The Industry itself that has cast them in this role.

There are, of course, some exceptions to these sweeping statements about producers and executives. But even the best of producers—the most solid, intelligent, and effective ones—will seldom hesitate to make a picture which appalls them, if it happens to appeal to a powerful executive. Even the most firmly rooted executive, the man who knows where a whole flock of bodies is buried, will not hesitate to move in on the man ahead of him who seems to be faltering.

But what of the smaller fry—the readers and stenographers and secretaries and messengers and studio policemen, and all the thousands of others who do the detail work that keeps the studios running? Theirs is a tough lot, for they are the first to feel the full force of an economy wave such as the one that recently struck Hollywood. It used to be considered a major achievement for a studio head to get rid of fifty typists, all but one of his staff of readers, and fifteen policemen as well. That their combined salaries were probably less than the salary of one executive who had for years been unable to define his exact function bothered no one. For one thing, the executive had a contract. For another, he was an executive, and thus untouchable, except indirectly, by another executive. The policy of status quo, as far as it applies to executives, was—at least until the recent rush of fear—a major tenet of The Industry's philosophy.

It was while I was doing time in Hollywood that a minor executive of a Hollywood studio drew up a list of his clerical and secretarial help and brought it to the attention of his immediate superior, an executive of great power and standing. These salaries, he said, should be raised; they have not been raised in three years. A five-dollar raise here, a ten-dollar raise there, altogether a question of some hundred and fifty dollars a week, he said, and you will have made what will amount to a cost-of-living adjustment. May I have your approval, he said.

The executive put down his fat cigar long enough to look at the list. Then he said, "No. No raises. They work much better when they're hungry."

Well, I wasn't yet hungry when I finally decided to rebel, but a run of bad luck might easily have made me so. I had become increasingly aware of the fact that only by twenty-four-hour-a-day subservience to people whom I couldn't respect could I continue to function in The Industry. I had also become completely aware of the fact that honesty was a luxury that I could no longer permit myself if I remained in Hollywood. I watched my friends grow grey in face and hair as they contemplated their uncertain futures. And I watched the false smiles on the faces of those who were desperately and at any cost hanging onto their jobs. I said to myself, "This is not for me, excepting on my own terms." And since I knew that I could not hope to change The Industry, I bowed out. I am glad I am out of it for good. Money, to me at least, isn't worth what you have to pay for it in Hollywood.

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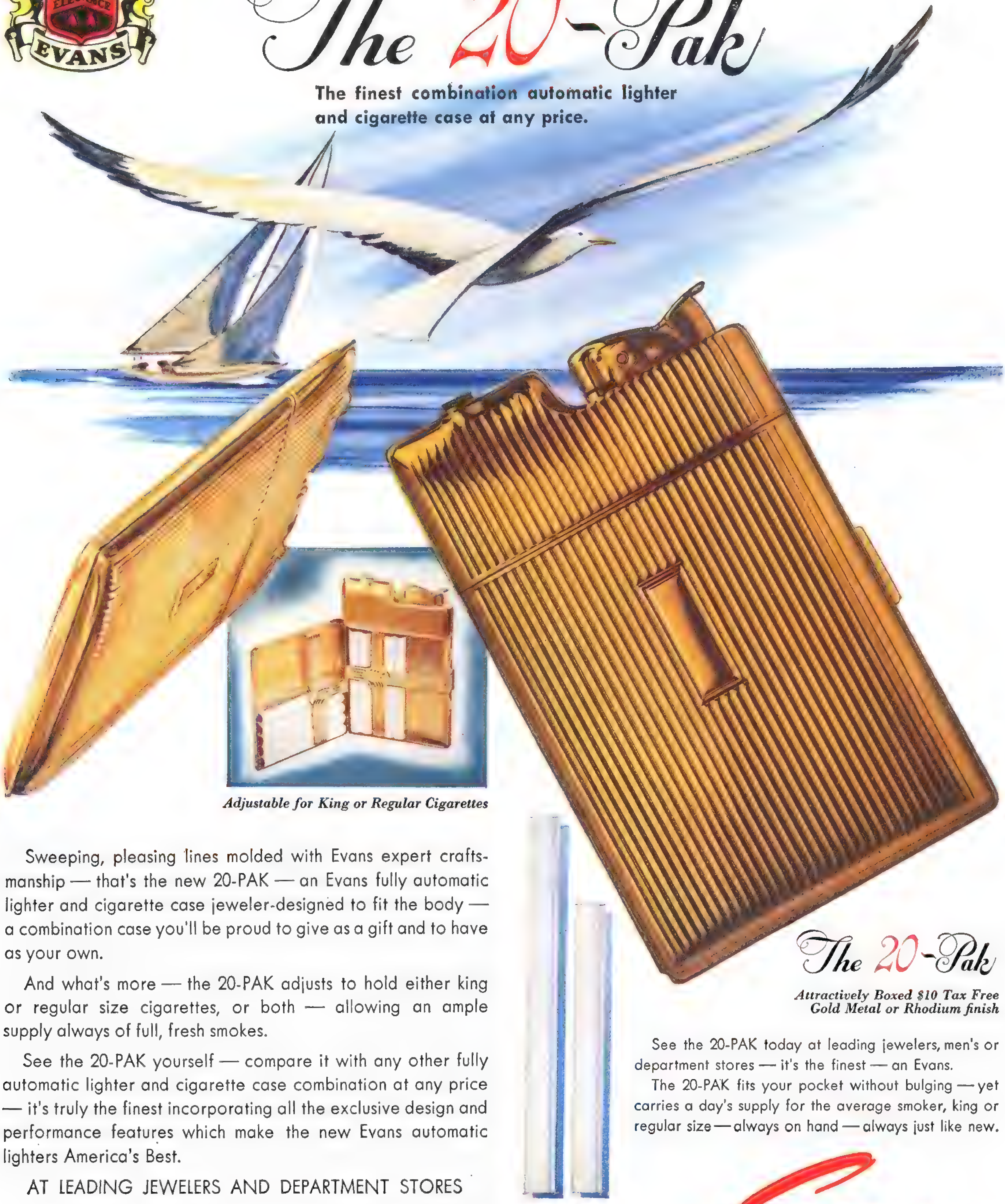

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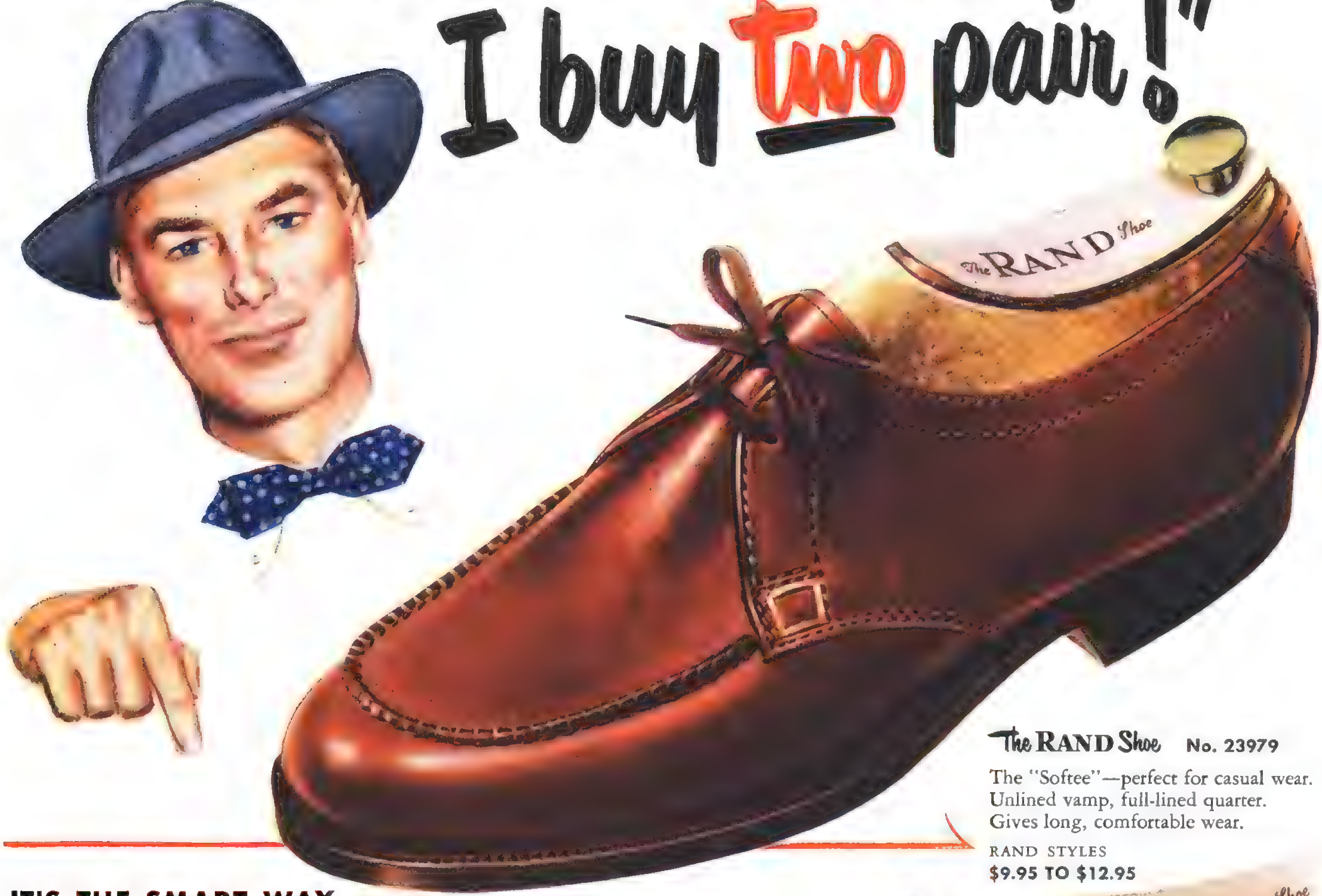

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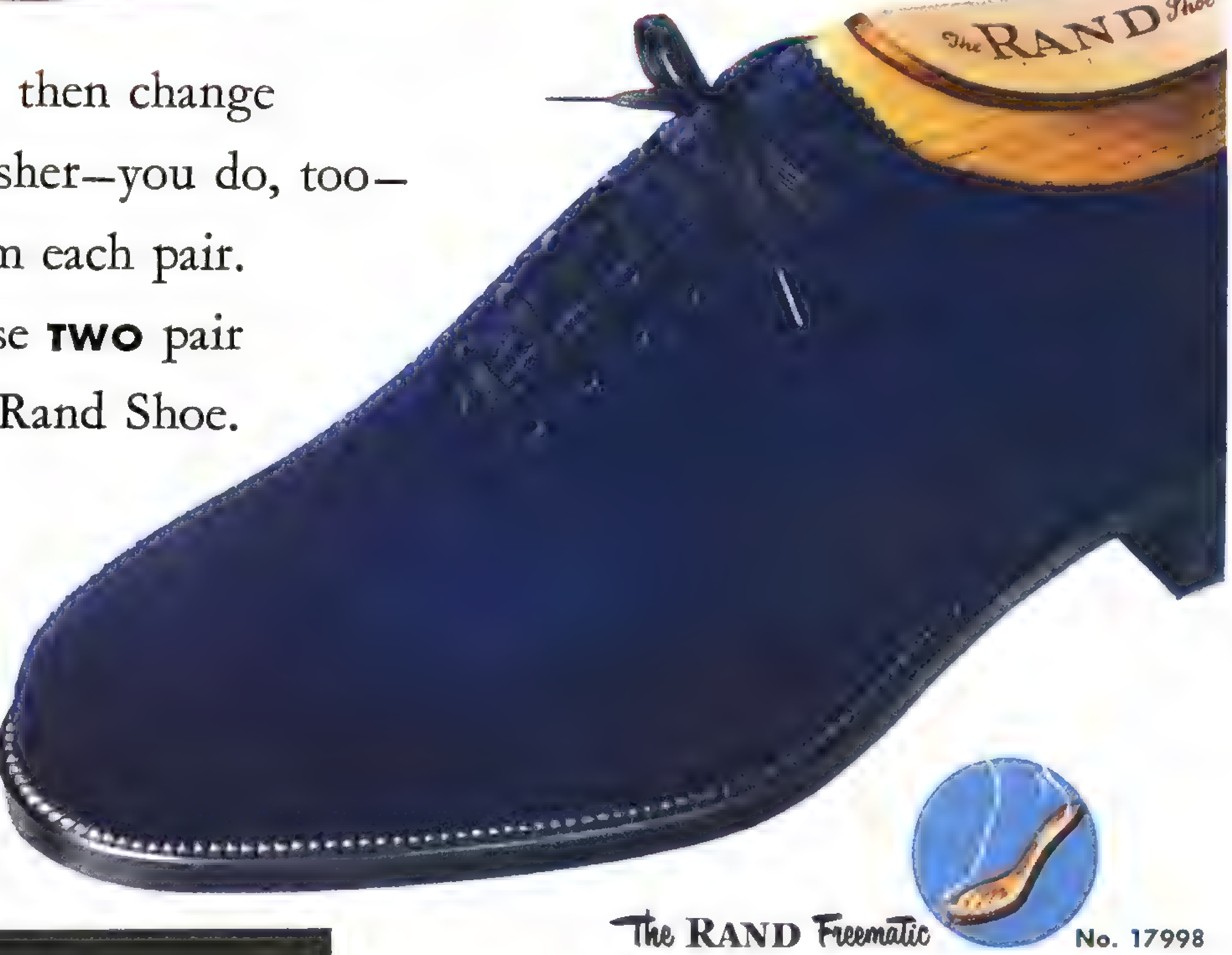

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Hollywood, Hometown

Continued from page 55

long enough to acquire the degree of stability which enables them to occasionally plant a new front lawn, knowing that they will be living here long enough to enjoy it, and to occasionally borrow money from the bank on only their own signatures. This kind of permanence in Hollywood never fails to dumfound those who regard our town as a collection of frenzied clawing migrants who are here only to take part in the gold rush and get what we can and then get the hell out of town.

It may very well be that this is the last gold rush; the diggings are all around us and there is perpetual activity among the unsure newcomers who live on the slopes, marauding and strongarming and jumping claims, who cannot afford to close their eyes for a minute, lest that minute is sure to be the minute in which the fortune is missed. This kind of skulduggery has always been associated with lode countries, but what makes our gold rush fabulous and fantastic is that it is the only one in history to which 15 magazines (in their entirety) and 470 correspondents have been assigned. That is such a hell of a lot of coverage that I ask you to consider it again—15 magazines and 470 reporters, including 50 photographers—for that is the source of the whole goddam bloody trouble, for what else is there to write about but the high assay of our ore? All Roads Lead to Hollywood and stardom and foreign cars and swimming pools and the arms of millionaires (if you are female) and social leaders (if you are male), and once in a while this does happen—but once in a while it also happens that somebody somewhere fills one card to a royal flush.

The truth of the matter is that most of the news from Hollywood is childish and inane, and the still pictures even more so, but this is completely the fault of Hollywood itself which insists on maintaining a rigid censorship on everything but so-called harmless chitchat, and the dissemination of this is generally entrusted to only certain loyal reporters. You should see the panic we get ourselves into when one of our important personalities hits the headlines by virtue of a midnight imprudence—one drink too many, one punch too many, one tree too many. You should hear the telephones ringing at San Simeon. Our only thought is to stop the publicity, play it down, the future of the business is at stake. We have the knack of making a simple indiscretion into a very big crisis, which certainly is a manifestation of a considerable guilt complex, and I suspect that this goes back to the early days when so much money for so little was rolling in that the amazed pioneers had to surround themselves with pseudo-importance and other colorations in order to protect and justify the Golconda. This feeling still persists, although now it is largely nonsense: there are in our industry many thousands of persons of different nationalities, temperaments, and chemistries, and it is patently impossible to expect all of them to hew to the line laid down by our Chief of Morals, just as it is impossible to expect thousands of employees in any other industry to follow a strict line of behavior. And locking the closet door—a mechanism we have perfected—is not the answer either; this is only kidding ourselves, and it has another effect too, much more tragic: it exposes the vital spot which is always being attacked by the bitter people who have been frustrated in the amount of ore they had hoped to mine and let us have the full force of their fury. You are, I am sure, thoroughly familiar with the sound and feel of this particular kind of fury: we are a collection of imbeciles who spend most of our time in tailored shorts at our heated swimming pools seeing to it that our staff of chefs properly chill the caviar and concoct the proper blending of Cointreau and Curaçao for the basting of the pheasants, expensive parties, sable coats, loud huzzahs for one of our couples who are celebrating the great lastingness of marriage with a second wedding anniversary, the latest *lapsus linguae* or *lapsus calami* of one of our producers or of a director . . . you must recognize these sounds.

Unfortunately, we do very little to correct this. For too long have we permitted the word Hollywood to be used as a synonym for luck—miraculous luck. This simply is not true. There is nothing accidental about success in Hollywood, as there is nothing accidental about success anywhere else. I will not argue with you that luck doesn't enter into the first chance, the actual discovery (our industry has no monopoly on this, either): that, sometimes, is pure accident: an anonymous boy or girl, apparently doomed to a life of mediocrity (and not too discontented with the prospect) looks up from the door of a poolroom or from behind the counter of a five-and-dime store and sees Destiny in the form of a Talent Scout (professional or amateur). All this you are told later, and it sounds very casual and very accidental because the truly interesting part—which we do not tell you—is the part that happens between the Discovery and the Delivery. This is the realism, the drama, but you never hear of it except in the rare instances where a discovery is ready for public delivery only after nominal training. But most of them (and this includes performers who are now in the absolute top brackets, whose names are box-office magic) need a great deal more than this: charm-school classes and diction training, and physical training, and, if needed, which is not as rare as you might think, plastic surgery to correct physical defects and dental surgery to correct the teeth and change the shape of the mouth.

All this is very definitely hard work and sometimes it is physically painful, but when at last it is done you still are a long way from delivery because you have not yet learned your job. Now come the rehearsals, the long tedious days of rehearsals in which you are sure something dreadful will happen to close the studios before you get your real chance, and finally the new tests, and eventually, if you have a modicum of talent or a degree of proficiency, a part in a picture, and pretty soon after that you know your future, and if you are still on the pay roll the grind starts all over again, the better to teach you your business.

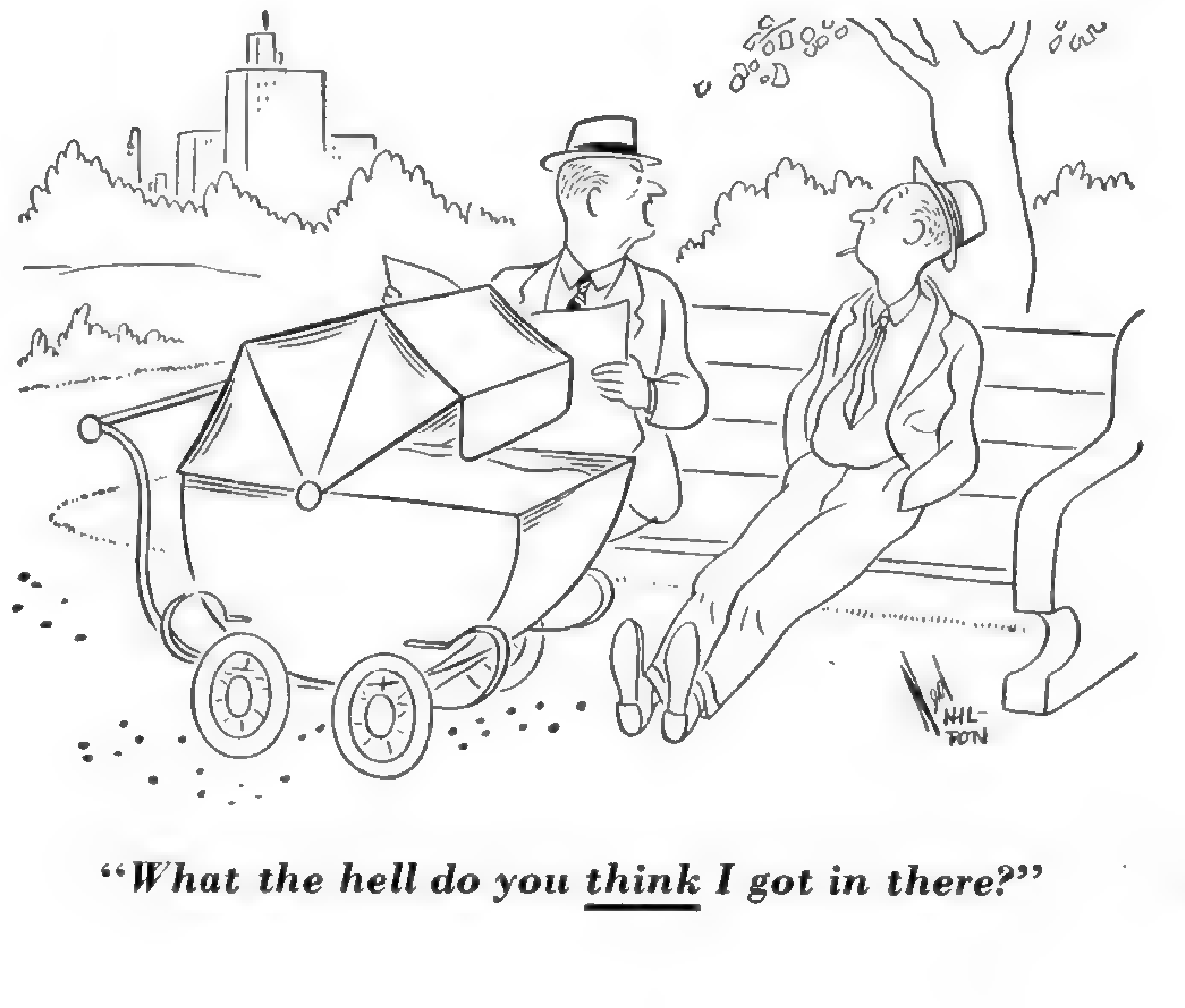
In this interim, however long, between Discovery and Delivery, there are some fine and wonderful stories of human courage, and what is true of the actors and actresses is in some measure true of almost everybody else who is in one of the creative departments of the industry: the producer, the director, the cameraman, the writer, the set designer, the costumers, the artists, the hairdressers, *et al.*

These people have worked hard and they have learned their business and there is nothing accidental about their success. Why we should fret ourselves trying to deny the charges of our frustrates that this producer was once a peddler with a pack on his back or that this director was a shill for a clip joint—or whatever else they come up with, I don't know. It is time we stopped trying to hide our modest or immodest beginnings. In America what the hell is that to be ashamed of? Does it make me any less the man that I once drove a wire-wheeled Ford taxicab in New Orleans' Storyville or spent the Winter of '16 snatching my frozen shell out into the dawning at the T & P yards in Shreveport to board the 5 a.m. and hustle baggage for Mr. Featherstone? And a lot more, a very lot more. Does that kind of work make me any less the craftsman?

My lot as a Hollywood writer is not very hard, but why should it be after twenty years of learning my business—a slight advantage that the fly-by-night frustrates do not seem to consider. There was a day when you did not have to consider this, when a writer was a somehow magician who was paid a thousand or two thousand dollars a week just to stand around and look superior. But not any more. Nowadays you have to produce. In these days you have to know your business. Is that what's eating these guys?

I am proud of my industry and I am proud of the people I know in the industry, who have, by hard work, overcome weaknesses and defections and now are genuine experts. I think if we printed a little more of this and a little less of the after-dark activities on the Sunset Strip, the ore would not assay so high.

. . . I am thinking of the Sunset Strip after dark, and the lights and the whirl and the excitement —my God, you never saw such chichi, people hanging around the marquees waiting for autographs and glimpses and smells of the stars who after many years of hard work are just now beginning to collect the dividends and doormen and footmen and chauffeurs and bodyguards and international society: when I work at night, I can see the glow through the window of my cubicle (it is only the sound of a shattering whiskey bottle away), and this is not good, because later, when I walk on my street around midnight, all the lights in the houses are off and I have to really try very hard to make myself believe that I am in Hollywood and not in some little town in Indiana or Connecticut or Pennsylvania or Tennessee or Illinois. ##



"What the hell do you ***think*** *I got in there?"*

The Key

Continued from page 57

distance between them. Bastian slyly hid his satisfaction. McClellan was afraid of his size and strength, afraid to get close.

"You going to try and keep moving in this?" Bastian shouted.

"Wind's right in our face," McClellan yelled back. "Good a way to find the Well as any."

"What if the wind shifts?"

McClellan shrugged. "That's a chance we got to take."

Bastian faced the wind and put his feet in motion again. He was completely satisfied; there was no fear in him now and he had the future all figured out. McClellan's decision had freed him as easily as if the man had handed over the keys to the handcuffs and walked away. With the air so full of dust, night would strike down almost as quickly as a man could lift his hand. When that happened, with McClellan afraid to close up with him, he would simply break into a hard, swerving run and leave McClellan there, alone.

The wind would howl all night, and, when dawn came, it would stop, leaving thousands of tons of fine dust suspended in the air. The sun would not shine through, because these winds always pushed great thunderheads of clouds over the mountains. McClellan would be completely lost. If he sat still, he would die before he could see the way to travel. If he tried to move without a landmark or the sun to guide him, he would walk in an endless circle, and die anyway.

While McClellan was dying, Bastian would be heading directly for Miner's Well. He knew he could find it. Once, even made stone-blind by dust, he had found it.

At the well he would sit and drink his fill and wait. When the haze lifted, so the vultures could see, he would watch their flight and follow it and thus find McClellan again. Then he would take McClellan's key and unlock the handcuffs and free himself, and there would be no one left to prove he had ever killed Tom Evans. The wind would even fill Evans' grave.

The sun took its time going down. When the red ball began to flatten on the bottom, Bastian drew in a deep breath. Just as he did, his head exploded in a flash of fire far brighter than the sun, and he lost consciousness.

After a while he became aware again of the wind and of a hot pain behind his eyeballs. He waited for the pain to lessen and, when it did, he raised his lids. "McClellan!" he shouted, hysterically.

"Right here, Sam." The voice was startlingly close.

"I can't see!" Bastian sat up and scrubbed at his eyes. "I can't see a thing."

"Neither can I," admitted McClellan. "I've never seen a darker night. Sitting right here near you, I can't even see you."

Bastian reasoned this out and became aware of two things at once. It was night and his left hand was free, but his other hand was somehow caught. Groping, he found the foot-long chain that held the cuffs together. Running his hand along this he came to the other manacle. It was locked around McClellan's slimmer wrist.

"It was the only thing I could figure to do," McClellan said. "Otherwise, in the dark, you might have got away from me."

Raging, Bastian threw his weight against the smaller man, pinning him down while he pawed for the gun with his free hand.

"I threw it away, Sam," McClellan said. "Wasn't any cartridges in it. I fired my last shot at you, early this morning."

Rearing back, Bastian drove his free fist at the sound of McClellan's voice. He missed the first time. The second time he struck a glancing blow and, in return, took a hard driven fist in his own mouth. His lips split and started to bleed.

"I'm going to kill you, McClellan," he raged. "Give me the key. Give me the key to these damned handcuffs."

"You think I'm a fool?" McClellan asked. "That's why I knocked you cold, Sam—so you wouldn't see where I hid the gun and the key."

Bastian felt McClellan's body with his right hand and worked his fingers up to the little man's throat. And in spite of the twisting, wiry pressure McClellan put against the manacles, Bastian dragged his left hand up to join the other one. "I'll show you about God," he said thickly. "Start praying, McClellan. See if it will do you any good. It didn't work for Evans."

"You'll never make Miner's Well dragging a dead man," McClellan said. "Not even you could do that, Sam."

Holding McClellan down with his left hand, Bastian struck with his right again and again, until the body beneath him lay limp and unmoving. Then he rose and jerked savagely at the manacles, trying to break free, kicking at McClellan's body all the while.

Exhausted, finally, like any trapped animal after its first try at freeing itself, Bastian subsided and went to his knees, making meaningless noises in his throat and investigating the thing that held him prisoner, searching for some kind of relief. Terror mounted in him steadily, until McClellan groaned and tried to sit up, showing he still lived.

Thirst drove Bastian on. He picked the smaller man up in his arms and carried him, staggering into the hard wind, tripping and stumbling over things he could not see. The flying grit found its way into his eyes and scoured his skin raw, but these were but slight discomforts compared to the lack of moisture in his body.

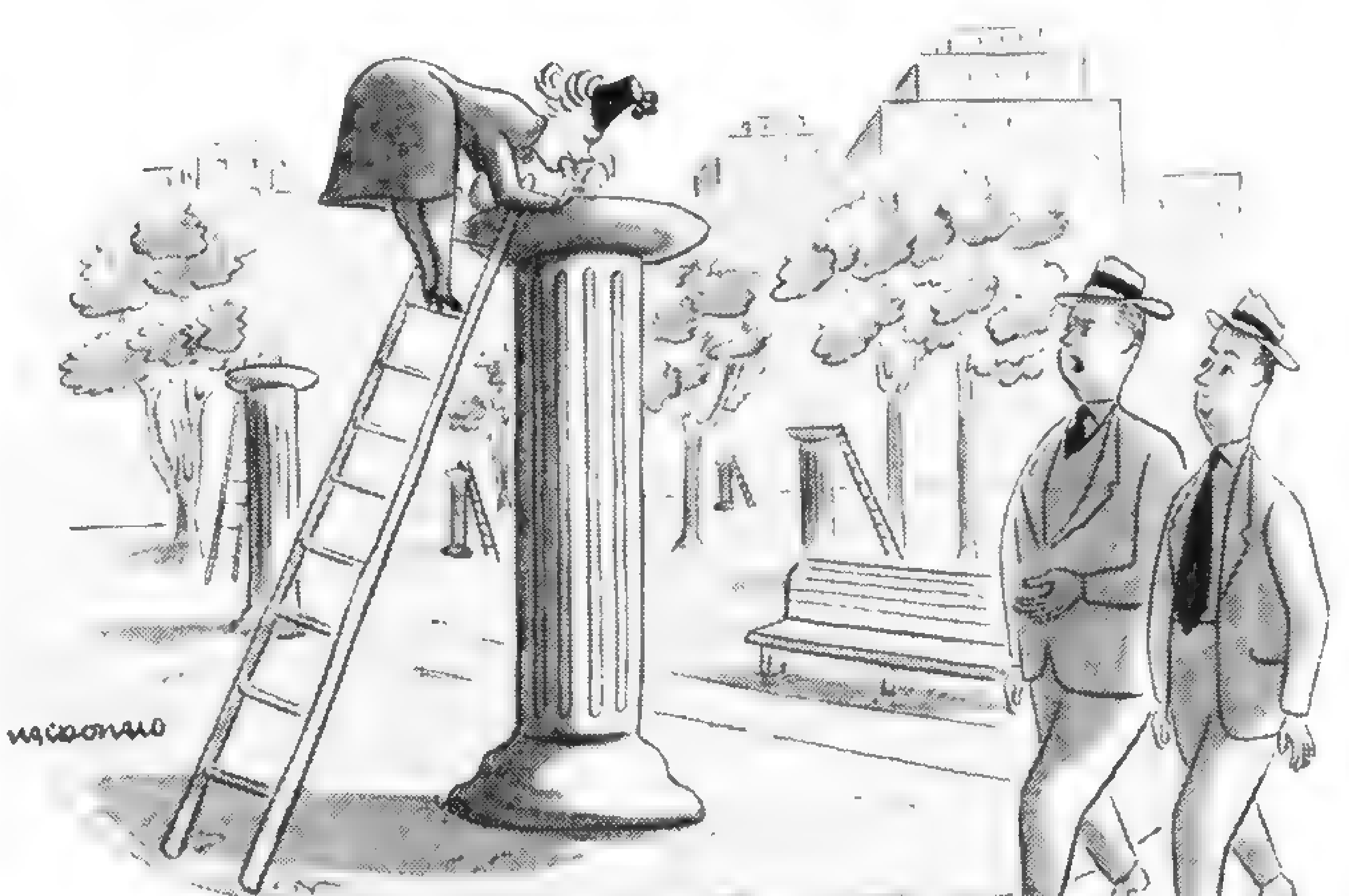
He made a mile before McClellan mumbled, "Put me down."

Bastian stopped and put the little man on his feet. McClellan's knees buckled and he almost fell. Bastian held him erect and thoughtlessly tried to shake some strength into the sheriff. "Try hard," he begged. "Try hard. We got to get there."

"Start moving," McClellan ordered.

Bastian led the way. Relieved of the sheriff's weight, he made better time, but he had to half-drag the man who had outlucked him and outthought him; and, at times, the frustration that welled up in him made him choke on the filthy phrases he linked with McClellan's name. During more lucid moments, when his want of water and fear of dying became a paramount thing in his mind, he babied the sheriff and pleaded with him to hurry. Time was running out.

By midnight, McClellan fell every few steps and neither rage nor pleading could keep him from it. Bastian put his arm around the smaller man and held him erect. Later, they both fell and neither of them could get up.



"It seems that the mayor's brother manufactures fountains and his cousin is in the ladder business"

Dust in his throat made Bastian cough and that brought him out of a fitful sleep. When he tried to move his right arm and could not, panic came to him before memory and he cried out.

The sound roused McClellan. He pushed himself to a sitting position and they sat there looking at one another, the lower part of their bodies completely covered by sand that had drifted over them during the night.

McClellan's face was swollen and discolored. The beating he had taken, the forty-eight waterless hours, and the torture of the driven sand had put a grey pallor under the bronze of his skin. He looked more dead than alive.

Bastian jerked and shook their manacled arms and cursed McClellan over and over for what he had done. When he had exhausted himself, the sheriff said, "Do you know where we are, Sam?"

"I know," muttered Bastian "Do you?"

"No."

"We're so close I could drag you the rest of the way, even if you were dead."

McClellan shrugged. "If I'm dead, it will be your funeral as well as mine. But one way or the other, I get to Miner's Well."

Bastian reached out, ripped the star from McClellan's shirt, and threw it as far as he could. That act seemed to bring him some kind of relief; he pulled the smaller man up with him.

There was no wind and no sun. The suspended dust lay motionless in the air. Visibility was barely more than fifty yards and the floor of the desert was completely changed. Bastian lifted his shaggy head and made a slow turn. When he did move out, his first dozen steps were hesitant. Then he swerved to the right, and, from then on, McClellan almost had to trot to keep the pressure off his lacerated wrist.

Within a half-hour, the land began to pitch slightly down, and McClellan knew they were on the slope of a huge, almost imperceptible cone. At the bottom of this shallow cup lay Miner's Well. Bastian moved faster, and the promise of relief gave McClellan the strength to keep up.

When they came to where the well had been, they both stopped and silently stared. At least fifteen feet of drifted sand covered the place—too much to ever dig away before they dried out completely and died.

Where they stood, the wind had done another incongruous thing. There was bare rock showing, where neither of them had ever seen rock before. At their feet, the sand had been blown out of a narrow crevice, very deep and no wider than a man's hand.

Bastian sank slowly down and McClellan sat down beside him. "I ought to kill you," Bastian muttered, "but I won't. I'm go-

Continued on page 118

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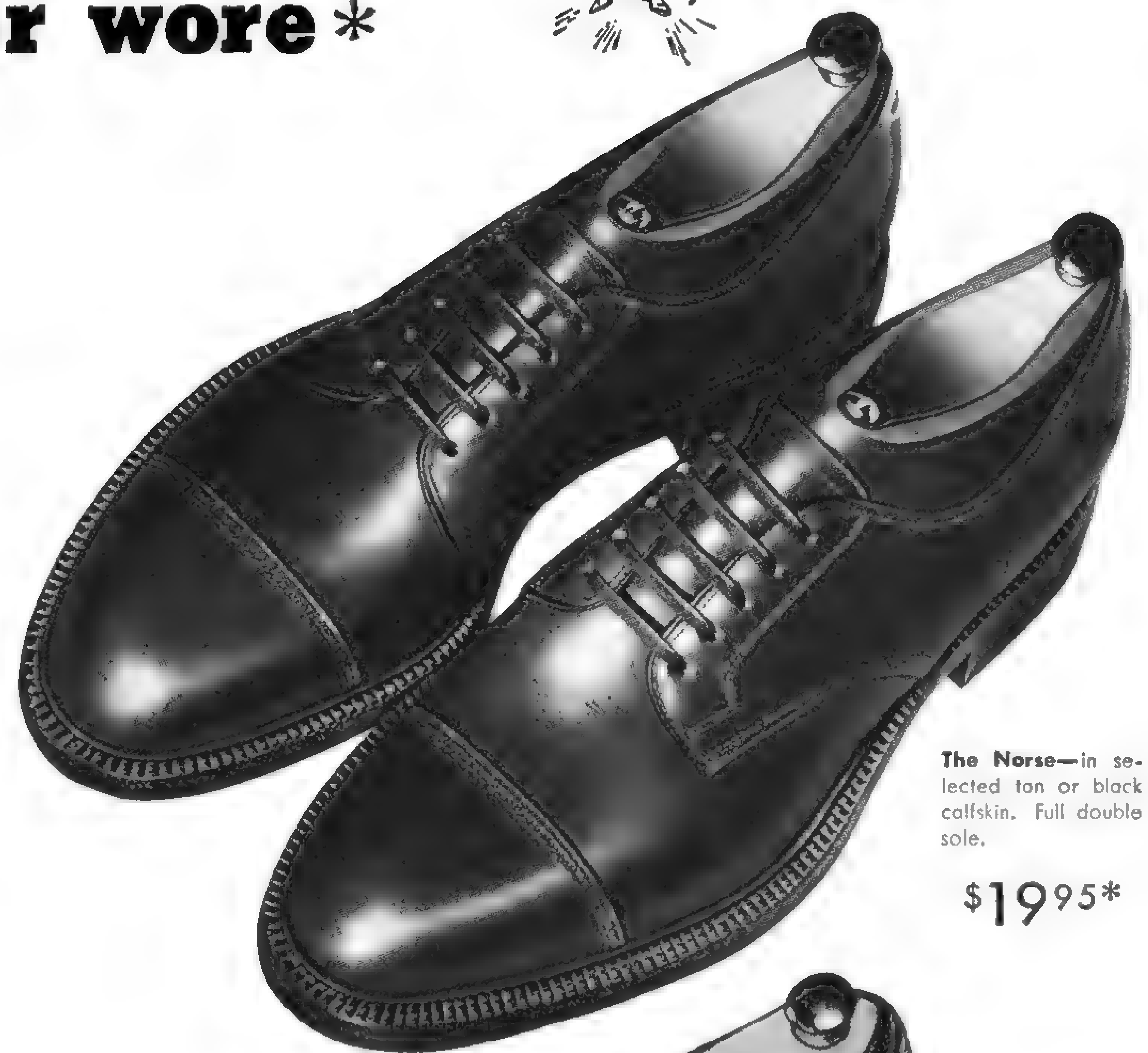

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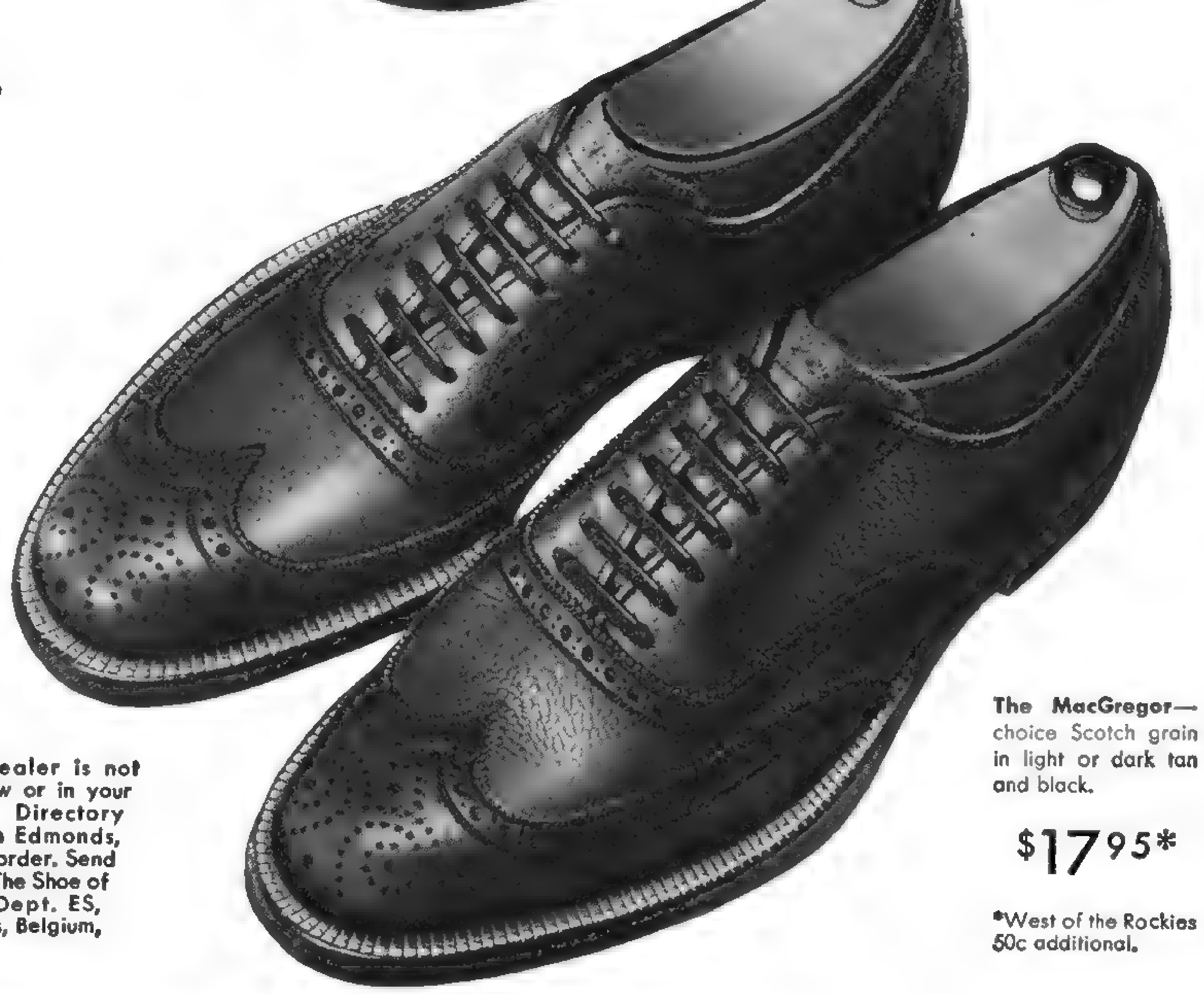

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Milwaukee, Wis.	Van's
Minneapolis, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
Minot, North Dakota	Sharks'
Mobridge, South Dakota	Stutenroth
Mt. Clemens, Mich.	H. J. Waltzer & Sons
Nashville, Tenn.	Castner Knott Co.
Newark, New Jersey	Hillman's Shoes
New Orleans, Louisiana	Rubenstein Bros.
New York, N. Y.	George S. Lapkin
New York, N. Y.	Weber & Heilbroner
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's B. & M.
Omaha, Nebr.	Browning, King & Co.
Pendleton, Oregon	King's
Philadelphia, Penn.	Jacob Reeds' Sons
Pocatello, Idaho	Hudson's
Portland, Oregon	Meir & Frank
Quincy, Illinois	Heintz, Inc.
Reading, Pennsylvania	London Shop
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Rockford, Illinois	E & W Clothing Co.
Sacramento, Calif.	Devlin Shoe Dens, Ltd.
St. Paul, Minn.	M. L. Rothschild
St. Petersburg, Florida	Maas Brothers
Salina, Kansas	Stevenson
San Francisco, Calif.	Sommer & Kaufman
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Santa Barbara, Calif.	Rodenbecks
Savannah, Georgia	Max Lehwald & Co.
Seattle, Wash.	Drew-English Co.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin	Koutnik & Schwartz
Shreveport, La.	M. Levy Co.
Sioux City, Iowa	T. S. Martin Co.
Sioux Falls, S. D.	E. C. Olson
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The Key

Continued from page 116

ing to sit here and listen to you holler for that God of yours to do something about this."

"You won't hear me say anything," McClellan said. "I did my praying last night before I cold-cocked you."

Bastian stared at him. "What did you pray for then?"

"For the guts to do what I did."

Bastian jerked at the chain and tore McClellan's wrist again. "You damned fool! Trying to be God Almighty himself, ain't you? Or maybe you were so damned afraid, you had to chain another man to you so you wouldn't die alone. You call that being Christian?"

"I call it being a sheriff. I caught you and I'm supposed to bring you in, one way or another."

"Yeah? I'll bet you'd sell your soul to Hell, right now, if you could get these handcuffs off."

"You sound like you're afraid to die, Sam," McClellan said.

"Everybody's afraid to die."

McClellan thought awhile and then said, "You're a strong man, Sam. Suppose I knew a way to unfasten this cuff on my wrist? If I could, would you let me lock your hands behind your back? Maybe you could make it to Desert Center. It's not more than twenty miles."

"What good would it do me to walk in there wearing handcuffs?" demanded Bastian. "They'd know you put them on me. They'd backtrack me and find you. They'd see the marks I put on you and say I killed you."

"That's right," admitted McClellan. "But they couldn't be sure, because you would deny it. And giving yourself up, that way, they wouldn't hang you. They would just put you in prison. That way you wouldn't die. If you sit here, you will."

Bastian began to breathe faster, and a slyness came over him. "Can you really get these cuffs off?" he asked.

"Yes," said McClellan. "You want to take me up?"

"I've got a better idea," said Bastian. "Take them off and I'll get you out of this, McClellan. I'm strong. I'm stronger than you think I am. I'll carry you to water. I'll get you to Desert Center. All I ask, when we get there, is that you keep your mouth shut. Evans wasn't nothing to you. He's already dead and nothing you can do will bring him back to life. Why die yourself, on account of that? I can save you."

"No," McClellan said.

"Then sit here!" Bastian shouted. "Before you die there'll come a time when you'll be damned glad to shed these bracelets and take a chance on me. You're just as scared to die as I am—or you will be."

"You might be right," murmured McClellan. "And that would be a bad thing. Maybe I ought to give God a hand and remove myself from temptation."

A thin metal object appeared on the tip of McClellan's swollen tongue. His head tipped forward, and he spat the metal piece down into the narrow rock crevice.

Not until it was gone did Bastian realize that it was the key. Cursing, he sprawled face down and ran his long arm into the crevice, but he could not reach the bottom. Now at last he was spent and beaten. He beat on his knees with his fists.

McClellan said, "That won't buy you anything, Sam. You said you could carry me to water. These handcuffs won't interfere with that."

"I couldn't do it," Bastian said. "I lied to you. You should have known that. You should have never thrown away the key."

"I knew you were lying, Sam," McClellan said.

Bastian glared at the little man, searching for the difference between them and trying to figure it out. In the end, he hung his head; and they both sat there, side by side, dying slowly.

After a long time, Bastian pawed at McClellan and whimpered, "You know about God. You believe. Ask him to do something."

McClellan had a hard time talking with his dry, thick tongue and bruised mouth. Slowly, he said, "You got this praying business all mixed up, Sam. I'll bet when Evans knew you were going to kill him, he prayed for you and not for himself."

Bastian said, "Yeah."

"That's the way it goes," muttered McClellan. "When a man prays for himself, he only asks for strength to do what he knows has to be done. When he asks for a gift, he only asks it for some other man, knowing that if his prayer is answered, there'll be some left over for him, besides the good feeling inside of him."

"You're crazy!" howled Bastian. "You're crazier than Tom Evans."

McClellan shrugged and fell silent, and Bastian hung his head again. But in a moment he looked up and bawled, "God! Do something! If you can't do it for me, do something for McClellan, here."

After a while it began to rain. The thunderheads opened up and water fell in torrents. Once dry barrancas roared bankful for a few hours and ponds formed in the depressions. The deluge cleansed the air of dust and, when the clouds parted to let the sun shine through, that landmark in the south, that high, blue peak, stood out sharp and clear. The tracks made by McClellan and Bastian on the damp sand led straight toward it, the prints of McClellan's boot a little ahead of those made by the other man. #

Continued from page 57

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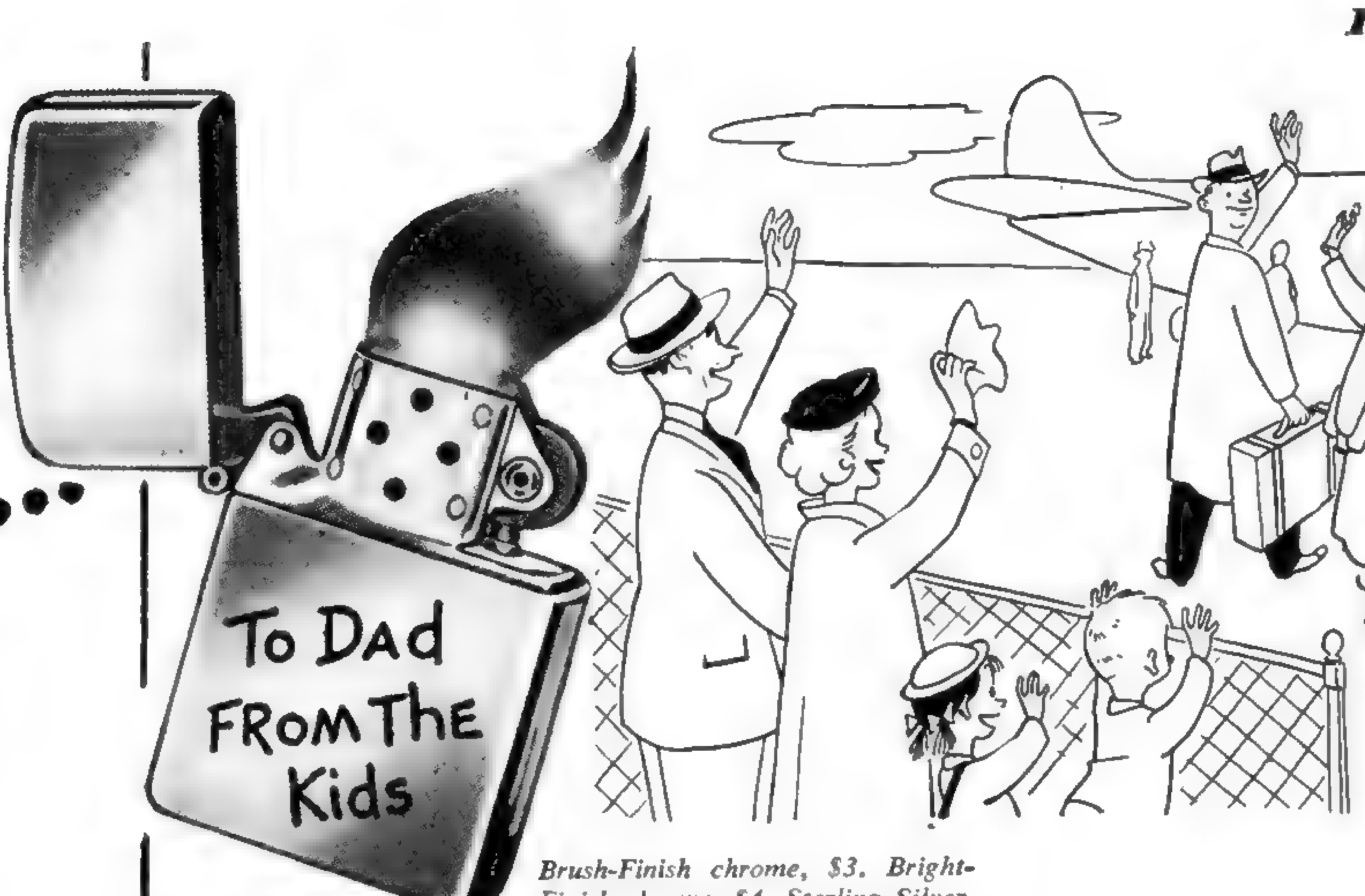

Brush-Finish chrome, $3. Bright-Finish chrome, $4. Sterling Silver, $15 plus tax. Engraving $1 extra.

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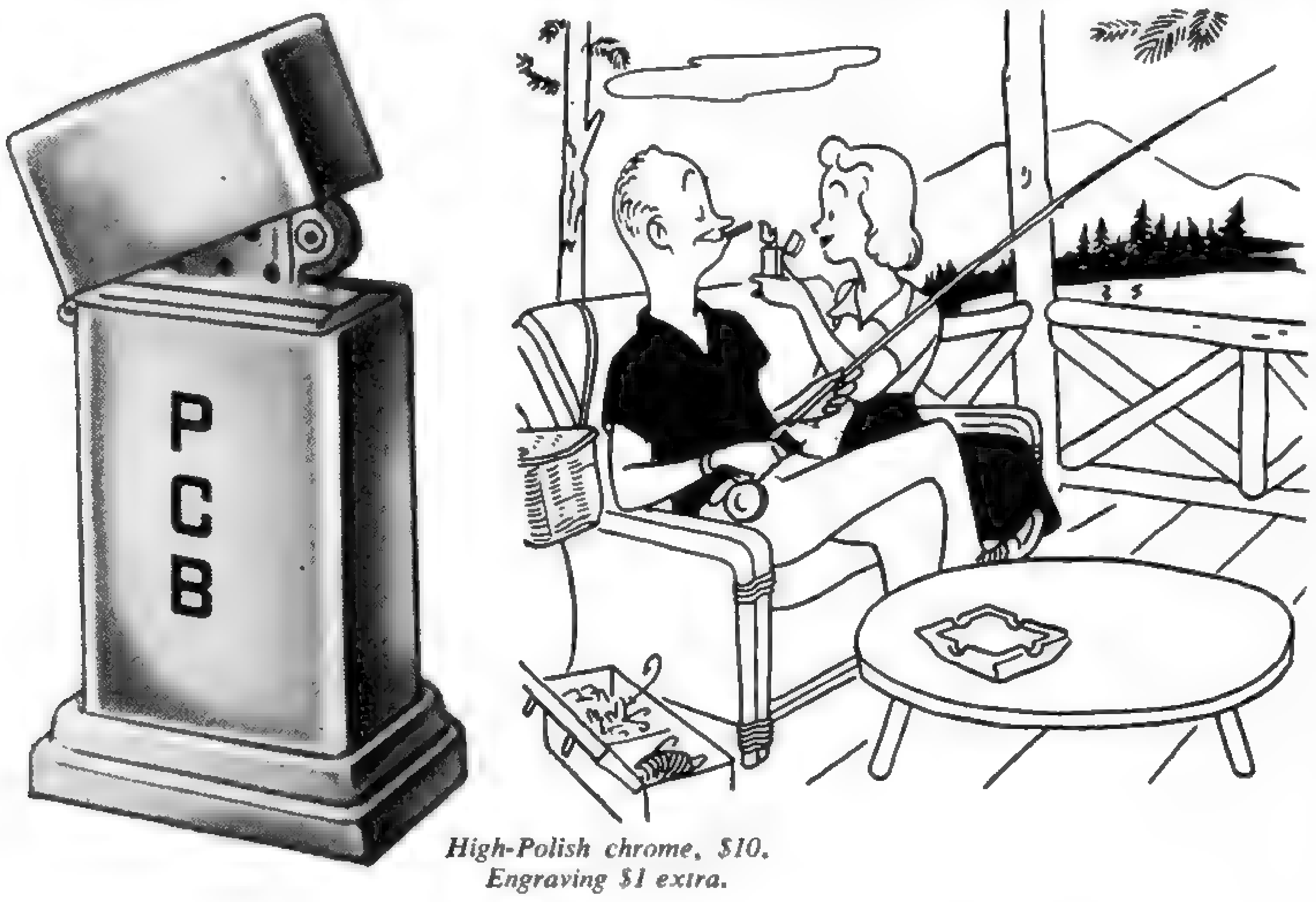

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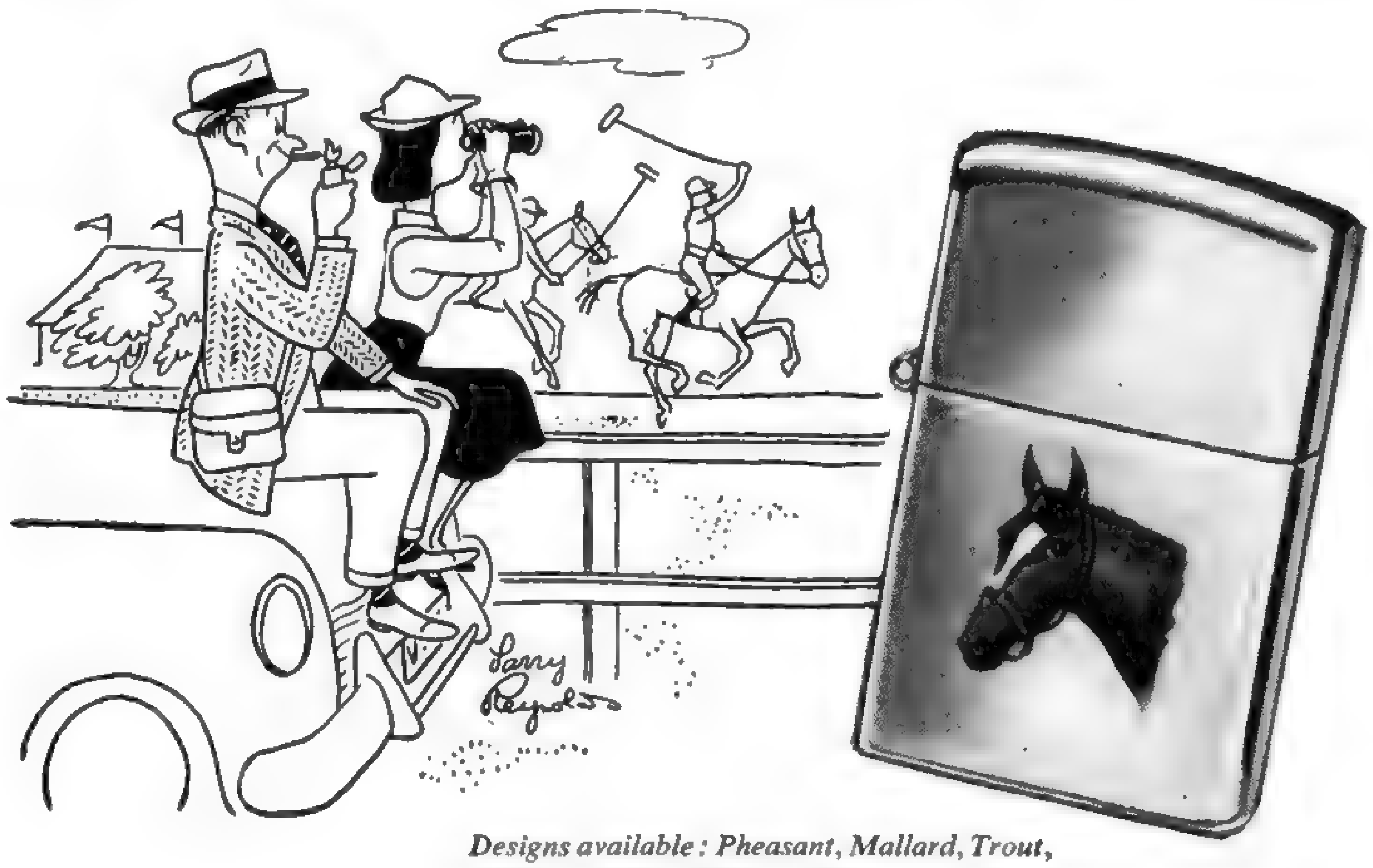

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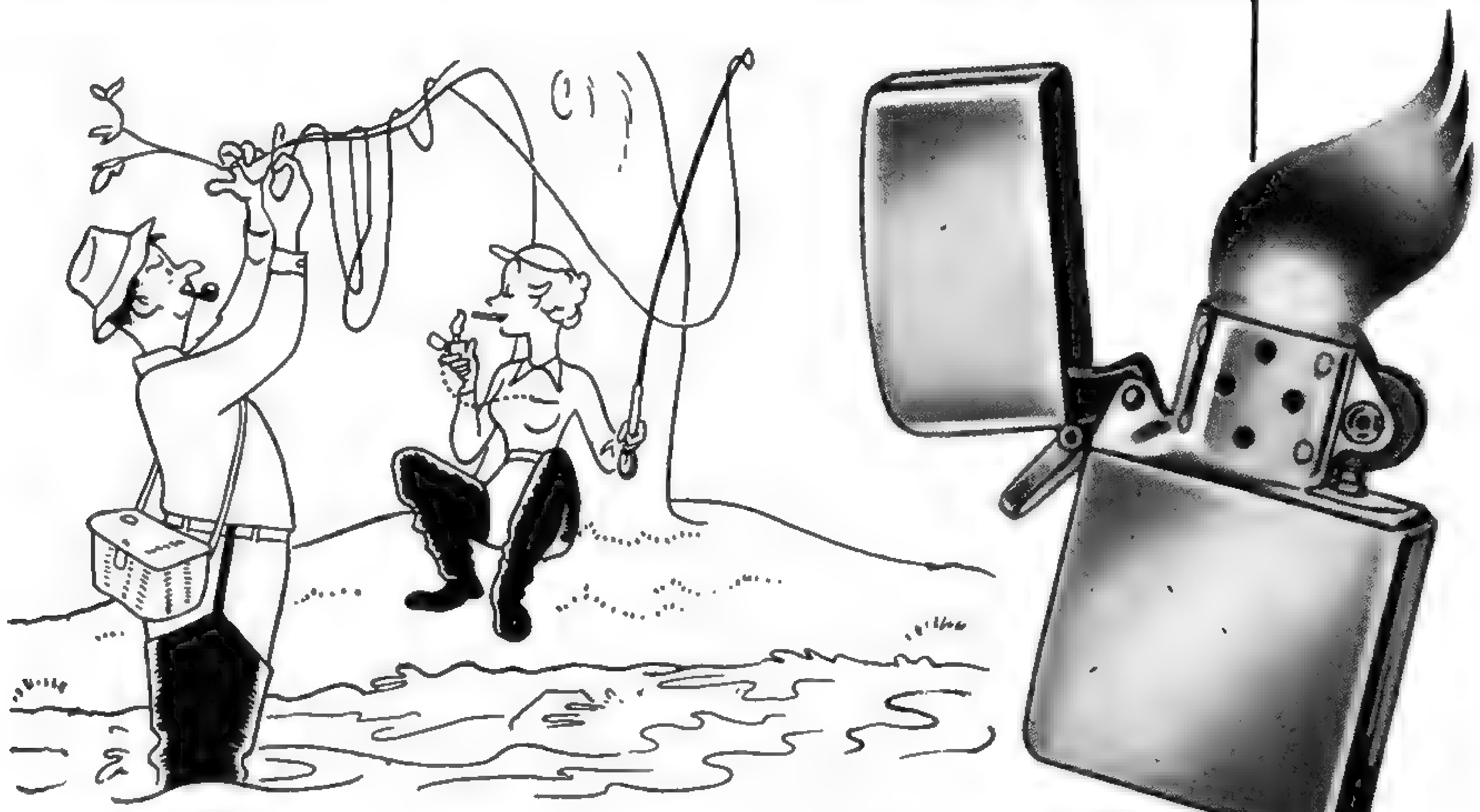

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These Are My Mental Setting-Up Exercises

Nine twisters that will give you fun and win you drinks down at the club

by **DAVID SHULMAN**

There are several schools of thought in puzzle construction. Some say make them hard. Some say make them easy. Some want them tricky and some want them fair and square. But they all want new ones that can win them drinks after a round of golf.

You may have all the answers to the puzzles that have been going the rounds for years—the hard ones, the easy ones, the tricky ones, and the ones that are fair and square—but here are nine brand-new puzzles that will give you a brainy afternoon.

If you miss but one, you're entitled to take the rest of the afternoon off!

1. If a knife weighs as much as a spoon and a fork, and five spoons weigh as much as a knife and a fork, a plate as much as a knife and a spoon, and a fork weighs four ounces, how much do the spoon, the knife and the plate weigh?

2. In the upper stretches of the Amazon, an explorer encountered a tribe that was fond of bartering for any kind of junk they could get their hands on. By shrewd salesmanship, the explorer managed to buy 25 articles for 25 dunks. He bought the following four kinds of items from the natives: skwirples at 2 for a dunk, muggles at a dunk apiece, tappies at 2 for 5 dunks, and juboks at 5 dunks each. How many of each kind did he get?

3. Some years ago, somebody said there were only two words in the English language with all the vowels in alphabetical order. The words are ABSTEMIOUSLY and FACETIOUSLY. There's another word with the same peculiarity except that the vowel "I" occurs twice, (in the right order). Now you give it some thought and try to find that word.

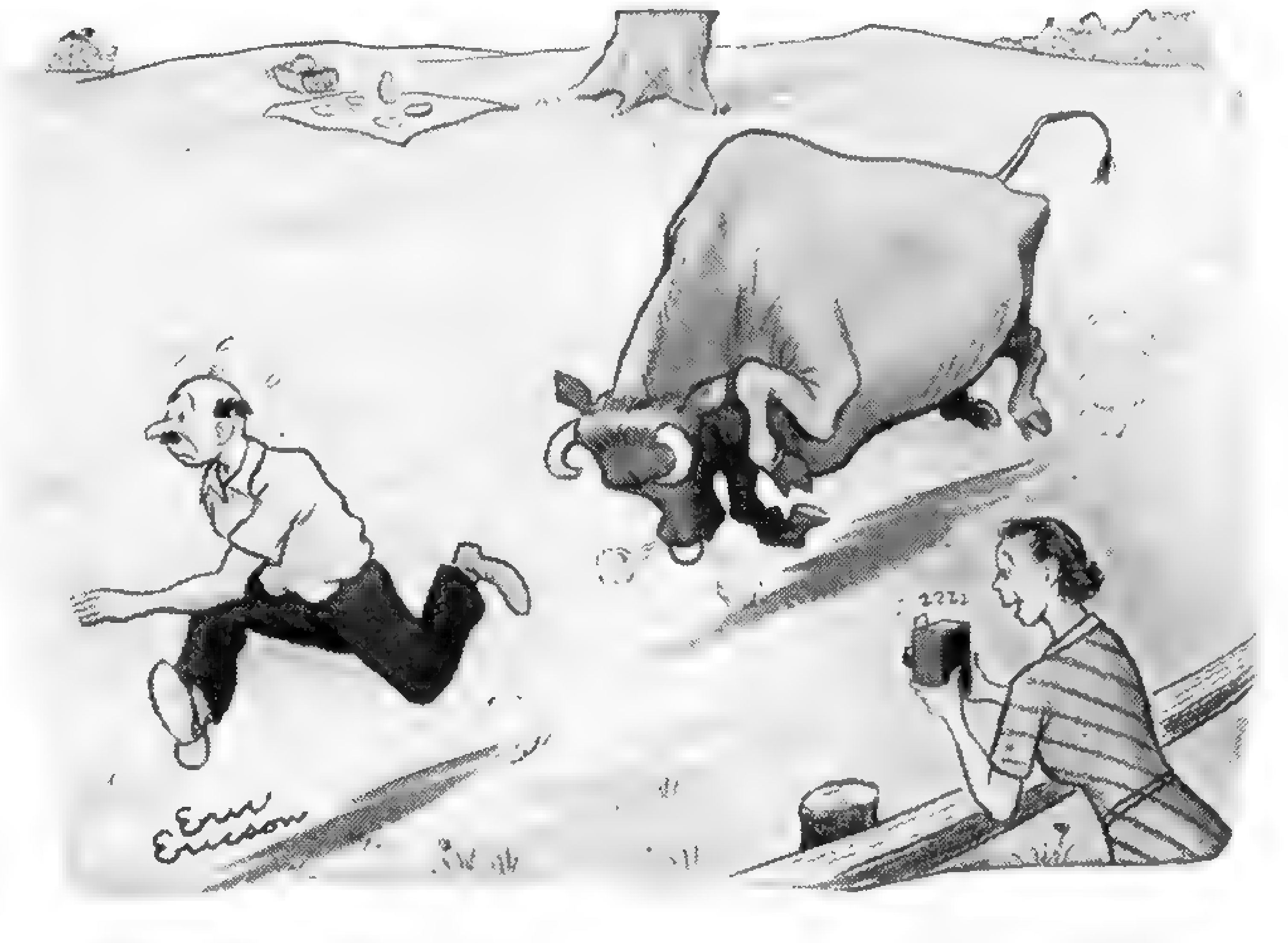
4. In this problem in addition, each letter represents a number. All digits from 0 to 9 have been used.

```
 POST
 MARK
-----
DATED
```

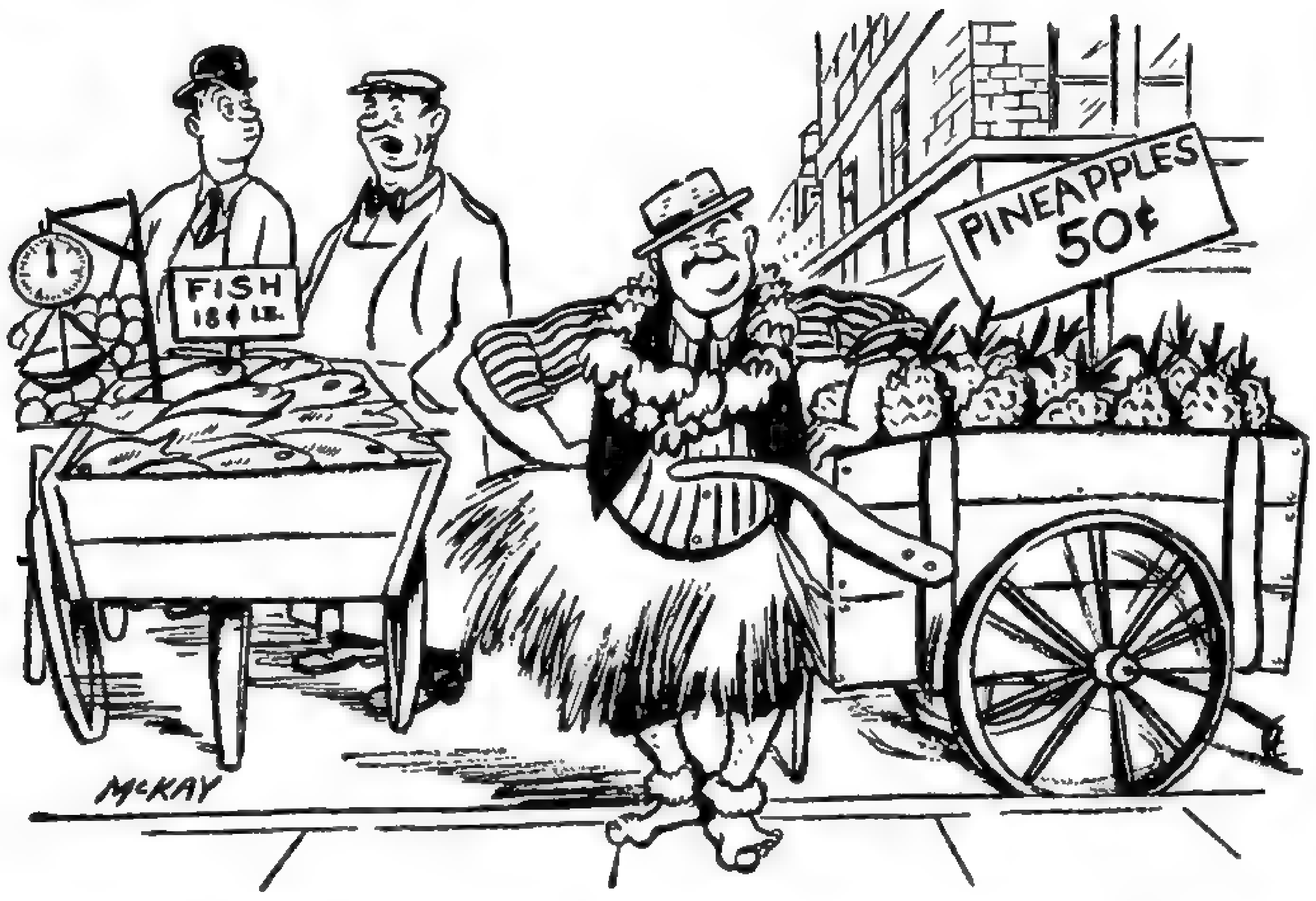
Can you find out what digits each of the letters represent, if your only clue is that P and S equal 11?

5. A mathematical-minded miss seeking a job was questioned about her age by a movie director.
"I am eighteen years old," she said.
The director was skeptical. "I don't want to imply you're not telling the truth," he said, "but are you sure that eighteen is your real age?"
"Well, to tell the truth," she replied, "I just gave myself the benefit of a year less than a quarter of my real age."
The director figured it out with the aid of a couple of yes men and pencil and paper. Can you do it mentally?

6. After the shower was over, I called for Ophelia. She had no umbrella, raincoat or galoshes with her and yet she was not wet, though she had walked for over an hour and the shower had lasted more than two hours. What explanation do you have for this phenomenon?



"This should wow 'em at our next party, dear"



"I wish I had his flair for showmanship"

7. "That fellow must have a grim sense of humor!" reflected Inspector Green as he looked at the bomb which Detective Brown had just placed upon his desk.
   "Yes, Inspector, he tried to hold up the bank with it by threatening to blow up the joint. He was so clumsy that he dropped it, but the bomb didn't go off."
   "Yet your men acted as if they had never seen one before?"
   "Yes, the fools doused it in oil and mistook it for a dud. They should have known that this type of bomb happens to be the only kind of bomb that will not explode."
   "Of course, and anybody can buy it at a drug- or department store."
   What kind of bomb were Inspector Green and Detective Brown discussing?

8. A man went into a store, showed the clerk a forty-five and asked for two twenties and a five-dollar bill. How much did the clerk lose on this transaction?

9. There were five bearded persons in a restaurant—Stokes, Cox, Bunner, Kipton and Morley.
   The types of beavers they wore included muttonchops, dundrearies, Van Dyke, Imperial and goatee, but not respectively.
   Cox sat at the same table with the man who wore the goatee.
   The chap with the muttonchops kept getting his whiskers in the soup.
   Stokes was the only one who did not start the meal with the main course.
   The waiter wore dundrearies.
   Cox paid for Morley's check.
   Bunner asked Cox to pass the salt.
   The man with the Imperial recognized Cox and they exchanged greetings.
   Morley asked the man with the goatee to pass the mustard. Who wore the goatee?

Answers

1. Spoon, two ounces; knife, six ounces; plate, eight ounces.
2. 14 skwirples (7 dunks), 8 muggles (8 dunks), 2 tappies (5 dunks), and 1 jubok (5 dunks).
3. The word with all the vowels in alphabetical order is ADVENTITIOUSLY. The letter "I" occurs twice.
4. Top row of figures: 8732. Second row: 6509. Total: 15,241. Or, with P equaling 6, and S equaling 5: top row, 6859; second row, 4072; total 10,931.
5. She was 22 years and 8 months.
6. It was a bridal shower!
7. The type of bomb filled with DDT insecticide. When its valve is opened, it releases a fine spray, but it will not explode.
8. $45, because the forty-five the man showed him was a forty-five automatic pistol.
9. Bunner wore the goatee. Since Stokes was the only one who did not start his meal with the main course, he must have had the soup. The man who had the soup wore muttonchops. That eliminates Stokes. Cox sat at a table and paid Morley's check. Bunner asked for the salt. Stokes had been eliminated. Therefore, Kipton must have been the waiter, and wore the dundrearies. According to the given facts, Cox could not have an Imperial nor a goatee. That means he belonged to the Van Dyke. This leaves only Morley and Bunner to be identified with a goatee or Imperial. Since Morley asked the man with the goatee for the mustard, Morley must have had the Imperial and Bunner the goatee.

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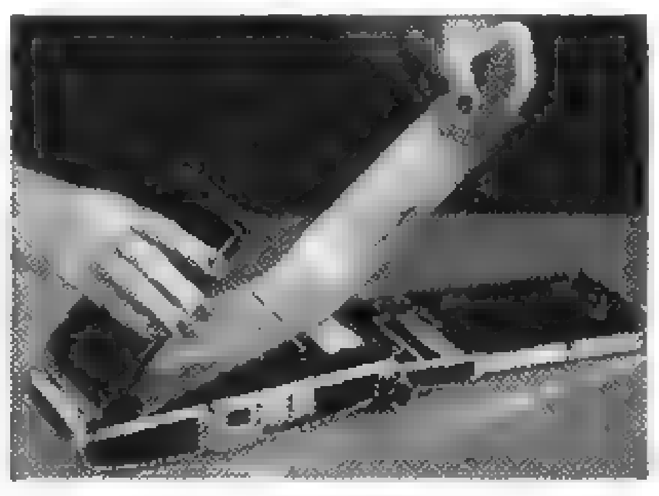
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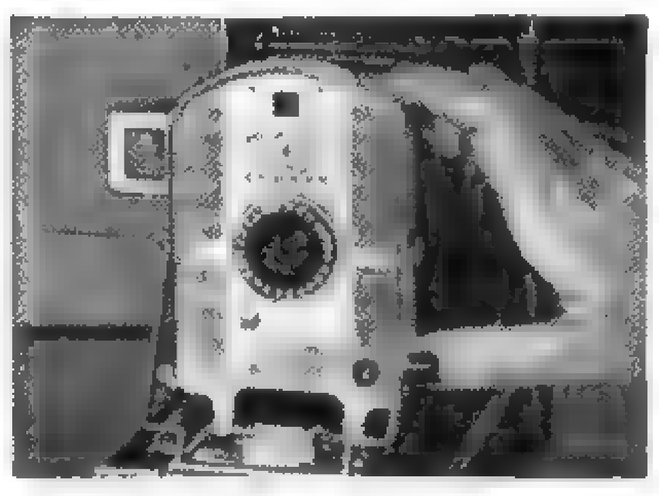
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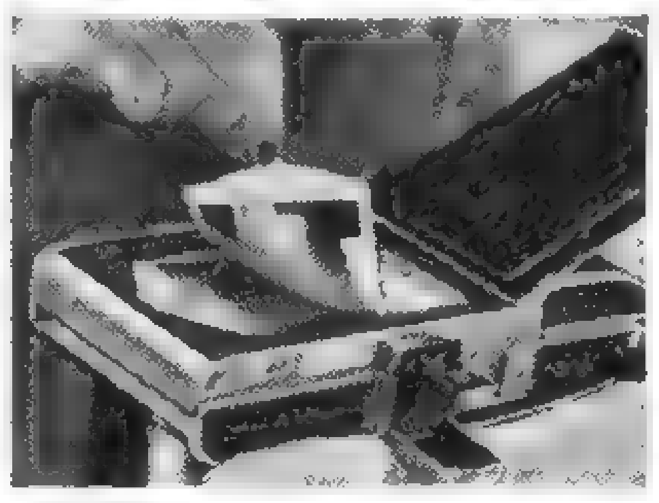
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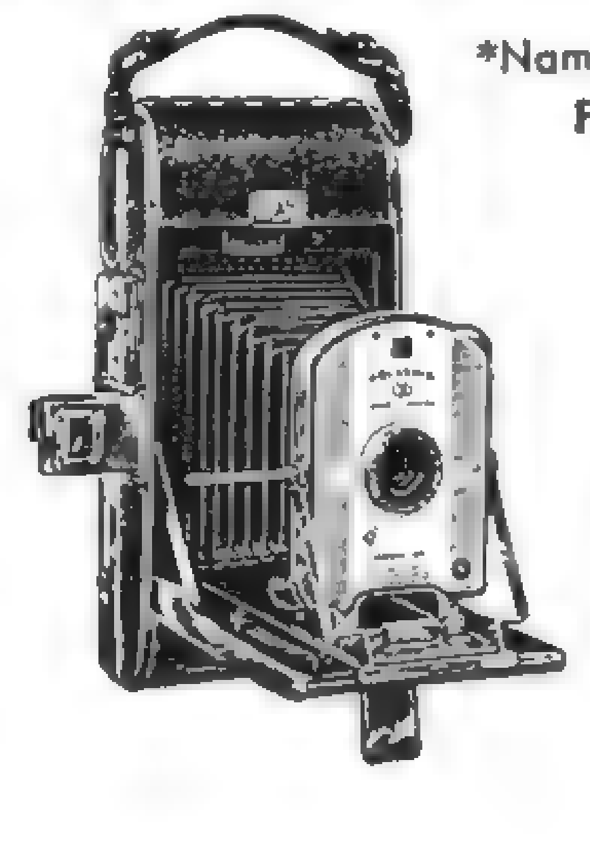

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Protest by an Ignoramus

Continued from page 51

side reporter, the publicity department of the athletic associations is sending out stories about young men who are black-market athletes, paid under the table to represent the same joint.

The Troubled Population of Broadway

On Broadway when they discuss The Bomb they mean the one a comic laid in a night club. Once the egg was the symbol of failure on Broadway, but they have borrowed from the language of the atomic age to illustrate their small frustrations. Politics is seldom the topic in the taverns where the merchants of frivolity collect in somber forums to estimate the worth of their jokes. But lately I notice the symptoms of the universal unrest taking shape and for reasons not quite clear. It would be easy to say it is a reflection of the great distrust which controls the negotiations between peoples everywhere, but those involved in these trivial instances ignore the front pages and the editorials and read only the Broadway columns, the sports pages and the theatrical notes. I detect new peevishness and a suspicion. Ordinary phrases of courtesy are examined as though they were invitations to gamble on a train with strangers. Casual acquaintances believe they are being betrayed by one another, but can't locate the basis for their awareness. The small talk of delicatessen conversations is frequently interrupted by disagreeable demands for a rundown on a commonplace greeting.

Such behavior was first called to my attention by a horse player. It is not easy for a horse player to estimate the moods of others, especially when he is losing, as this one is. But this is a guy who goes broke with a quiet resignation and accepts his insolvency with a majestic despair. Most horse players are liars, but I have verified his statements. Leg work indicates these incidents have occurred often enough to be called a trend. People are offended by the word hello. It is now possible to start an argument by using the word to a guy you don't know very well. It doesn't have to be a stranger; just someone who is beyond the frontiers of intimacy.

On this night the horse player was dejected by the results of a couple of photo finishes and decided that a café floor show might dilute his sorrow. He was sitting in the joint when a guy he didn't know came in with a girl whose face was vaguely familiar.

"Hello," said the horse player, rising slightly and bowing.

"Hello," the girl said and made it nasty.

"I said hello," the horse player apologized.

"It was a cold hello," the girl said, obviously hurt.

"What do you want from me?" the horse player asked.

"It was not a friendly hello," the girl insisted.

"It's the only one I got to give away," the horse player explained.

"I thought we were close friends," the lady said.

"No, we're not," said the horse player, who is a factual man. "I never said more than hello to you in my life."

"I wish I knew why you were mad at me," the girl said.

After the horse player had given me a play-by-play of this meeting, I tried to console him with the supposition that the girl was drinking.

"No, she wasn't," he said. "The guy she was with was real nice. I don't even know her name, but he came back to me and apologized for the twist. He said she's been doing that to a lot of people. He didn't know what the hell was the matter with her. I tell you you can't say hello any more without getting bawled out."

It happened to me a couple of nights later at a party. It was a comparative stranger; a guy I've seen around the ball parks, at the fights and occasionally in restaurants like Lindy's and Toots Shors'. I've nodded to him for years and he bobbed his head in answer and that was all it ever was. On this occasion I said hello.

"What's wrong with you lately?" the man asked after I had said hello.

He was sober.

"Nothing," I replied, although this is a slight exaggeration.

"That hello you gave me was really two-for-a-quarter," he said.

I repeated this to the horse player, who was elated.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "It's a whole new thing. People get burned out when you say hello."

People are demanding warmth and respect and frankness, scrutinizing everyone who approaches them. It is as though all men in the world must be a close friend or a deadly enemy. There is no middle ground.

Broadway always is hit first with the impact of a new economic force. When there is plenty of money people spend it wildly on entertainment. In times of depression, Broadway suffers first because frivolity is a commodity not considered a necessity of life. But Times Square is always late to recognize the conflicts which make humanity suffer. If it is happening here, it must be going full blast every other place in the world.

The Barber Who Hit a Thousand

The reputations of big-league ballplayers have been made this year and what they did is down in the records. There are always some who achieve temporary greatness in the last month of the

Continued on page 125

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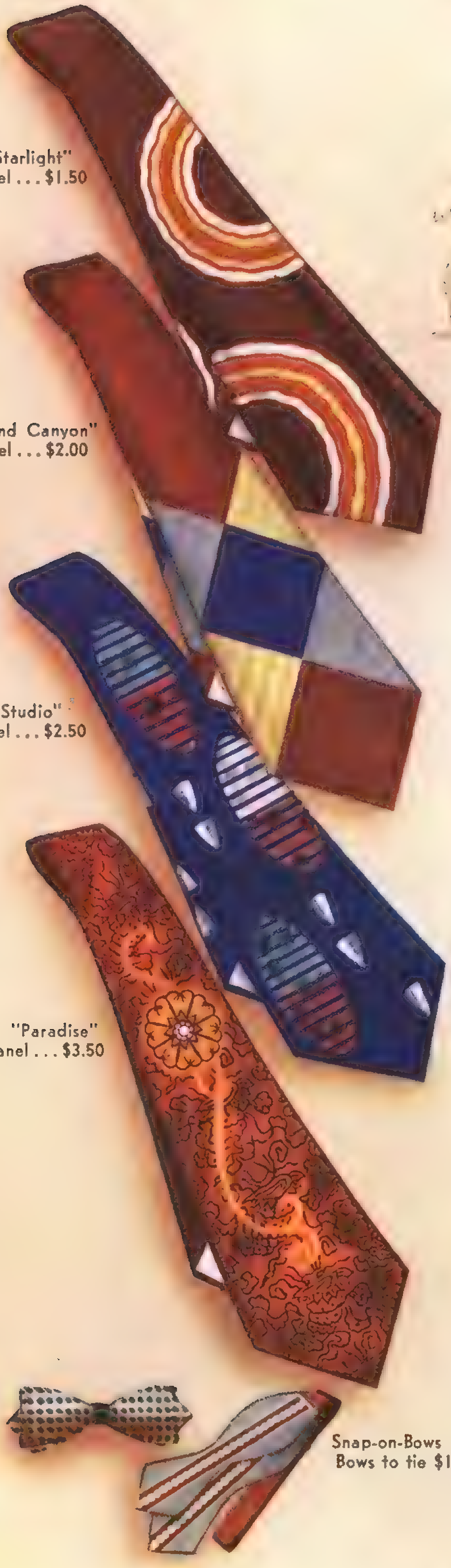

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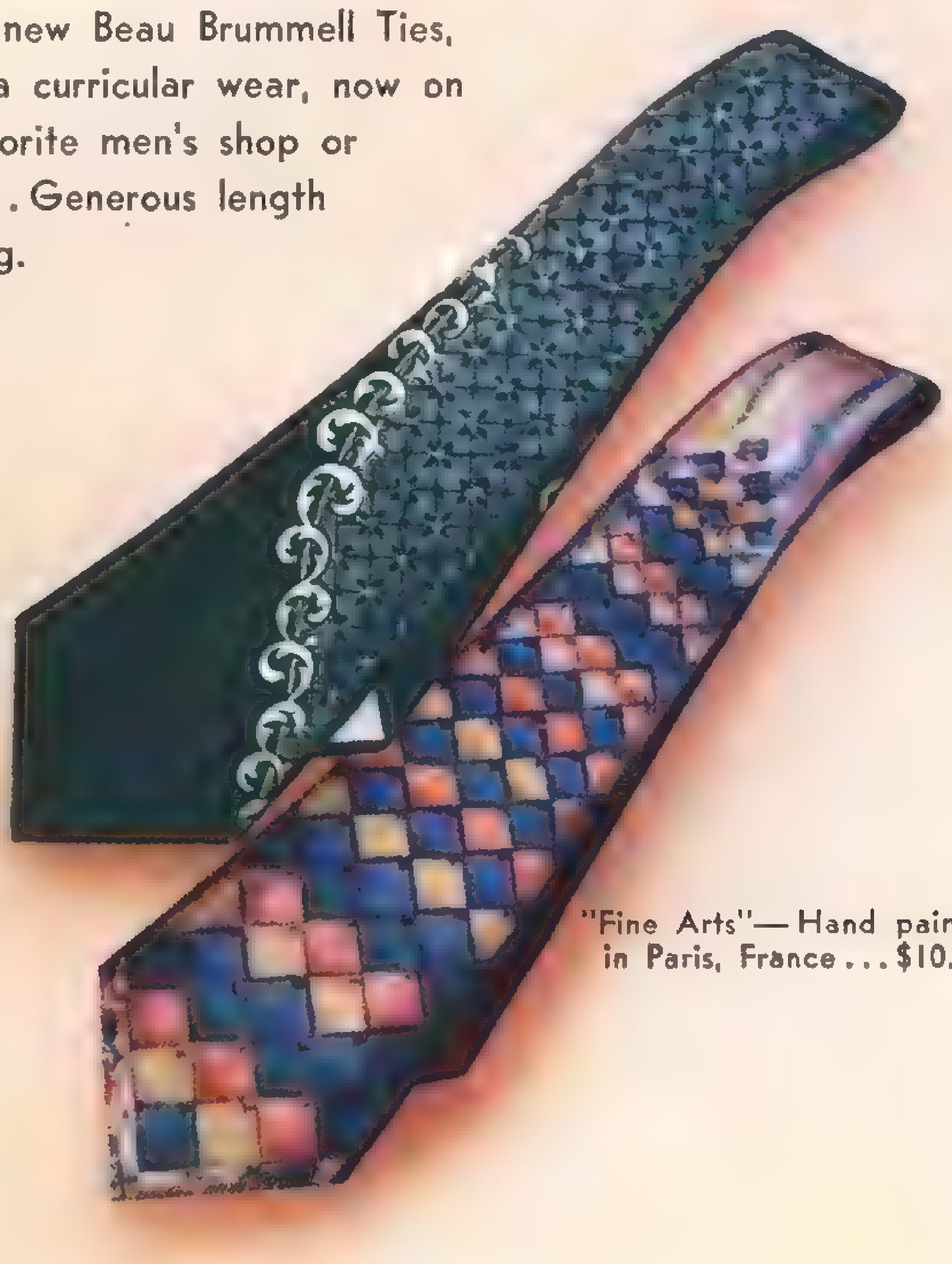

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Protest by an Ignoramus

Continued from page 122

season, but the big ones go along steadily from the opening day of the season until the last man's out. It reminds me of the time that a guy asked Lefty Gomez if Charlie Gehringer was a good hitter.

"He's in a rut," Gomez said. "He hits .350 opening day and stays there all season."

Eddie Brannick, the traveling secretary of the Giants, who came into baseball as John McGraw's office boy, refused to examine the averages when I asked him what player he thought should be nominated for the Hall of Fame on this year's performance. It is his notion that Pat Monahan should be honored and his shoes placed in the museum at Cooperstown because Mr. Brannick insists this is a baseball man without an equal. The major-league scout, who did hitches with the Browns, the Braves and the Giants among others, is the champion standing-up talker in baseball, a sport never known for the silence of its practitioners. There was never one in Mr. Monahan's class, according to Mr. Brannick, because the scout shunned oratory and never made a witty remark in his life. He just talked in a monotone for twenty-five years, his conversation starting before breakfast and never finishing while there was another guy up and around. In all that time, Mr. Monahan was never heard to mention any subject but baseball, although several detractors have claimed they heard him pass the time of day to a boyhood friend who passed his way after thirty-five years of lost contact. Others accuse him of once breaking his baseball monologue in Columbus, Ohio, during a minor-league meeting to ask a bellhop where the gent's room was. But Mr. Brannick is Mr. Monahan's most passionate booster and declared these accusations to be falsehoods spread by envious rivals who coveted the great champion's reputation.

"A lot of guys have tried to steal Monahan's title," Mr. Brannick once told me. "They're all bushers compared to him. Take Larry MacPhail when he was around baseball. He caused a hell of a commotion. But he's strictly a point maker. I've seen him walk through a hotel lobby and never open his mouth. He only talks when he wants to put over a point. I admit he has a lot of points he wants put over. But Monahan stands in a hotel lobby facing the elevator at a baseball meeting and covers everyone in the place. There isn't a living soul Monahan won't talk to."

I said I thought that Leo Durocher was a real contender. Mr. Durocher is the manager of the Giants and Mr. Brannick's loyalty prevented him from making a sensible statement. It is his contention that Mr. Durocher is a charming and witty man. I disagree slightly with this evaluation. Mr. Durocher is a theatrical barber who needs large audiences to keep him talking. Mr. Monahan, if you accept Mr. Brannick's word, and I do, doesn't care if he is talking to a deaf man. All he asks is a pair of ears and you don't have to guarantee that they are functional.

There is a Chicago group that stands by Clarence Rowland, the old Cub boss, who is still campaigning to have the Pacific Coast League declared a major league. Some insist that Mr. Rowland, called Pants, would be even money in a contest with Mr. Monahan.

"Pants is a table worker," said Mr. Brannick. "I'm not saying he isn't a gabby guy. But he always works sitting at a table with one guy. Monahan takes on the field one at a time or all at once. But he doesn't need a table to sit down at. He does it standing up."

There was a time when Lee Allen, a Cincinnati broadcaster who was formerly with the Reds' publicity department, was clocked as a young man with immense possibilities. He is a specialist who confines his barbering to averages and his memory is assisted by remarkable knowledge. I know of no one who has done more research on the histories of obscure players. There isn't anyone associated with the game who talks about it with more intelligence.

"Batting-average guys are nothing," Mr. Brannick said when I came up with Allen's name. "They give you what Joe Blotz hit in Springfield and what Joe Tomato did in Bridgeport. I don't want to belittle Allen. He's the best of the specialists. But you got to talk about something more than figures to come close to Monahan."

Age has slowed down such as Ted McGrew, the Pittsburgh executive, and Pancho Snyder, the old Giant catcher.

"They were pretty good men in their day," Brannick said. "But their legs aren't as strong as they were. Their wind is as good as it ever was and it's only logical they picked up a few new words every year. But in the winter meetings four-five years ago I caught Snyder sitting down on the stairs. Any time you see a guy with Snyder's class as a barber sitting down you know he's through. McGrew has been sitting down for years."

The best of the green contenders, Mr. Brannick decided, is Charlie DeWitt, of the St. Louis Browns.

"DeWitt's a Johnny Come Lately," Mr. Brannick said from the pulpit of his experience. "He wouldn't have been able to get a word in edgewise with Monahan. Another thing. Gag guys like

Continued on page 126

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Protest by an Ignoramus

Continued from page 125

Casey Stengel and Frankie Frisch were always meat for Monahan. He walks right through gags. Never even hears them. He's a slugger and throwing a crack at him is like bunting when you're losing eleven nothing in the ninth inning. He's the greatest that ever lived. His shoes belong in Cooperstown with Carl Hubbell's glove."

Broads with Class

If you live in New York it happens frequently. There will be something familiar in the face of the girl next to you on the drugstore stool. You will be eating lunch, but her meal will be the club breakfast: orange juice, toast and coffee. It will occur to you that you have seen this girl in the movies, but you will not be sure. You ransack your mind to remember her in a minor part in a picture which was the stiff of a double feature. The chances are you were right because the town is practically filled with them now.

Once there were show girls who worked for Ziegfeld and George White and Earl Carroll and they were marvelously tall and delightfully shaped and they had a languorous arrogance which was attractively unnatural. They were the pets of the town and accepted the homage paid them as though it were a civic duty to regard them with reverence. They set the fashion for the way tall girls looked and in that period you thought you recognized show girls in public places because their manners were usurped by young ladies who worked at less spectacular tasks. It is the same way with the bit players from the Coast and their habits of dress and make-up have been lifted by the New York girls of their own age. The show girls had little ambition and they were on the make for a rich guy who made the grade as long as he picked up their tabs. They never pretended they had any qualifications for the theatre. They accepted their slowly graceful half-naked strolls across the stage as the fulfillment of their hopes.

The models came after them and played the big swell cafés of the fashionable East Side. They were leaner, quieter, not as greedy, knew more about make-up and read historical novels. Their conversation was wittier. They avoided the hoodlums and gamblers and the phony stock guys who squired the show girls. Advertising men were their favorite escorts and still are. They impersonate society women and are well paid for posing for the commercial photographers.

The new-type actresses and their impersonators are camp followers of culture. They have an aggressive independence and a cynical eagerness which I find heartbreaking. They try to pay their own way and many a one insists on taking her own check when they're taken out to dinner. The course of their lives follows a definite pattern and the fortunate ones make it to Hollywood. Few stick it out.

They are not the beauty-contest winners nor the fame-nagged waitresses from the small towns who went to Hollywood because they want to snuggle up to Errol Flynn or eat a Caesar salad at Dave Chasen's or Romanoff's. They came from reasonably well-to-do families who encourage them when they announce they are going to give their years to the stage.

It starts in a college play. They come to New York and you see them in Sardi's or the Broadway drugstores. They work as dollar-a-night walk-ons, usherettes, at any job that will get them into a theatre free. They enroll in a dramatic school and put in with others of their species and live in tenement flats or women's clubs. Unlike the models and the show girls, they don't go for the splendor associated with young women in a profession where clothes are important. They wear uniforms, flat-heeled shoes, sweaters and skirts and they avoid make-up. Lipstick is enough for them. They go hatless and labor to make their hair appear wind-blown, but only achieve frowsiness.

A minority go to Hollywood where they go out with small-part actors, unpublished writers, and radio hacks with illusions to match their own. Their conversations are dominated by the brutal gossip of the theatre and the literary set. They carry the works of Jean Paul Sartre and spend afternoons at the exhibitions of vague European painters. They search for writers and directors and cameramen who speak pretentiously of their work and they put the rap on the movies continually and yearn for the stage and remember their tiny roles with the passionate nostalgia of a Helen Hayes reliving the excitement of starring in a *Coquette*.

They are the belles of the ornate Bohemia of California. They make a movie and come back to New York when it opens because the publicity departments can always use a pretty girl to milk a picture out of the movie editors. They give interviews to fan magazines and you see them in the Stork, the Colony and 21. They go back to Hollywood and their parts become smaller and other girls of their kind come up to take their jobs and their contracts expire without notice.

They're back in New York. They're in Sardi's again and the drugstores and the side-street spaghetti joints where actors congregate. Sometimes they go out with a road company of a show and hang on just as long as they can. But road tours don't last forever and you wonder how they live. ⧻

Continued from page 51

Rabbits Is Nice

Here's a Pennsylvania Dutch way to turn Bugs Bunny into a savory dish

by **HARRY BOTSFORD**

I HAD been hunting pheasant late in November on a big Pennsylvania Dutch farm seven miles from Bird in Hand, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Just before noon one of the most thorough snowstorms I have ever experienced caught up with me. The flakes were big and wet and they cut visibility to a few feet, making further hunting impossible. I walked blindly and peevishly through the storm to the shelter of the big red barn. It was warm in there and comfortable. I was about to sit down on a sack of grain and eat the frugal lunch I carried when the owner of the farm, a tall bearded genial individual, came to the barn on some errand. He grinned at me. "Huntin' not so good yet?" he ventured. I told him that his suspicion was correct, but if he didn't mind I'd like to wait an hour or so and see if the snow would not stop enough to permit further hunting.

"With welcome," he said politely. "But come, it ain't right you should eat here lonesome in the barn already. My missus will have dinner on the table come soon. Come and sit with us."

I accepted the invitation eagerly. In the big kitchen of the farmhouse the large steel range threw off a genial heat and from the galaxy of pots and pans on it came cooking odors that a hungry man could scarcely bear, they were so good.

The plump little wife of my host was both pleased and flustered at having a guest. Her round merry sweet face was red beneath her white house bonnet. She was busily engaged in the preparation of the day's big meal. The kitchen was immaculate. I relaxed. This was good to see, nice to anticipate; a hot meal cooked in the Pennsylvania Dutch manner.

She lifted the lid from a heavy iron skillet and peered in. Then she turned to me. "You like rabbits, yes?" she inquired anxiously. I did and I so informed her.

"Rabbits is nice!" she remarked with a gentle smile as she bent to her work.

It was a profound statement, but it wasn't until I had tasted her *hasenpfeffer* that I recognized it as such.

If Pennsylvania Dutch farm tables do not groan it is because they are strongly constructed. Certainly they are burdened, three times a day, with more and better food than can be found in any other rural area in the world.

The tablecloth was red-checkered, carried me back to my childhood days. It was almost hidden, however, with dishes of food in an amazing variety. But best of all good things was the *hasenpfeffer*. Never have I eaten rabbit with such a distinctive and such a magnificent flavor. The housewife watched me devour portion after portion of it with shy joy. It was a compliment she could understand. When I pressed, she agreed to tell me how it was prepared.

Hasenpfeffer

The rabbits were carefully cleaned and cut into serving portions. Then they were placed in a deep crock and covered with equal parts of water and cider vinegar, to which she added sliced onions, salt, pepper, cloves, bay leaves and a little tarragon. The meat should not marinate more than two days, she insisted. "If longer, the meat tough gets," she said.

She cooked the *hasenpfeffer* in a deep iron skillet, using plenty of butter in which the meat was thoroughly and evenly browned. Then she gradually added some of the sauce in which the meat had been marinated, partially covering the meat. The *hasenpfeffer* was then simmered for about a half-hour or until the meat was very tender. Just before serving, the meat was removed from the skillet and placed on a hot platter. A large cup of thick sour cream was then stirred in the sauce left in the skillet, making one of the most notable gravies I have ever tasted.

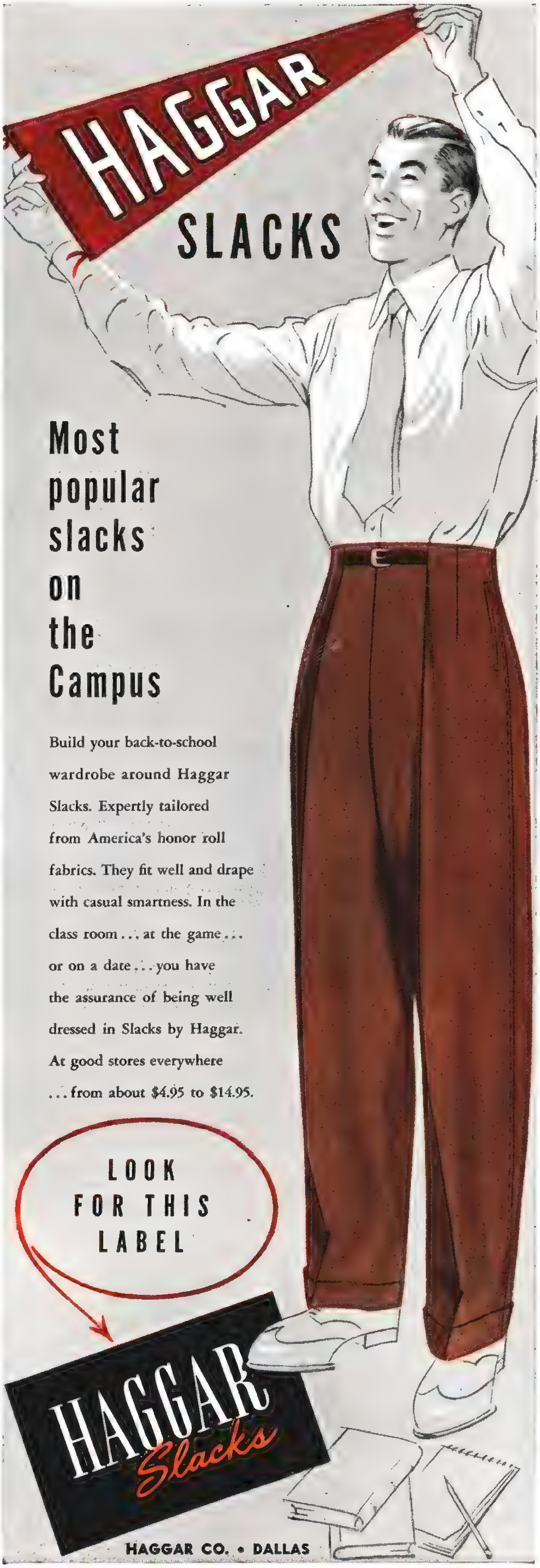
I will never forget that meal. There was country-cured ham, a platter of sausage, mashed potatoes, turnips, canned corn, cole slaw, onions cooked in a thin mustard sauce, beet pickles and three kinds of hot bread. Likewise, and well remembered, there was a red raspberry jam that glowed like a precious ruby and tasted like a million dollars, golden clover honey and squares of homemade maple sugar.

Now that I think of it, there's a reason why, in the five years I lived in the Pennsylvania Dutch country, I never saw one of them who looked undernourished!

To say I was replete when I pushed back from the table would be an understatement. I was, to be factual, literally stuffed. The snow had ceased and I was able to get in two hours' hunting before it was time to return home.

My hostess was right: rabbits is nice. ⌗

From The Fish and Game Cook Book *by Harry Botsford. Copyright by Cornell Maritime Press, Publishers.*



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You Never Can Tell About People

Next time you murder somebody, put a bunch of lilacs in his cold hand

by JOSEPH KINSEY HOWARD

WELL, Kid, I suppose they told you at journalism school to get an old-timer in the back room with a glass in his hand and ask him that. All right, go to the doorway and holler to Tommy—he'll hand you a couple. I'd rather stay here, even if we have to carry our own drinks. I don't care if it is Tommy's "cocktail lounge for ladies"; what right has he got to have a cocktail lounge, anyway?

Kid, the world's going to hell. There isn't a place a man can call his own any more, except the Y.M.C.A. And that reminds me of something—Little Willie and the lilacs. I guess maybe that gives me an answer to your question.

You were asking what's the most important thing to remember in newspaper business? Well, it's this: You can never tell about people.

In our business you get in a special kind of rut. You get into the habit of driving down a long narrow road of fact, of things as they are, your eyes straight ahead.

Maybe sometime you run across something that pushes you down a side road. Like, for instance, Willie and the lilacs. Well, you go down all right, because you got to follow Willie—it's your job, but you're sheepish about it because you know it just couldn't happen that way, even if it did. And when you write it, the copy desk cuts out the side road because it's extraneous. That makes you mad because nothing's ever extraneous in your copy, so you write it again and send it off to a magazine disguised as fiction; but you enclose a letter to the editor telling him honest to God that's what happened, and right away you get the story back.

You never can tell about people. But as a newspaperman you always think you can, and when they go down the side road which you know damn well isn't there, right away to you it's incredible. And that shows through: the way you write it, it *is* incredible.

You got to start with the idea that people may do anything. This is a quiet town, as you've discovered, and that's why I was surprised when this Willie lug picks it for a hide-out.

It started one June night when I was on the late trick and I got a call from the station. The lieutenant says come on over, he's got something to show me.

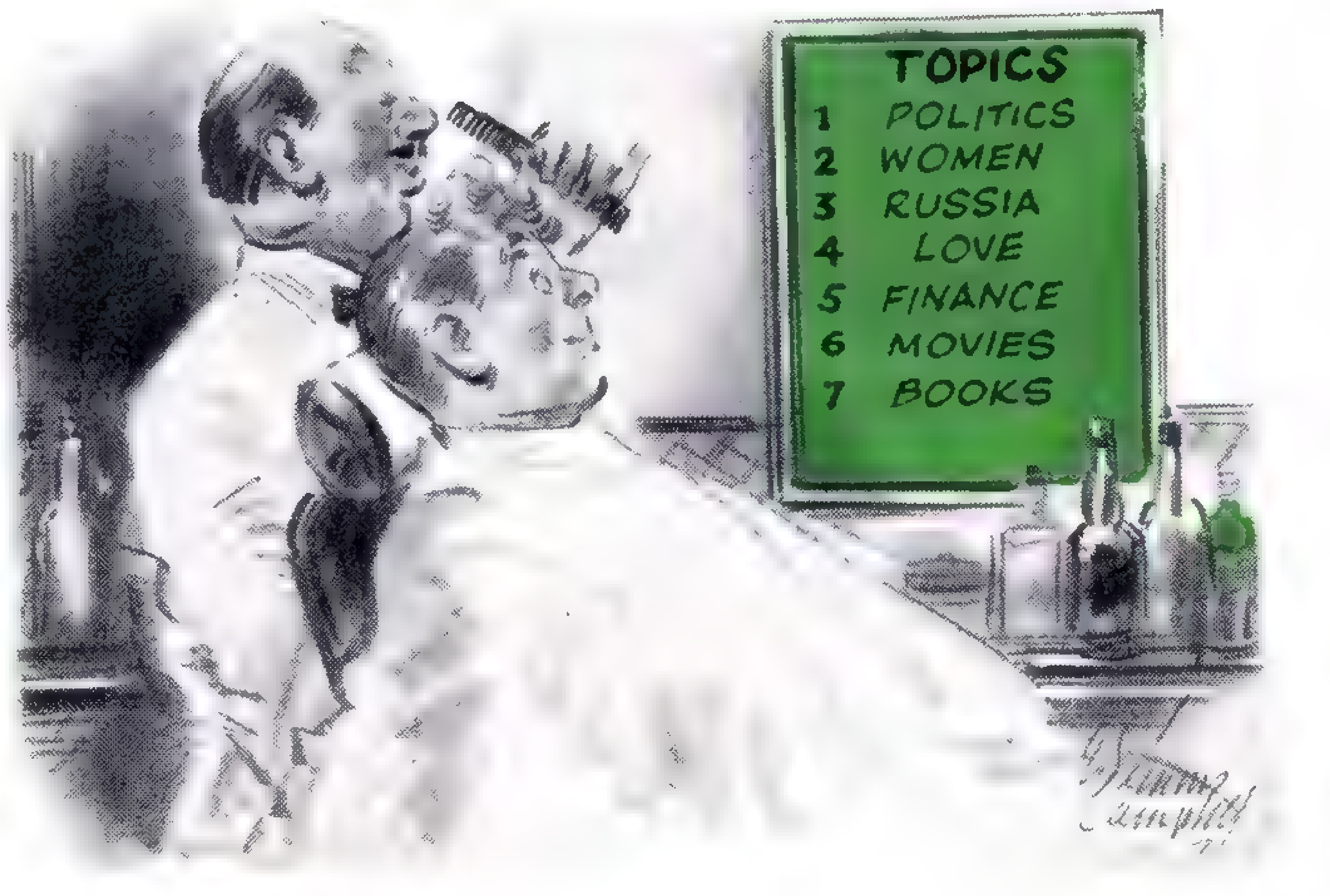
He hands me one of those "Wanted" bills with a picture of this guy, Little Willie Thompson. He was nice-looking, but so are a lot of those "Wanted" lads. According to the circular, Little Willie was right handy with a gun: he had knocked off three bookies on Memorial Day in East St. Louis over who was to control the race-news syndicate. Willie was headed west, it said.

"He's here," the lieutenant told me, "but we can't find him."

The cops had cased every hotel in the county, and no soap. They knew he was around; they'd shown the picture to their lousy stools—fish, they call 'em now—and one guy had seen him on the street.

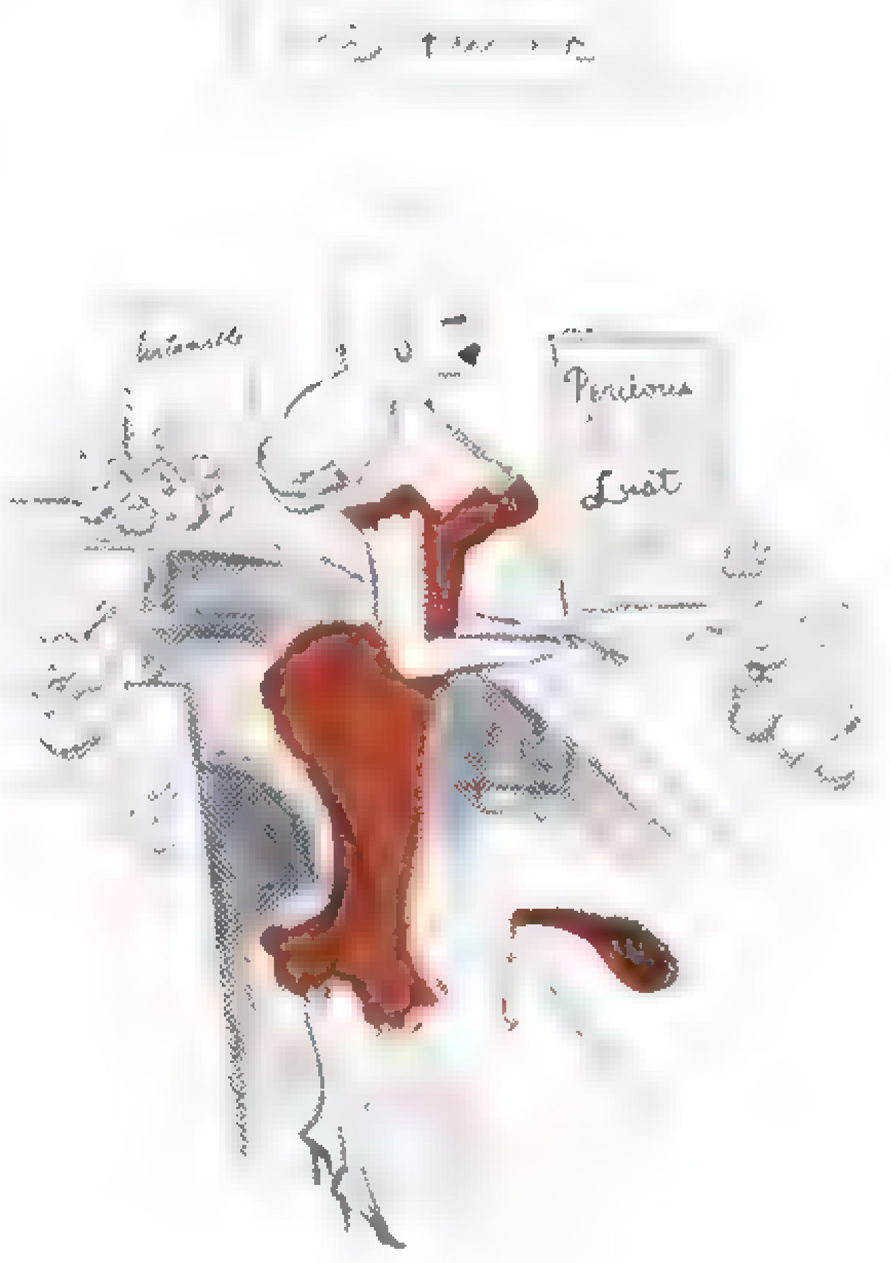
I went to work on it. First I wanted to find out why Willie picked this place out of all the towns in the West; I didn't have any luck working this angle until the lieutenant got some more dope from East St. Louis. Then the pieces began to fit together.

This Willie was a Chicago character, and a Chicago mob was



"Number two—okay"

mixed up in that race-wire trouble. I'd had Chicago on my mind because of Clare. You don't know her, but Clare's quite a girl. Used to sing and dance; made a hit in high school here, then joined a crummy little outfit playing the county-fair circuit and such. Finally she hit the real lights in Chicago. She played the Blackstone Hotel for quite a stretch and other good spots, then some outlying clubs whose reputations weren't so hot. Everybody was surprised when she came home a few weeks before this, and settled down with her dad on his farm about ten miles west. The story had it that her health went to pot from dancing and singing in those smoky places.



I had known Clare pretty well when we were kids, and I saw her a time or two after she got home. One night we'd met and had a few drinks, and she broke down and told me what had happened.

She got involved back there, and I mean involved. The guy was the Big Shot himself, and she had him right where she wanted him—but after the mink coat's first season she didn't want him any more. It sort of bothered her to trip over stiffs in her closet where they'd been stored until his boys could take 'em somewhere for planting. But he didn't have any intention of letting her go, of course — couldn't afford it, because she knew too much.

She wouldn't tell me how she finally managed to break out, so I knew she'd had some help. Fortunately the Big Shot didn't know where she came from, or even her right name, so she was safe here.

I remembered all that, and then I thought of Little Willie. He and Clare were the only people I knew of around here—and I know almost everybody—who had come from the same circles in Chicago. It seemed likely, considering their connection, that they had met.

I didn't say anything to the lieutenant, but I put in a lot of time watching that girl. It wasn't easy to do, with her ten miles out of town, but finally it paid off.

Her dad's a widower; his place is just another little irrigated farm out in the valley. It's a nice spot, sunny, a few trees, and two lilac bushes. That's how the lilacs came into the story.

It didn't take me long to decide that Willie wasn't on the farm, or to discover that Clare was spending a lot of time away from home and maybe meeting him somewhere—if I was right in guessing they were acquainted. I hated the idea for I liked her; and I had Willie pegged, all right—a thin little yellow rat, fast with a gun and dopey every other way, no brains and no guts, but good-looking enough to maybe win her over to his side. Oh, I had him in his little labeled box!

I tailed her into a town a few times in my crate, but hell, I couldn't spend a whole day in the grocery and ready-to-wear departments!

Funny thing—it took me quite a while to catch on to the fact that every trip she made she brought along a few sprigs from those damn lilac bushes; and the once or twice I caught sight of her heading back home, she didn't seem to have 'em.

Why the flowers? Then I tumbled: somebody was sick. I checked on every little guy in the two hospitals and he wasn't there. But I was so damn sure it was Willie she was visiting that I never considered any other possibility.

After a couple of weeks the boys at the station brushed it off, the way they do; but I was sure Willie was still around and Clare was seeing him. So one night I drove out there and picked her up and said we'd go see a show.

We didn't see any show. I brought her in here, right where we're sitting. It was a cardroom then, but deserted early in the evening and it was a good place to bring a dame for a little chat.

"Look, Babe," I said as offhand as I could, "where in hell have you got Little Willie stashed away?"

Jeez, you should have seen her face. I guess I forgot to tell you that Clare was a beautiful girl. She was the black Irish stuff: hair and eyes like the glistening roller on the press when it's fresh-inked. Her face was white enough anyway, but now it went dead, even her lips; and her eyes closed and I wondered if she'd fainted. All of a sudden she was up and halfway out of the room, but I got hold of one foot and she went down hard on the floor. It's a lot cleaner now than it used to be, this floor. I was sorry about that, but I tell you I was half nuts.

"Clare," I said, "leave us have no more horseplay. Where's your yellow little boy friend?"

Damned if she didn't lay one on me that nearly knocked me out of my chair. Her face wasn't white any more; it was red and her eyes were snapping and her hair was all over the place.

"Okay," I said, when I had caught my breath and could talk again. "Now we're even. But talk, Babe . . . This is between us, for the time being anyway. The cops don't know a thing."

Continued on page 130

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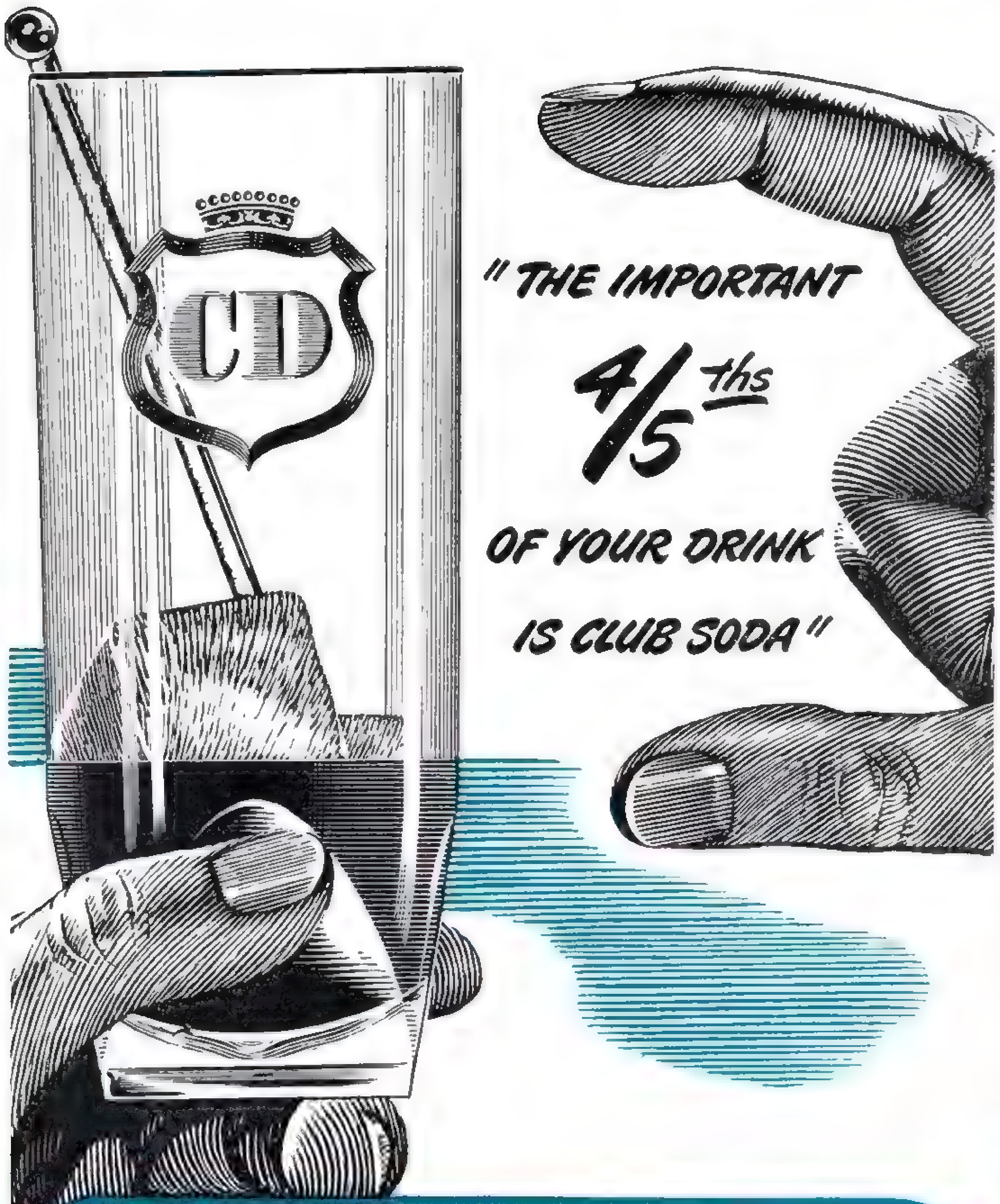

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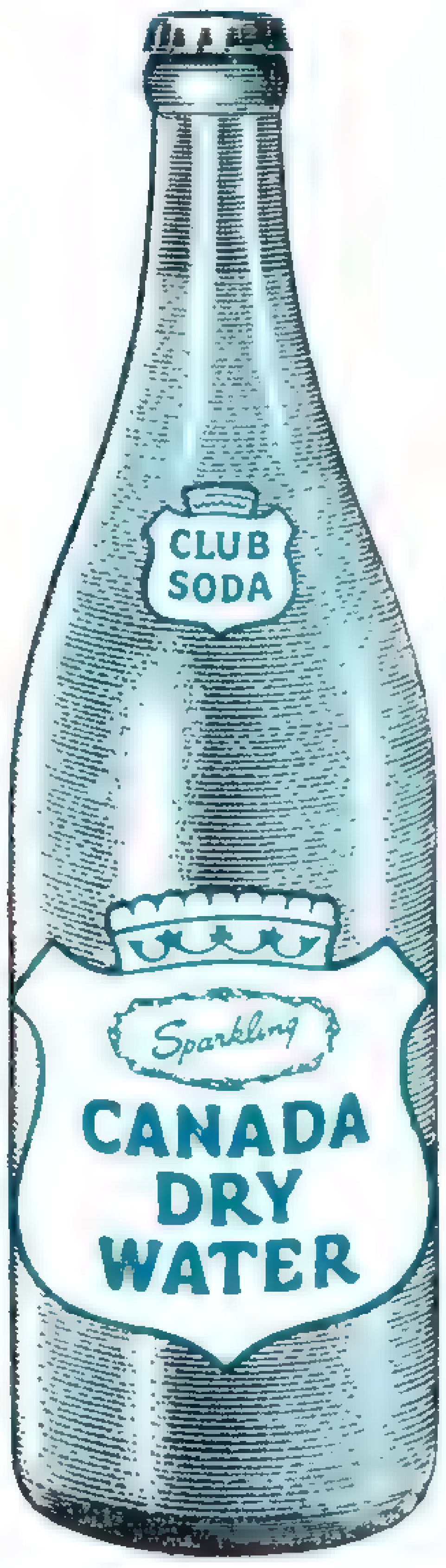


You Never Can Tell About People

Continued from page 129

You aren't going to believe what she told me. I didn't believe it all, either. She was trying to switch people around in the boxes I had built for them, and I knew it couldn't be done.

It was Willie who helped her get clear of that business in Chicago. I kind of hoped that she wouldn't cover for a mug like him unless she had to, because she owed him a break.

That's where I was way off. She loved the guy.

Willie fell hard for her in Chicago. But he was just a punk, one of a dozen or so hanging around the boy friend's place. Only three, four times was he able to get to her when nobody was around. But the first time was the one that counted. They found out they were both small-town kids and fed up. You know how it was? Well, he met her on the street, and took her walking in a park!

They'd caught the scent of lilacs, she said, as they walked along, and had gone into the park and hunted until they found the bushes.

"It was spring," I remember her telling me, "and the wind was soft there. It didn't fret and snarl as it does when it's trapped in the streets. There was no dirt blowing up in our faces, and no smell of exhaust from the cars. And no people, except us. I wanted so desperately to go home, so I told him. He arranged it all."

She met him in a store where she was supposed to be shopping; he put her on a train, handed her tickets and a big wad of cash—which she still had, she said—and kissed her good-by. She wanted him to come along, but he said two could be traced more easily than one; he said maybe he'd join her someday.

Well, after a couple of weeks she got a letter, mailed in town but signed with a name she didn't know. There was some mention of lilacs in it. So she went to this place it told her about in the letter (she wouldn't tell me where it was) and found him.

Willie was pretty sick. In fact, he'd had a couple of slugs in him. I said so what; he had tossed a few himself, hadn't he? Then she flared up again and said Willie was no killer. He had a record, sure; but it was for gambling, not gunplay.

And I said how about East St. Louis, and she said he couldn't have done it, because he was here when that job was pulled.

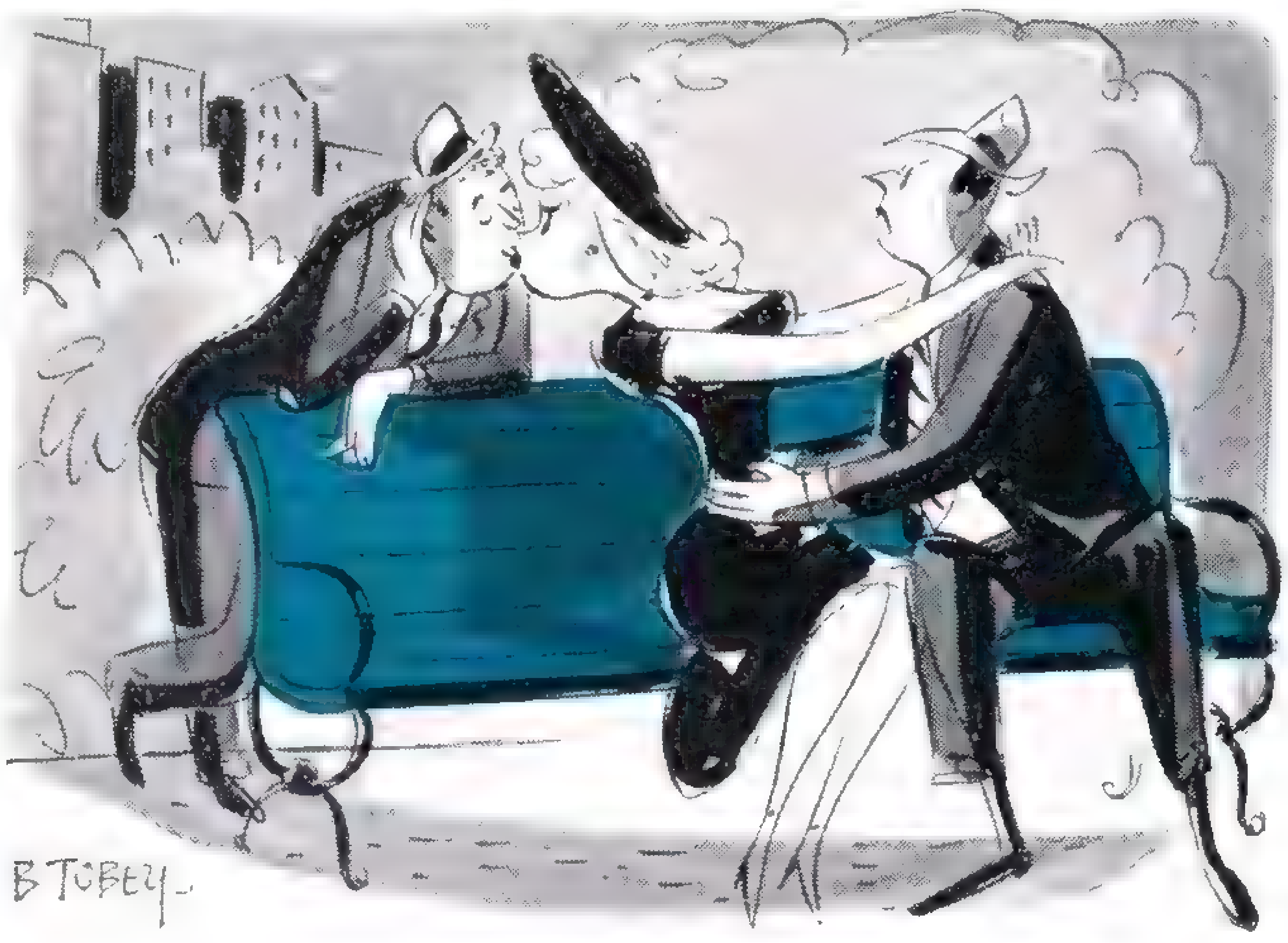
Willie had told her he'd taken a little trip into the country with some of their old playmates. He wouldn't tell her why, but she was sure it was because the former boy friend found out she had made her get-away. The boys were a little careless, however, and Willie lived through it. Then his former pals had taken care of that matter in East St. Louis; they had casually dropped some calling cards pointing to Willie, figuring that if his body were ever found, dates would no longer be important.

Clare begged me to lay off. When Willie was well they were going to move on, farther west. It would take quite a while, though, as he was afraid to go to any of the local doctors.

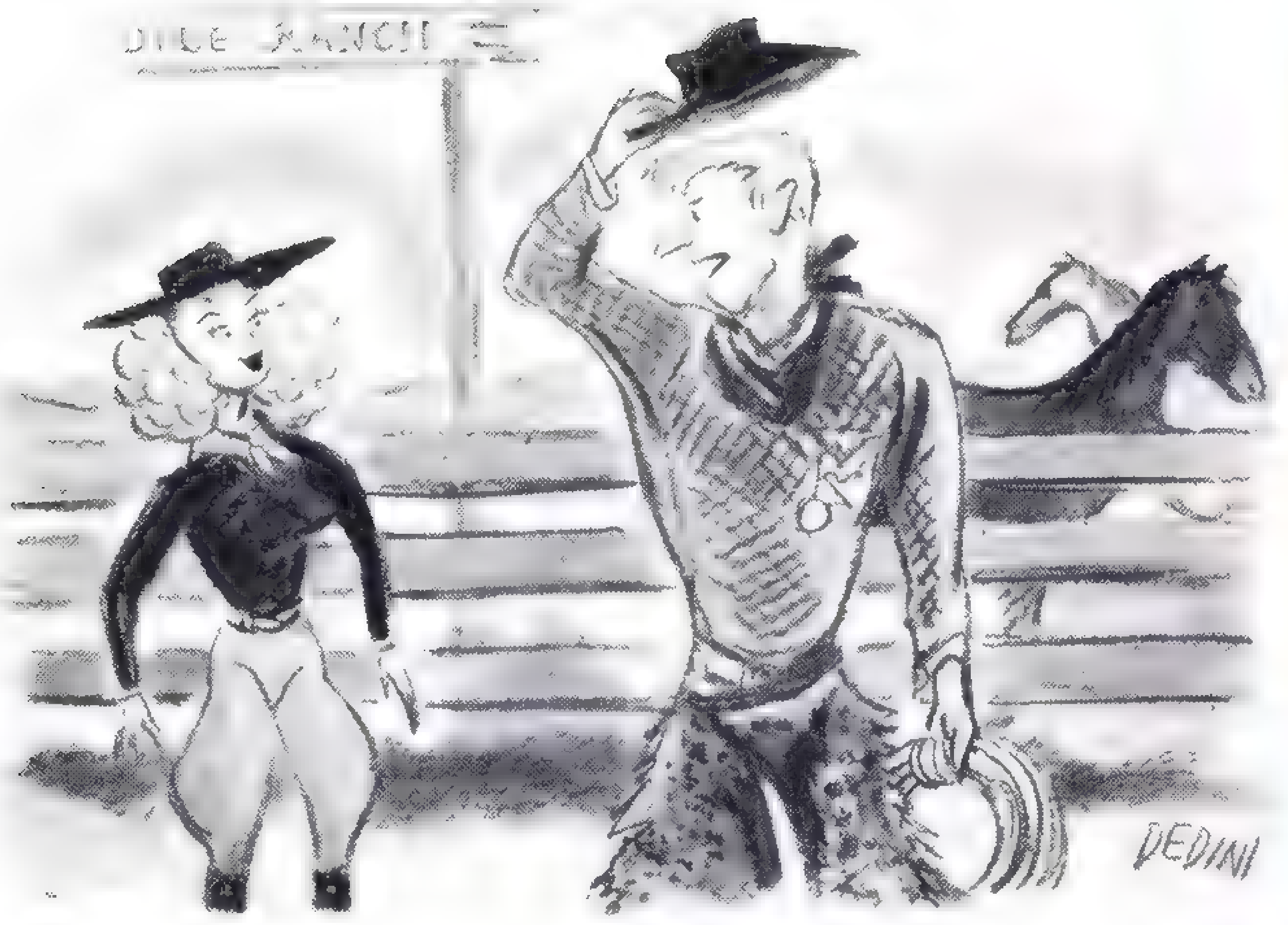
I didn't know what to do. Her story was hard to believe; still it wasn't any easier to believe she'd lie to me. I told her I'd think it over, and promised not to spill anything without warning her first. She knew that if she could trust anybody on earth, she could trust me; we were that way, once. But she had time to move him if she wanted, maybe clean out of town—though from what she had said I didn't think he was fit to travel right now.

Yes, Kid, but it took you a long time to get it. Sure, I'd been in love with Clare damn near all my life!

As it happened, I didn't have to make the decision. Willie made it for me. Clare had to tell him that I knew the score when she moved him—as I suspected she would. The move was rough on him and he was too weak to plan



"There! . . . Now will you go away?"


DUDE RANCH
DEDINI

"We're going to 'round up' the cattle, Miss—not 'rustle' them"

anything then, so they fixed it to get together the next night and decide what to do. But she got an idea before that, about a relative's place where she could take him, and she rushed in to town to tell him about it.

It was a damned good thing that she did.

You probably know where she had put him—yeh, the Y.M.C.A! The lieutenant never even thought of looking there.

She got there in midafternoon, and of course they wouldn't let her go upstairs, but they sent a boy up after him.

The boy couldn't get in or get an answer, and came back all excited. This time they let her go up, with three guys and a passkey.

Little Willie looked dead, but he wasn't. He'd tried to hang himself with a necktie which he'd split with a razor, tied together, and flung over the garment rod in the closet. The rod held him up till he passed out, and then it busted. He was out cold, but he was alive.

Of course that bunch down there had the cops in the room in ten minutes, and never had brains enough to call me. Clare, like an idiot, sat on the floor with his head in her lap and didn't even look around.

They carted him off to the hospital, with her holding his hand, and then the lieutenant called me up.

"That was Little Willie," he said after I got over to his office. "And don't try to look surprised."

I tried anyway.

"We found a suicide note in an envelope on the dresser," he went on. "Funny thing; it had your name on it."

This time I didn't have to try.

"Want to know what it said?" the lieutenant asked me.

"Just a minute," I came back at him—I had my breath again. "Wasn't that sealed and addressed to me? You're telling me you opened it, you bastard?"

The lieutenant got red and pounded his desk.

"Of course I opened it, dope. You ever see a suicide note I didn't open—and usually with your nose right on my shoulder?"

"Okay, okay," I said, "but this one was different. This was addressed to me."

"Thing I like about you newspaper guys," the lieutenant said, "is you're so consistent. Let me hold out any other suicide note, you'd tear the place down, call the mayor, try to get me up before the Commission. . ."

"Skip it," I said. "Read the damn thing. But just don't forget who got you out of that mess when the attorney general was investigating the slot-machine shakedown!"

He just glared at me and opened the note. This is what it said:

"Well, bub, you've got your story—and the girl. Now give her a break and keep her name out of the paper. And tell her I said remember the lilacs."

That was all, but it was plenty.

"You knew this Willie," the lieutenant said, very quiet.

"Never saw him in my life," I insisted. "Don't be any bigger fool than you have to be to be a cop; anybody can get the name of the police reporter in this town."

"What about this girl he mentions? I suppose she's this Clare who's sitting up there in the hospital and won't leave him?"

"Could be," I admitted.

"Come on, give with some news, for once. Know much about her?"

I said I didn't; and I think I was telling him the truth. "Listen Lieutenant, the guy's a nut. Look at the whole setup. . ."

"And this about lilacs," the lieutenant said. "Jeez! Imagine that guy writing about lilacs! And what's even funnier—there was a big bowl of 'em there in his room!"

"Sure," I said. "A goof. He don't fit."

That's what the lieutenant meant. He had Willie all neatly boxed, on a "Wanted" circular's say-so, just as I'd had before I got the story from Clare. He was all set to ship the box back to East St. Louis, too.

But a funny thing happened. Those damned lilacs again!

Clare tried to get the docs to say Willie couldn't have pulled that job, because of the condition

Continued on page 132

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You Never Can Tell About People

Continued from page 131

of his wounds, but they weren't sure enough to testify to it at the extradition hearing; the Illinois cops hadn't wasted any time getting out here. We went to work then on the landlady, but the Illinois cops had given her a working-over. She was an old lady and her memory was fuzzy. She couldn't be sure as to when Willie checked in, and she didn't keep any books.

Then I happened to think of something, and I put it up to Clare. It worked.

The landlady remembered those lilacs Clare had brought him. Clare cut 'em the twenty-fifth of May and brought 'em in: the landlady commented on them particularly because her own weren't out—never were before Memorial Day. Clare's, grown out in that sheltered valley without the wind we get here in town, always bloomed early.

The cops couldn't shake the landlady's story after that. She had gone downtown to get some plant food to stir in among the roots of her own bushes after seeing Clare's flowers, and on Memorial Day her own had bloomed, right on the dot. To make it even better, Clare had driven the old lady to the cemetery that day in her car so she could put some flowers on her husband's grave—and they had taken Willie along, figuring he needed the sun and air.

That tied it all up neatly. The East St. Louis cops didn't wait for the extradition hearing; they called it off. Couple of years after that, incidentally, Clare's old boy friend and the hoods who handled the East St. Louis assignment went to the chair for another tricky little piece of work.

You wonder why Willie didn't figure this out and get in the clear before things became so hot for him? Well, maybe it was because he was sick, or because he wanted to protect Clare. But I think the real reason was that it just didn't occur to him.

Boys with histories like Willie's and their pictures in the police stations don't like to take chances. You see, Willie had boxed himself, just as the lieutenant and I had boxed him. His kind are always nicely crated and labeled and they build their own boxes.

Say, what do you know! Here comes Tommy, and we didn't have to go after him. You mean the house is buying one? Of course it's about time—but here's to you, Tommy; just like downtown. Say, meet a new boy at the office.

Tell him your name, Kid. It seems to have slipped my memory.

Tommy, I hate to quit after the drink the house buys, but it looks as if I'd had enough when I forget the kid's name. But before I go—how are Clare and the youngsters? Swell! You bet I'm coming out to dinner soon! So long, Tommy—be seeing you!

Yes, Kid, that's Little Willie. Willie Thompson he was, I told you. Nearly everybody around here calls him Tommy. Except Clare—she calls him Bill.

Handsome joker, isn't he? No? Jeez, I sure think he is. I don't blame Clare for going for something like that. Beautiful kids, too. I'm godfather to one of 'em; imagine that!

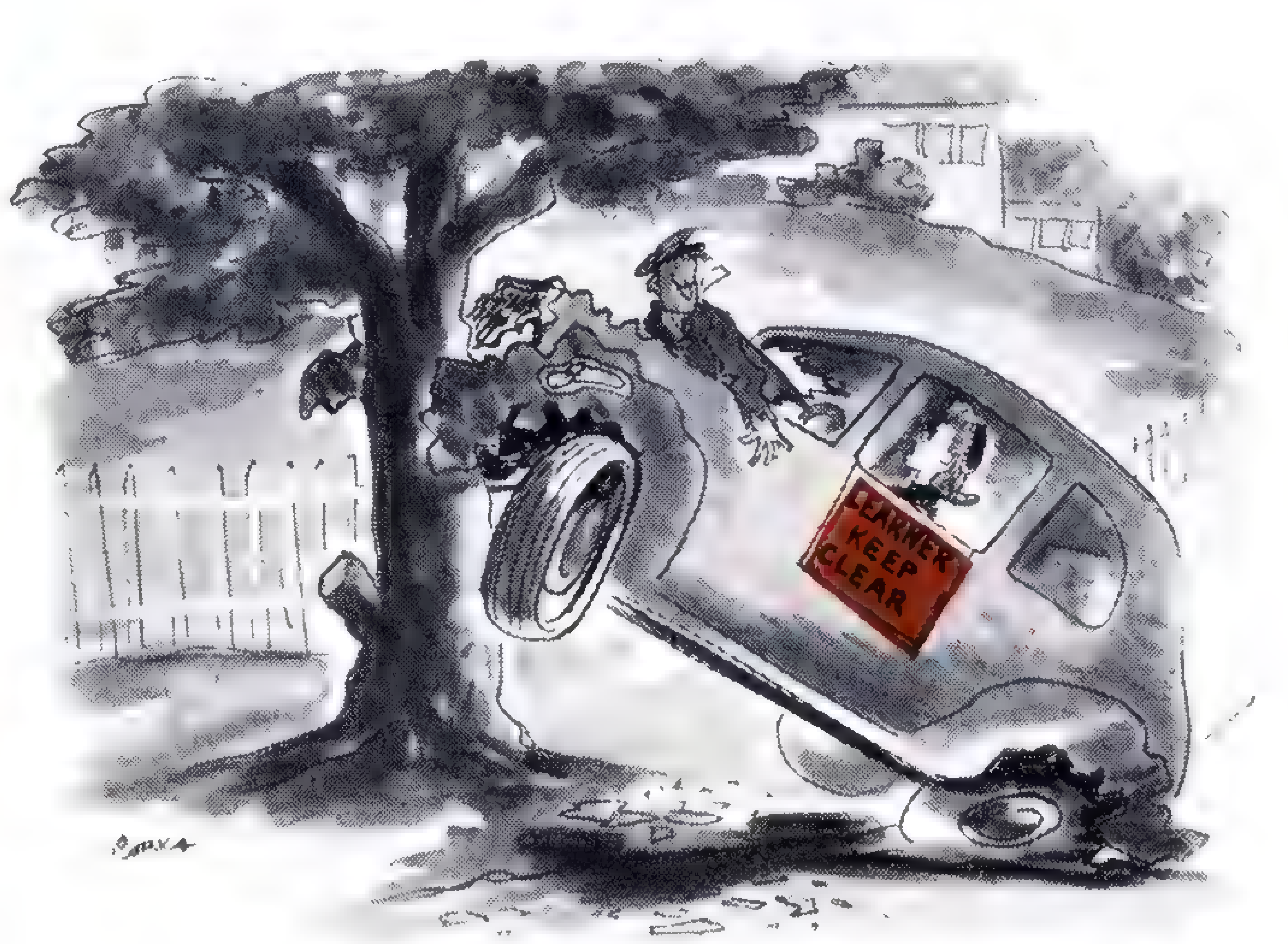
Oh, and before we leave—go take a look at the back bar. Right in the middle, between the stacks of bottles.

First time you ever saw a bowl of lilacs like that in a bar, I'll bet. Tommy sure has cleaned up this joint. Why, this room we're sitting in, all leather and chromium—it used to be a dirty old cardroom before he got the place.

Well, I better be getting on home. No thanks; I'll walk. It's only a few blocks. I live at the "Y." Yep, only place a man can call his own any more.

What's that? What box? I didn't have any box with me when we came in, did I?

Oh, I get it . . . Well, maybe you're right, Kid, maybe you're right. Anyway, you get the idea —whatever it was I said—about people? ⧻



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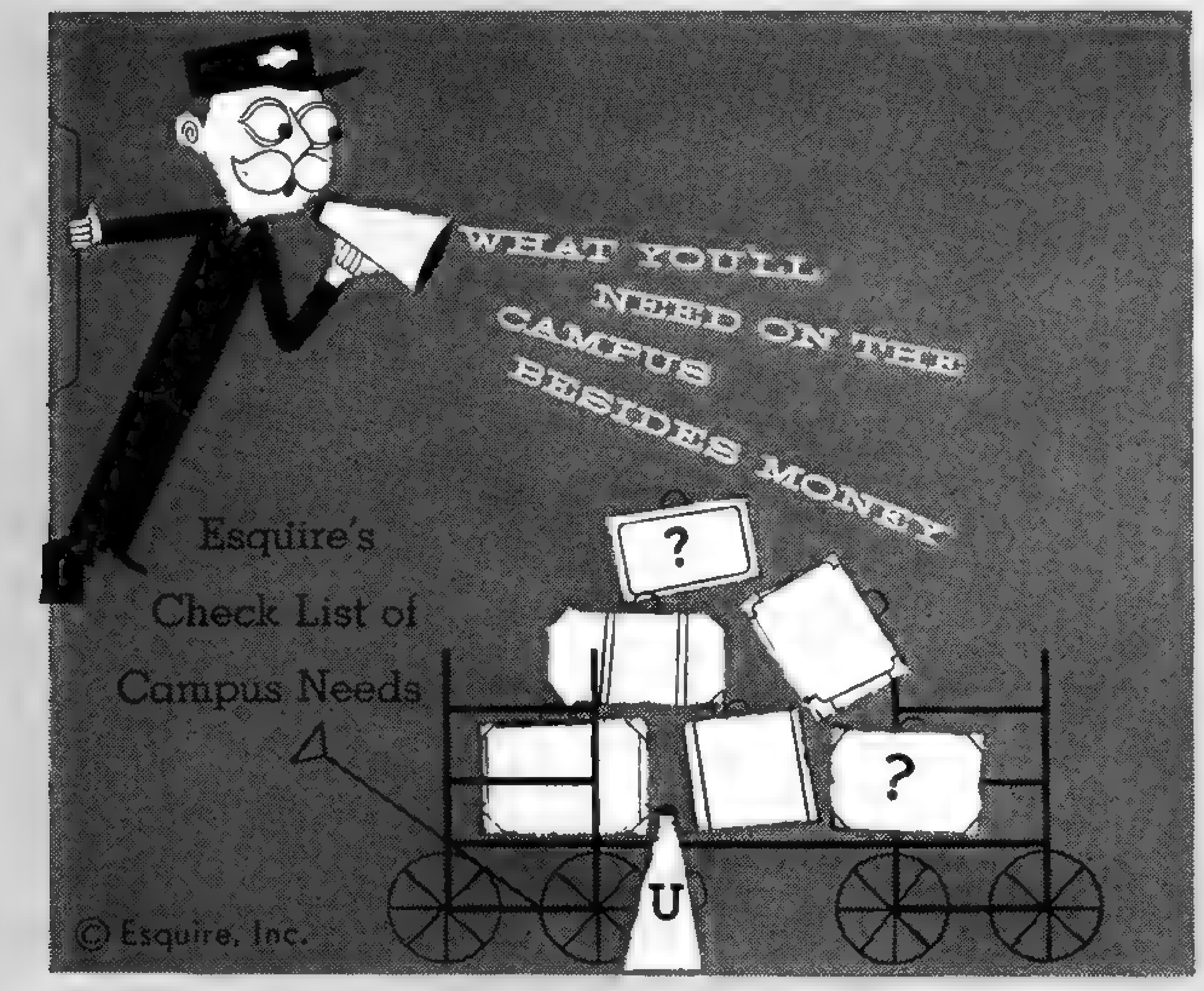
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Esquire's Check List of Campus Needs
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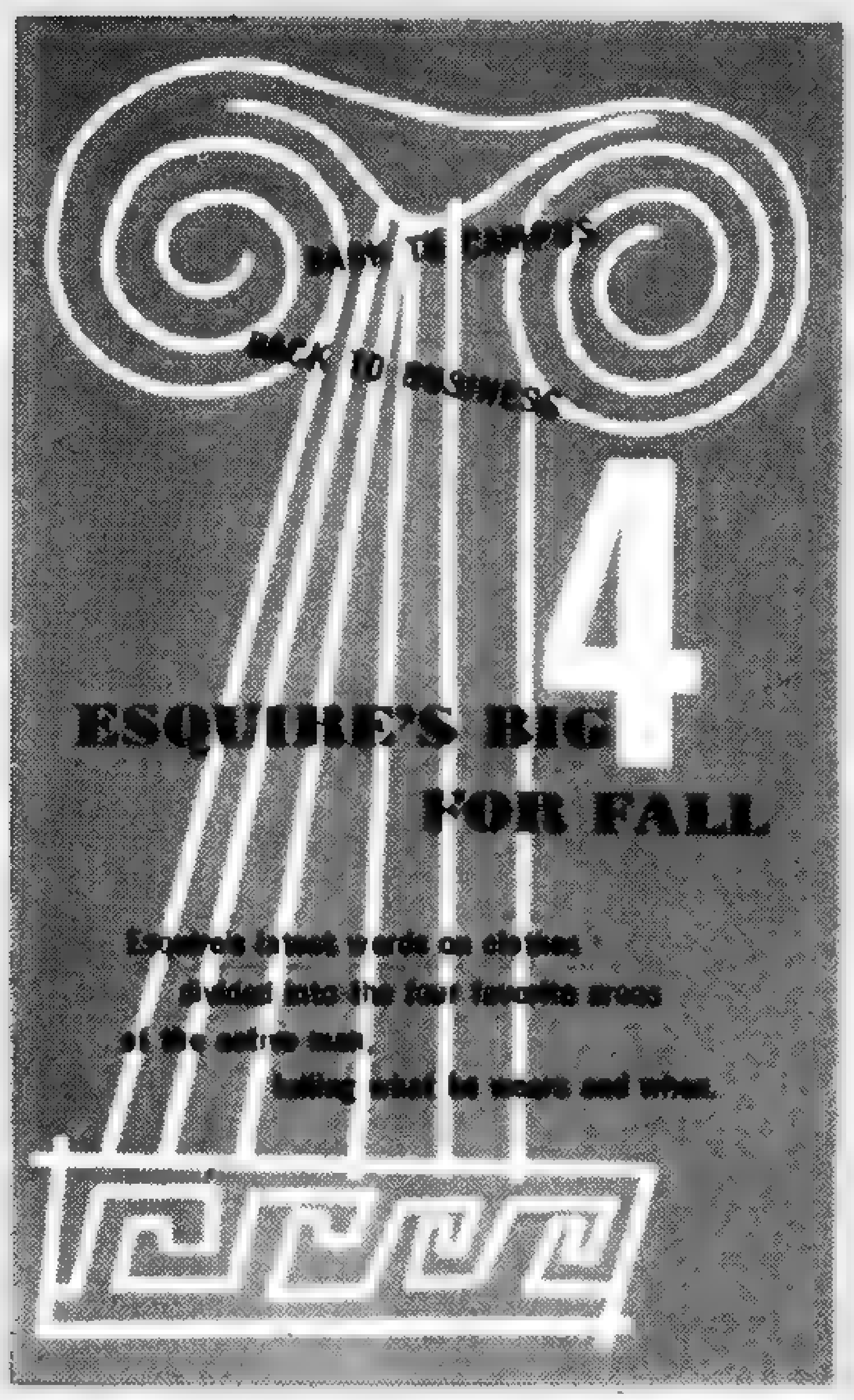

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The Irreverent Mr. Smith

Continued from page 35

still a game that little boys can play." He is also skeptical of our tendency to exaggerate the character-building aspect of sports. He believes that the student who spends his Saturday afternoons in the chemistry lab is building just as much character as the halfback who makes the headlines. Einstein, he figures, wouldn't have been much improved if he'd been a four-letter man.

The sanity with which Red penetrates through the show-business façade to the reality of sports marks him off from the run-of-the-game columnist. He is further distinguished by the fact that he wastes little time in pontificating, expertizing, or behaving like a sports Confucius. He doubts if the average fan gives a damn whether a blocking guard pulls out of the line on the count of three or two or cares greatly about the batting average of the Giants' second-string first baseman. Red writes as an objective spectator who reports—with special emphasis on the zany, colorful, or coincidental—the drama, humor, and personalities of the game.

There is comparatively little competition for news beats in the sports world. A sporting event is scheduled; the game is played or rained out; a team wins or loses; the score is posted—and there is no secret about it. As a result, the competition is in the writing rather than the gathering of news. In the newspaper world there are City Hall men, police reporters, Washington correspondents—but only sports*writers.* The sports*writer* must, as one of them laments, "burn the old adverbs across every day." In this important aspect of his trade, Red goes to the post an odds-on choice against the field.

Your average sportswriter would have described an incident in last fall's Navy-Penn game as follows:

"In the fourth quarter, on fourth down with only a yard to go from Penn's 45 yard line, Navy gambled and sent Bill Powers into the Penn line. He failed to make first down and Penn took over the ball and marched 56 yards for the winning touchdown." That is accurate, competent reporting.

Red Smith wrote a running story (not a column) of the game and treated the same incident in this fashion:

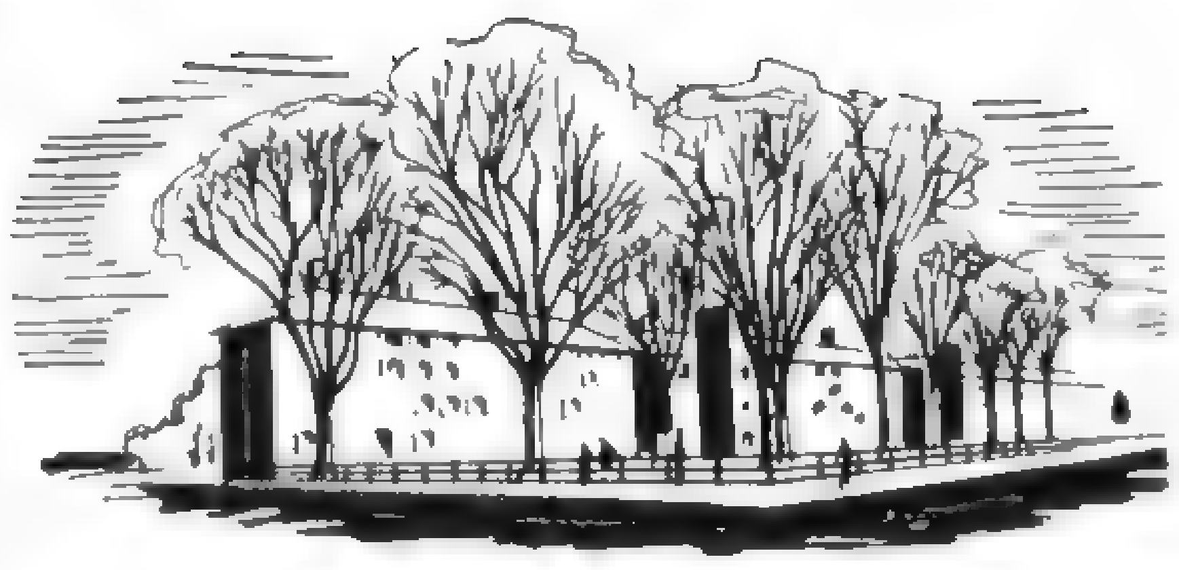
"Promise of the most horrendous upset of the season vanished in the fourth quarter when Navy recklessly handed Penn the ball near midfield, making possible a 56-yard march for the winning score. A troop of Annapolis rookies was on the field at the time and, suffering monstrous delusions of grandeur inspired by earlier successes, didn't even pretend to punt on fourth down with a yard to go from Penn's 45. Bill Powers, 170-pound sophomore halfback, sprang at the Penn line and the Penn line sprang upon him. When the debris was scraped off, the space between the ball and the first-down was no wider than that between a midshipman's ears." That's sportswriting; colorful, accurate, and entertaining, it gives the reader the facts *and* the story behind the facts.

Red composes much of his rampageous prose on planes and trains and in hotel rooms and pressboxes, under varying conditions of health, weather, and deadline pressure. But most of his work is done in his own office, under even more trying conditions. He labors in a small, badly lighted, glassed-in closet. A battered filing cabinet and a rusted, broken safe—both empty—fill one corner. The ancient desk is barely discernible under a pile of carbon and copy paper, unopened mail, dusty sports guides, and well-thumbed record books. The floor is heaped with more unopened mail, old magazines, yellowed papers, books, and dog-eared programs. The overflow from the floor is piled high on two guest chairs and on the shelves of a bookcase that has sprung at the seams. It also holds books: one copy, uncut, of *My Pen and Its Varied Styles*, by Robert Washburn; and one copy of *Who's Who in the East, 1942-1943*, Vol. 1. The only unlittered space is inside a virginal wastebasket.

Ensconced in this office, Red—a dapper, French-cuffed individual—looks as out of place as a Mainbocher dress at a rummage sale. He is a small, slight man and, naturally, sorrel-topped. To whip a figure of speech into a lather, he is pony-faced and pinto-sized, with quick, nervous gestures that flick like a horse's ears in fly-time. He moves at a perpetual canter. His long, thin, pink face is mournful in repose, but his eyes, behind their rimless glasses, are always laughing. In person he displays none of the acidity that occasionally creeps into his writing. He obviously gets an outsize bang out of living.

He is an animated conversationalist, and his speech reveals a trait that has contributed greatly to his success—his hatred of clichés. A large number of sportswriters come to maturity with only two pieces of equipment: a desire to get into the ball game free and a pious resolution to expunge all traces of English from the stuff they write. To them a hit may never be called a hit but only a bingle, a safety, or a clout; an inning must always be a stanza, canto, or chapter; a basketball player is always a cager; and the only printable designation for a Brooklyn baseball team is Dem Bums. Red protests that this passion for sport clichés is a sign of arrested development and a paucity of imagination. He insists that the English language is here to stay and that by now it has become respectable enough even to be used on the sports page. He may well be right. His

Continued on page 136



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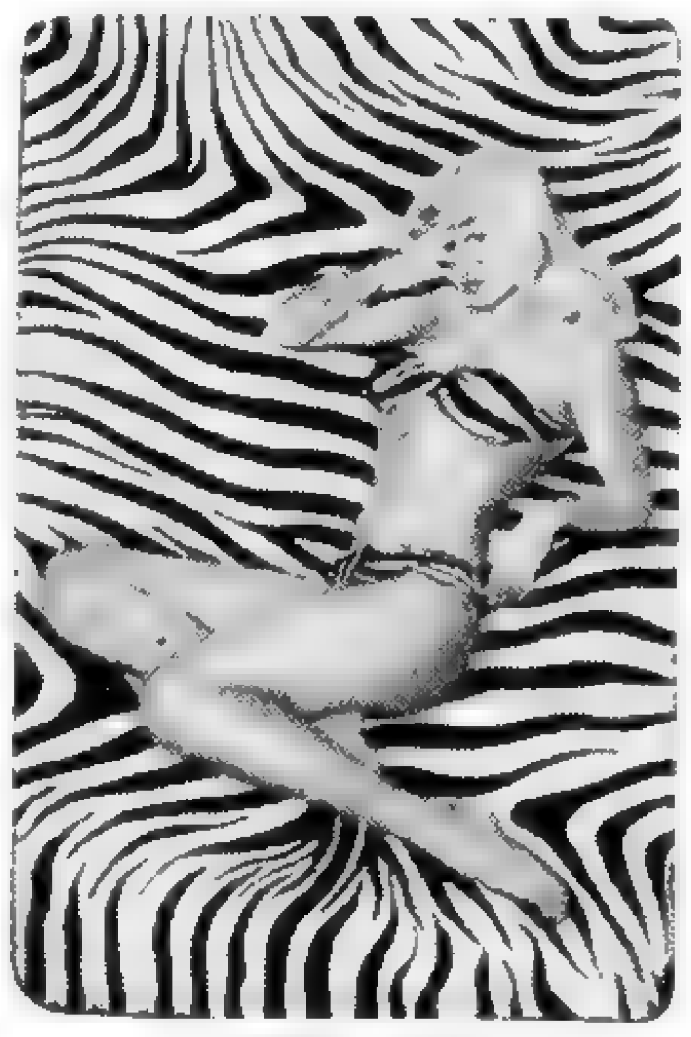

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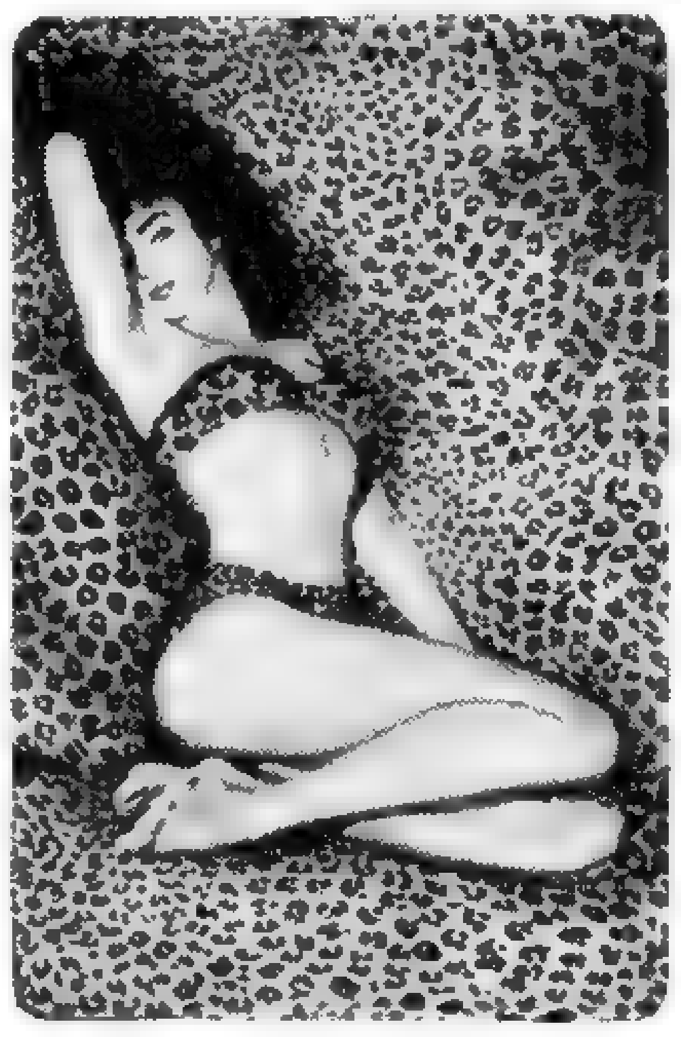

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The Irreverent Mr. Smith

Continued from page 135

column has been read by Mark Van Doren, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, to his students in the Columbia University graduate school of English.

Although Red seldom gets exercised over the morals or ethics of the world of sports, his personal integrity is unquestioned. Herman Taylor, the Mike Jacobs of the Philadelphia prize ring, says that Red is one of the few sportswriters he'd never dare approach even with a suggestion, much less a proposition. Red knows that things are what they are because the public wants them that way. There is a certain amount of chicanery in sports, but so is there in politics, business, and the arts and sciences.

Only two things seem to ruffle his equanimity; the job of finding his daily plinth, and the task of erecting a column upon it. He begins his day about noon, and his plinth-hunting safaris take him to Leone's, Bleeck's, Toots Shor's and other oases where the sporting fraternity gathers. On game days, he heads for the press-box and files his column by direct wire. Otherwise, once he has found a base for his column, he retires to his office and enters into mortal combat with his 6 p.m. deadline. Up to this point Red loves his job. But when his typewriter starts leering at him, all the joy drains out of his heart. Frank Sullivan has aptly described Red in the throes of composition: "He groans, rolls his eyes, breaks out in cold sweats, and troubles deaf Heaven with his bootless cries." Red has a briefer description of his travails. "I bleed," he says.

That may well be, but there is no apparent trail of blood marking Red's path to his present position. Born Walter Wellesley Smith in Green Bay, Wisconsin, he graduated from Notre Dame and served his apprenticeship on a police-headquarters beat with the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. A year later, in 1928, he moved on to the St. Louis *Star*, where he served time, briefly, on the copy desk before being switched to sports. His first assignment in sports was, also, St. Louis' first night football game. He turned in a story written from the point of view of a glowworm on the gridiron, indignant at the floodlights—and the men responsible for them—which dimmed his own incandescence. With that one story, Red was in as a sportswriter.

He spent the next few years accumulating background, knowledge, and experience, and, in 1936, he accepted a job with the Philadelphia *Record* and moved his family East. With the *Record* he made the transition from covering sports to writing a daily column, and his reputation grew rapidly. Stanley Woodward finally lured him to the *Herald Tribune* and, in December, 1945, he became its daily sports columnist.

Red came to sports writing with what may safely be called a modicum of practical sports experience and many prejudices. As a freshman at Notre Dame—he describes himself as having been "half-blind and just out of half-pants"—he conceived a huge distaste for his gym instructor and decided to earn the required physical-education credit by going out for track. He chose and trained for the mile. In the interclass meet that winter, he turned white on the eighth lap, olive drab on the ninth, and green on the tenth. At this point, Rockne sorrowfully waved him off the track and his athletic career ended.

Even with such limited experience, he has, somehow, developed strong prejudices. He is primarily a spectator-sports fan, with particular emphasis on baseball, boxing, racing, football, and tennis. Many sports leave him aghast, bored, or puzzled. All winter games are strictly for polar bears and to hell with 'em. He calls bobsledding the "esoteric sport of falling off mountains," and when it is pointed out to him that it is an Olympic event, he says he has "yet to discover the international significance of sliding downhill."

In a spirit of pure self-mortification, he went along on the first postwar ski train out of New York. The skiers traveled many long, tedious hours—first by train, then by bus; they stood in long, chilled lines for coffee; and then they were towed up a steep, towering mountain. At last came the moment for which they had waited so many years. Red wrote a capsule report: "Then the athletes turned around and slid back downhill." He sees no reason for participating in a frostbite regatta unless one wants "to learn first-hand how the other half drowns" and he takes a dim view of traveling over ice on any kind of conveyance. He attributes his bilious attitude toward snow-clad Nature to the fact that Green Bay was cold as billyhell in the wintertime and, as a result, he spent a large part of his youth freezing his toes, nose, and fingers.

Basketball also fails to send him, though he can't explain why. He claims that, except in the line of well-paid duty, he wouldn't go to see a basketball game unless played by bubble dancers. Nevertheless, a basketball column he wrote in the line of well-paid duty won the 1946 award for the best News-Feature Sports Story of the year. As has been intimated, he's a pretty good newspaperman.

Red's brightest flights of fancy are inspired by marginal sporting events, like the Westminster Dog Show:

"A visit was made to the Garden yesterday for the dual purpose of schneering at the other Dachshunds and admiring the ladies who are led across the ring by the toy breeds. It is a scientific fact that the ladies tethered to the toys invariably are the most magnificent members of the species. No exception was taken in this case. The smallest pooch was towing the largest handler, a celestial creature measuring 17 hands at the withers, deep of chest, with fine, sturdy pasterns . . . A lady working a large white poodle rushed back and forth across the ring at a pace which ladies usually reserve for catching the bus. With the puffball of ermine keeping pace at her heels she looked like somebody fleeing an avalanche of snow . . . The judge of the nonsporting group proved himself a ch. among chs. He was imperious, he was profoundly authoritative of mien. He had splendid conformation—broad shoulders, white hair and an erect carriage—and was beautifully turned out in an ensemble of rich brown. One was inclined to hope that he would, in the end, award first prize to himself."

When he was in London covering the last Olympics, one Prunella Stack—Lady David Douglas-Hamilton—invited Red "to view a display of rhythmic exercise given by 72 fitness-minded young women of the British Women's League of Health and Beauty . . . Cocktails at 6:30 p.m." Here is part of Red's report on this "fitness-minded" party:

"Lady David, or Prunella as we call her in the movement, turned out to be a honey, a dish, a darling. All soft, light-brown hair and red velvet. Winsome and unaffected were adjectives that came to mind. She hacked a path through people to the middle of a small room and said, Sherry, or something with gin? Divine, devastating, angel of mercy were words that came to mind then, but it seemed simpler to say, Gin and tonic, thank you, Lady David . . . then introduced a gal whose name may have been Miss Henderson . . .

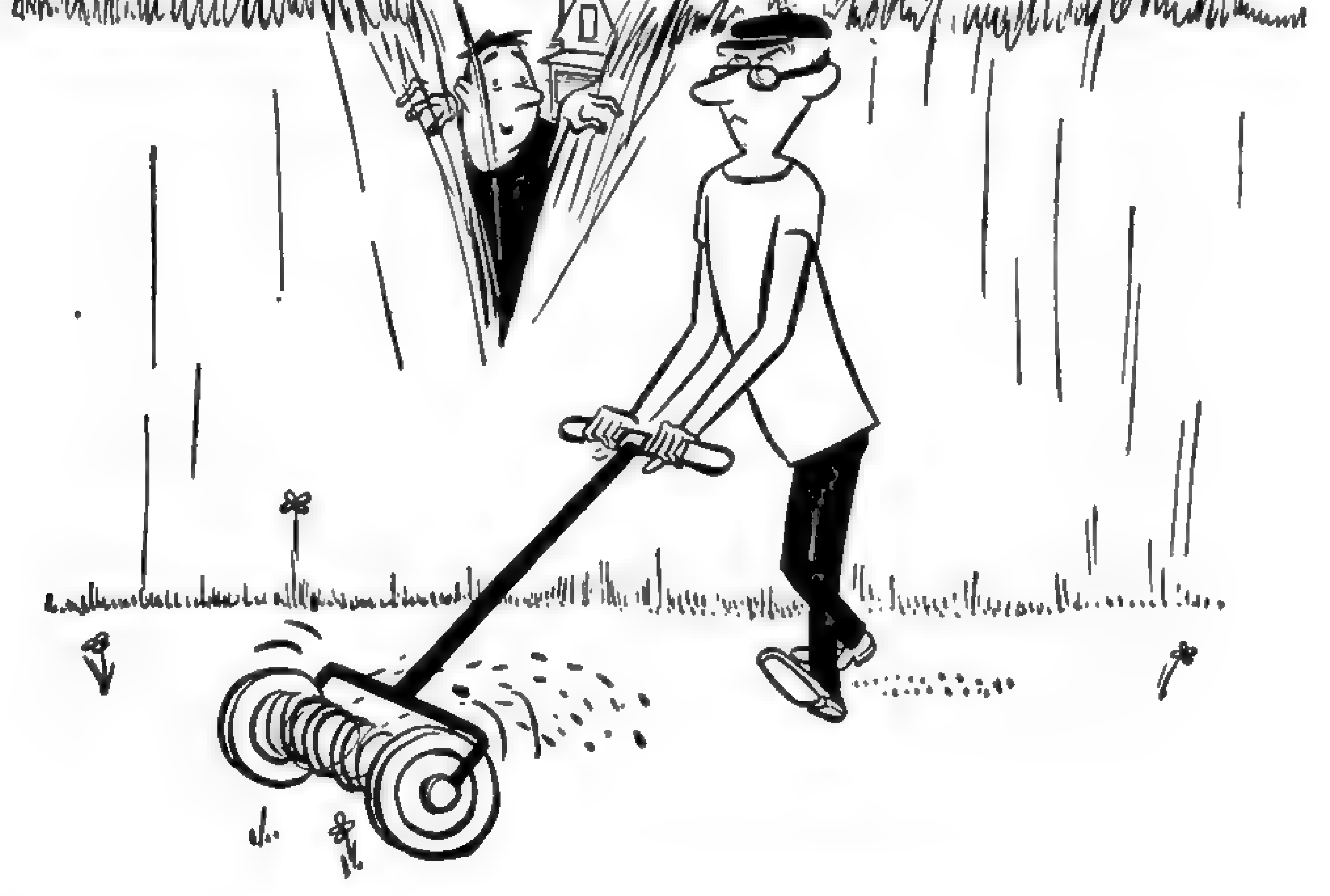
"Miss Henderson was a toothsome little quail, bare-footed, bare-legged, wearing little black satin pants as snug as healthy skin . . . By now eyes were becoming adjusted to the gin, and it was noted that about half the occupants of the room were similarly garbed. All were pretty as speckled trout, being fashioned in the popular roller-coaster, scenic railway pattern, and were made up for the footlights, all of their exposed pelts painted a gay shade of orange. Visitors sipped and smoked, but the little broilers did not. There were present the makings of a rippling triple play—alcohol to nicotine to health to peace.

"Then they exercised. The exercises were not unlike the calisthenics for a ball club in the early days of spring training. In a personal favorite, the girls sat down and rocked from cheek to cheek while balancing large white bowls on their skulls. To tell the truth, they didn't look boisterously happy. Too tense. Some of 'em looked as though they'd like a healthy slug of gin."

It is fairly apparent that Red doesn't have to search outside the confines of his profession for entertainment. In fact, he says that with his warped, undeveloped nature he has only two interests other than his work: fishing and sitting over a scotch in discourse with his friends. Confreres who travel the sport circuit with him say he has a third outside interest, sleeping. Their life on the road with Red, they maintain, is a particularly well-balanced one. They spend half their time wondering if he is ever going to bed, and the other half wondering if he's ever going to get up.

Red doesn't seem to have any violent dislikes. True, he has engaged in verbal scraps with MacPhail—which hardly distinguishes him from any other sportswriter—and he is a charter member of the Unhappy About Happy Chandler Club. But, in general, he is a remarkably even-tempered commentator on the sports scene. He writes pretty much as he pleases, without much thought to falling chips; and yet he has had only one column suppressed in his career. Its suppression is still a source of wonder and amazement to him. Last fall, he spoke irreverently of the Princeton-Harvard game because, in his opinion, it merited irreverence. Fifty-seven

Continued on page 138



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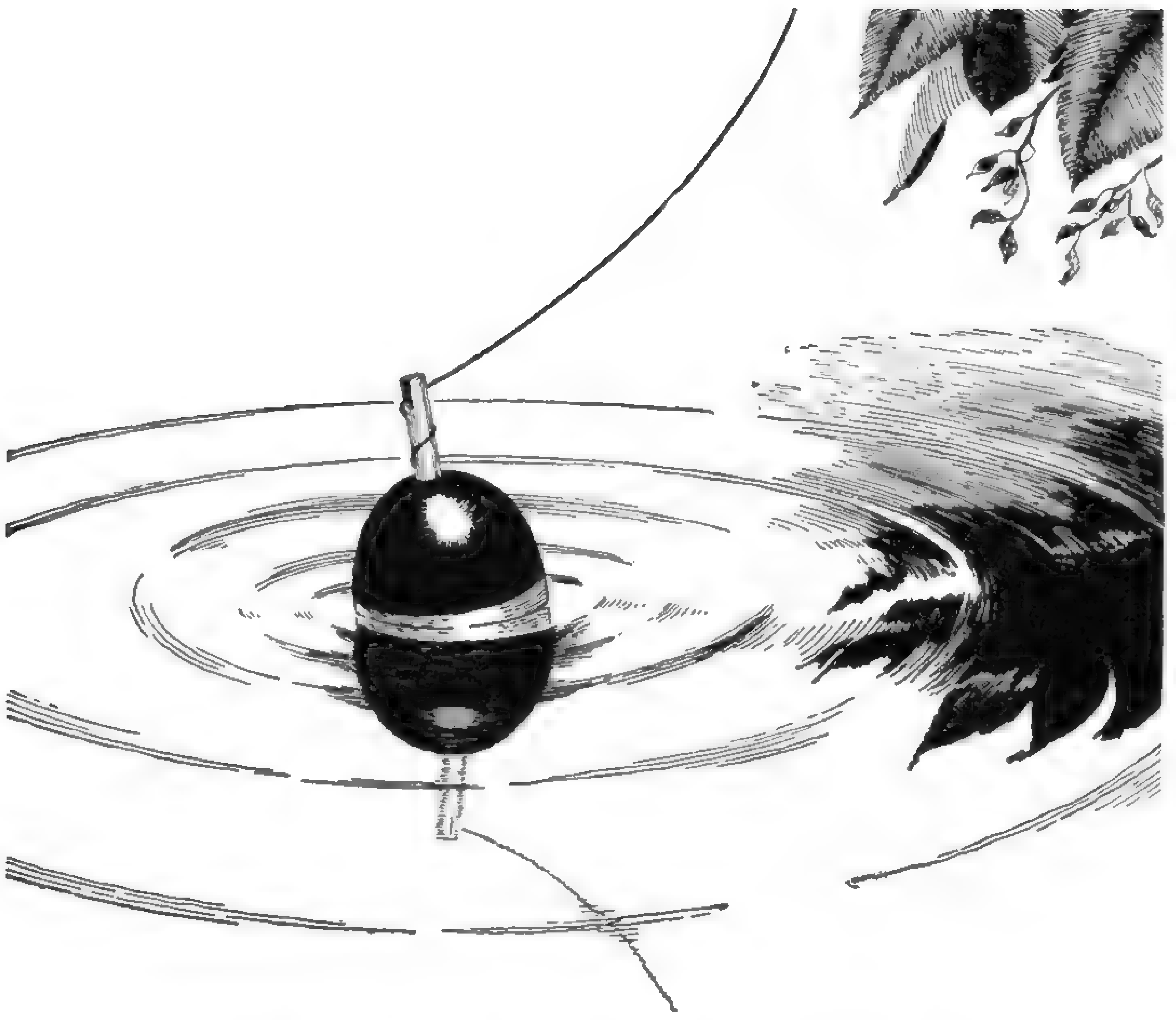

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The Irreverent Mr. Smith

Continued from page 137

bemused Princetonians took exception to his report and signed twenty-two irate letters addressed to his desk. Red wrote an answering column—which the high brass promptly suppressed. Reason totters giddily at the thought of the august *Herald Tribune* cowering before the wrath of fifty-seven varieties of Princetonians—but it happened. Here is the only column that Red Smith ever wrote which failed to reach print:

"It becomes advisable to make a clean breast of everything. So:

"In the bosy village of Princeton, N. J., among the same lissome elms where Poe walked, where Woodrow Wilson brooded, where the memory of Bill Roper grows green, a man toiled last Saturday hawking programs for a football game. In half an hour or so, those brothers-under-the-signet-ring, Princeton and Harvard, were to meet inside Palmer Stadium. 'Get your programs, folks,' the hawker kept shouting, 'the names, numbers and salaries of all the players.'

"Subsequently, in a report filed on the game, this fact was mentioned as one of the more charming aspects and maybe the most entertaining feature of a pleasantly dreary afternoon.

"Palmer Stadium is a large, piebald saucer whose inner slopes are splotched with broad, irregular patches of white that look like mildew, but may be merely evidence that pigeons have visited there. After due consideration of both possibilities, Palmer Stadium was described as 'moldy.'

"The account of the game identified the winning institution as the Princeton College for Boys. This, frankly, was an independent contribution, but not an original one. One of the few women this bureau ever has loved designated the school thus when she was approximately five years old; the name has such an amiable quality it seemed to merit a wider circulation than the lady could provide.

"Well, sir, the response which that effort has elicited gives evidence that there exists at the Princeton College for Boys a lively literary appreciation which should be gratifying to anyone who has worried about higher education in America. Most of the letters that have arrived make special mention of the program hawker, the adjective 'moldy,' and the name applied to the institution. But not all of them. Some correspondents were able to express their enthusiasm in a single sentence, like the one who wrote:

" 'After perusing your account of the Princeton-Harvard game, all I can possibly say is you're a simple, bigoted ass. Sincerely . . . '

"Others strike a reflective note. Such as: 'Two years ago this fall I thought that sports articles had reached their most nauseous nadir . . . '

"There appeared in *The Daily Princetonian*, a campus newspaper, an editorial captioned: 'Brats Or Pros?' The editors of *The Daily Princetonian* didn't join whole-heartedly in the spontaneous burst of applause. They complained that the reference to the program hawker was 'vague, but damaging.'

"This is disconcerting criticism. There should be nothing vague about pieces written for a newspaper. When vagueness creeps in, it is the fault of the reporter. A grievous fault. The editors of the 'Prince' have been assured that any quality of vagueness was purely accidental.

"Letters have come from a variety of sources. One of the Princeton's most admirable football players, whose tackling is somewhat better than his spelling, expressed what could have been an old grievance.

" 'As to the salary of the Princeton players,' he wrote, 'I can assure you that we do not get payed (sic) at all.'

"A group of wits, rising to heights of jocosity that augur well for the next Triangle Club performance, wrote an idolatrous essay on a long, segmented strip of tissue. Judging from the 36 signatures this appears to have been a co-educational effort, unless there are residents of Patton Hall named Dolores and Janie.

"From a Yale student of the classics—who'd ever expect him to be interested?—comes a missive beginning: 'I laughed at your article . . .'

" 'Among them all, the one which is swiftly becoming a personal favorite—and maybe it'll be your favorite, too—reads in part:

" 'I believe you were trying to be humorous, but you were only facetious . . . You no doubt know that no athletes at any of the big three are given a scholarship, room and board, and a stipend for their athletic ability as some of the other big colleges offer their athletes. Furthermore, Princeton has no snap coarse (sic) such as physical education that a brawny arm and numskull can make the grade in . . . True, Princeton is steeped in tradition, but so is Thanksgiving.' "

Red once made a remark that has become part of the permanent lore of the world of journalism. He entered the pressbox the morning of one Derby Day, after the customary prerace wassail the night before, and Grantland Rice, after one look at him, said, "Man, you should see your eyes!" To which Red made the mournful reply, "If you think they look bad from where you sit, you should see them from this side."

As anyone who has read him knows, sports seen through Red Smith's eyes—even under those conditions — look mighty alluring. ##

Continued from page 35

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 16

San Francisco earthquake

The subhead of the story on Shanty's in your June issue (says). ". . . at whose bar Frisco's social and sport world meet with a bang." . . . Generally speaking, in California we have found that the names which we inherited from the Spanish are not improved by any attempt to contract them, and we don't do it. And we don't like it. We have to put up with it to some extent from Easterners and a few jug-headed Californians, most of whom have not been here long . . . We who live in San Francisco—and there are 840,000 of us —detest any contraction of the name of our city.

H. W. GLENSOR
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The ed. of Esq. extends hmblst. apologies.*

bet-a-million Stewart

I will bet you the photographer's fee for the Scots Guards color photo (June, 1949) against the original of the photo itself that Vincent D. Lunny is wrong on his answer to the seventh race when he says the King's Plate is run at Montreal (Quebec). (It) is run . . . on the grounds of . . . Woodbine track, Toronto, Ontario.

LOGAN STEWART
Shreveport, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are two King's Plate races: One at Blue Bonnets, Montreal, begun in 1836; the other at Woodbine, begun in 1860. Gamblers always die broke—but we'll forget it.*

it takes all kinds

Add another reply to your growing list re the Bergman spread. It looks as if someone dropped a slightly stale fish in the smörgåsbord.

JOSEPH HAVENOR
Greensboro, N. C.

* * *

In London or Rome, Stockholm or Hollywood, the beautiful Bergman is the most desirable hairpin in existence. Thanks for letting me look on her for the umpteenth time.

FRANK BORMAN
New York, N. Y.

go for yo' hogleg, pardner

. . . Since my father fought in the Apache wars with the Fourth Cavalry, I am always a sucker for stories of the frontier army (*Coffin Canyon* by George C. Appell, April, 1949) . . . (But) have you ever seen an Apache? Well, leave us not be too familiar with them—forty Apaches held four thousand picked troops at bay for some three years. Surrendered because Tom Horn talked them into it . . . (But) as long as you . . . continue to print Mr. Appell's stuff, I'll keep reading Esquire.

HARRIET H. HILL
Santa Monica, Calif.

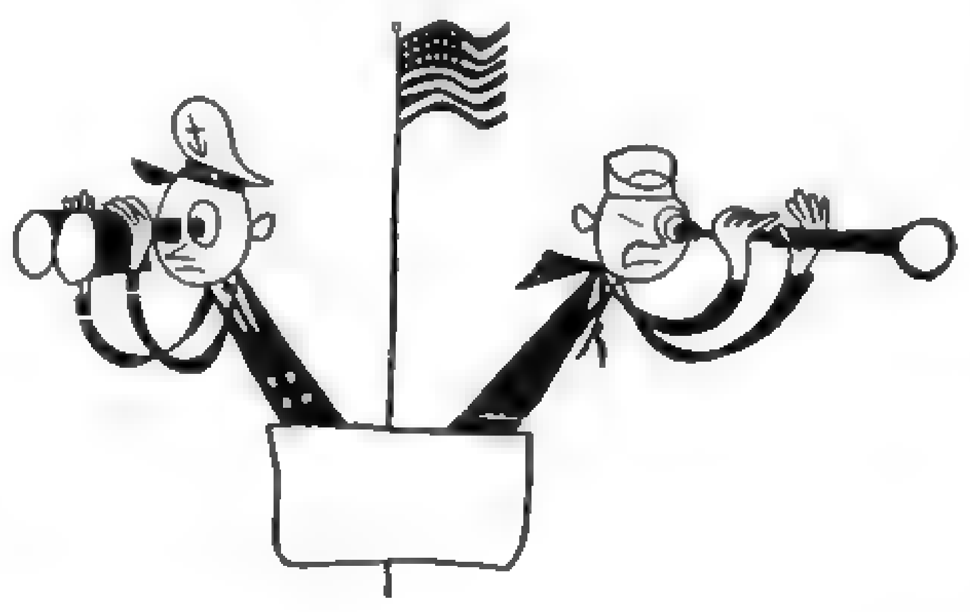
* * *

Your *Coffin Canyon* story in April raises (incredible) points . . . (1) Was it Army practice to leave empty coffins stacked around the wilderness? (2) A coffin full of Spencer rifles (at 12¼ pounds per rifle) would need a derrick to hoist it (six-foot pine coffin weighs 75 pounds) . . . (3) Wouldn't the Army dicks smell the rifle grease? (4) . . . and were the coffins just waiting for the troopers to break them open and hand out the rifles to each other and use them, all-grease-covered, the barrels filled, and have none of them blow up? All right, Americana stories are sacred and . . . irreligious to question. All the same, tsk-tsk, Esquire.

G. W. HAMILTON
Clearwater, Fla.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Tsk-tsk to you, Mr. Hamilton. (1) Coffins and supplies were frequently dropped on the routes leading into Indian country. Custer and Crook did this; Mackenzie was a contemporary of Crook. (2) The rifles weigh 9.67 pounds, unloaded, and the coffins weigh 36 pounds, with four rifles to a coffin. Total weight 74.68—hardly calls for a derrick. (3) Rifle grease in the heat smells much like embalmer's spirit wax used to plug wounds. (4) The barrels were neither plugged nor filled since bores tend to "sweat" when plugged. The Indian Ring, whenever possible, delivered its stuff ready for use.*

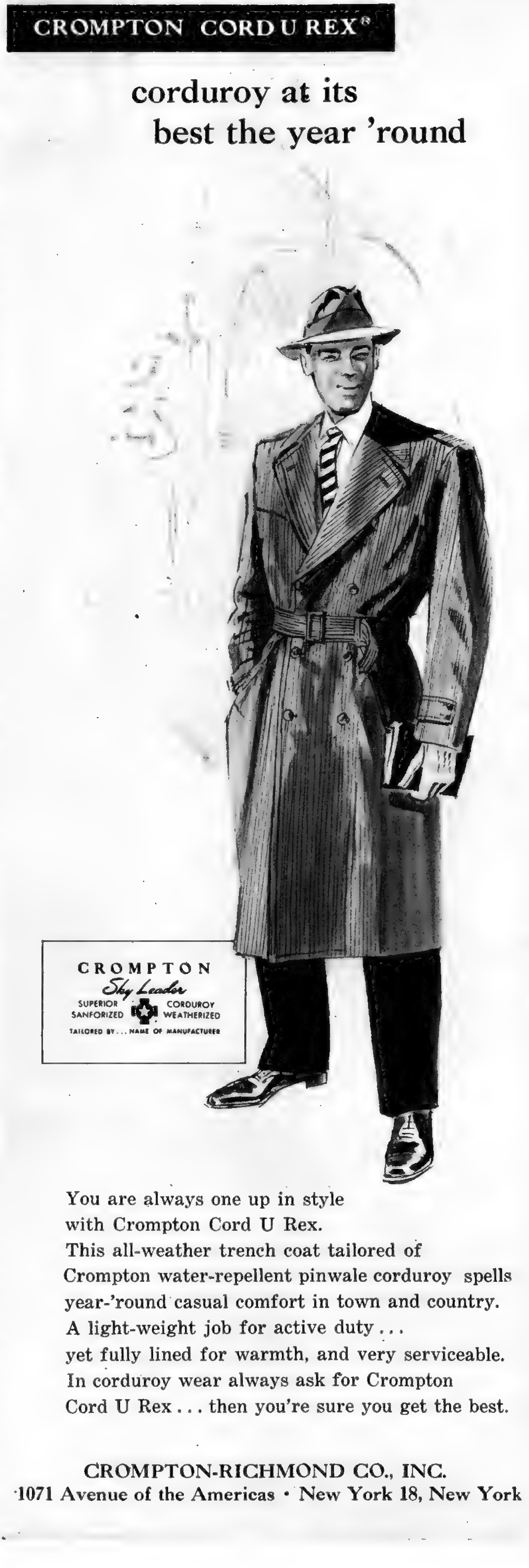
GEORGE C. APPELL



sez you section

We are two merchant seamen shipping out of New York and have just finished reading Dr. J. B. Rice's article *The Unwilling Virgins* (May, 1949). If the good doctor would be so kind as to tell us where to find this untapped supply of virgin femininity (the nonvirgin variety will do as well) we would be eternally grateful. We find exactly the reverse situation . . . The response to a pass is still one of shock in the States . . . We enthusiastically recommend Valparaiso, Chile—one of the ports on our run where you really do have to beat 'em off with the proverbial baseball bat. . . . If this delightful four-to-one ratio actually does exist, the gals would do well to get their lights out from under their respective bushels . . . We're willing to lay four to one that this letter is scuttled.

BEN BERMAN
JIM LONGO
On board *Santa Maria*



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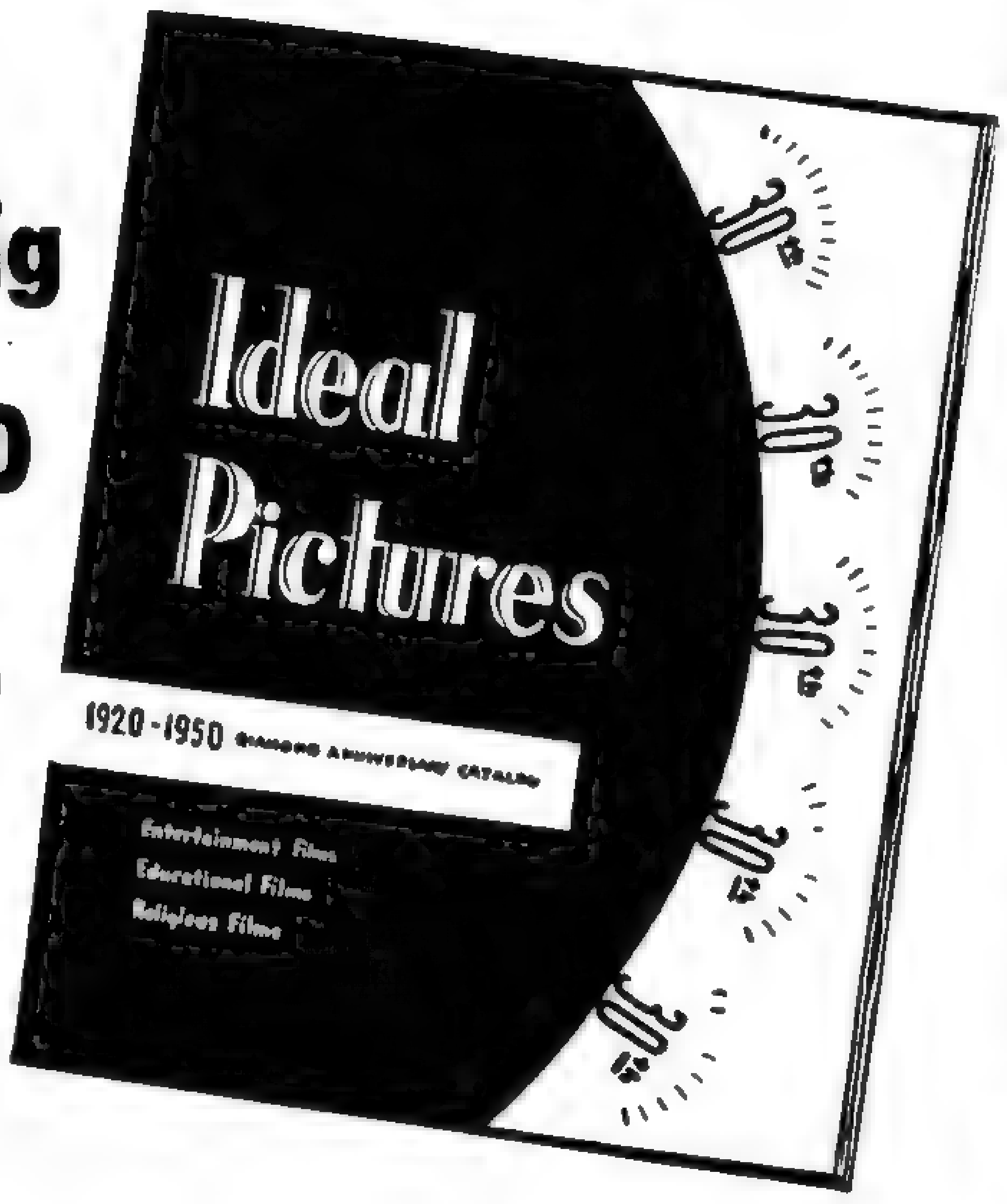

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The Store with No Front

Continued from page 39

has written about the civic ills of his community, there has been a high coincidence of cure.

Hamilton was born in 1899, in Malad, Idaho. His parents were Kansas people who homesteaded in Long Valley, Idaho, and in 1905 started a grocery store in Weiser.

Clark Alexander began helping in the store when he was six and watched, enchanted, as, over the years, his father added all kinds of general merchandise to his groceries.

It was at the University of Washington that Hamilton learned he was something of a leader. As the *Year Book*'s manager in his senior year, he talked Seattle businessmen into buying fourteen thousand dollars' worth of advertising.

In 1935, after a stint with the Army, two years as manager of a grocery co-operative buying association in Boise, and ten years as advertising manager for a San Francisco grocery co-operative, Clark Hamilton brought his wife and two children home to Weiser. He joined every civic organization in town, every fraternal order, every men's luncheon club. Then he took a look at business.

He found Hamilton's Country Store a customer-sparse, stock-lean shadow of its former self. He found his father ill from a heart attack and worried over the advent of sliced bread. "If the women of this country can't slice their own bread," lamented the old man to his son, "we're going to hell sure."

Clark Hamilton couldn't have cared less, at that point, whether bread was sliced, cubed or activated. What bothered him was the store's hearty survival of chain selling, depression and competition, and now its surrender to what appeared to be nothing more than fatigue. He went down to the store's basement and stretched out on the Army cot he kept there for naps after every meal, even breakfast, and thought it out. All the other stores in Weiser were tidy, spacious, orthodox, fairly profitable. He would be untidy, crowded, extremely (he hoped) profitable.

Hamilton bought and bought until he had piled the store high with about forty-five thousand dollars' worth of stuff. "You can't sell what you haven't got," he told his aghast father. And at the same time he began to do something his father had never dreamed of doing—joshing the customers.

A customer pays his bill. "Thanks a lot, Jess," says Hamilton. "I never expected to get it."

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A Weiser businessman and his wife come into the store. "Hello, old man," greets Hamilton. "This your daughter?" The woman snickers. "It beats me," Hamilton goes on, "why, with all the young men around, she had to marry an old rascal like you."

Needless to say, the customers who subject themselves to this ceaseless and highly audible corn a second time are regulars.

Occasionally he will help his customers find some object in that maddening array of commodities to the extent of calling, "You're warm. You're getting warmer. Whoa! You're hot!" Or he'll hand a ladder to a dowager. "There are your aluminum pans," he will say, pointing upward. "Good to feed your dog out of, or your husband."

At the primary last August, five people wrote in Clark Hamilton's name for State Senator from Washington County, and the next day the chairman of the Democratic Committee appeared in Hamilton's store and asked him to accept the candidacy. Hamilton pondered for a while, then said: "I've got no business running for political office, but if I wait until I retire I'll be as senile and fuddy-duddy as some of those old goats who are in the legislature now. Also I figure that any Washington County citizen enjoying liberty and prosperity should be willing to stand for public office. So, yes."

The race between Hamilton and William Carson, a farmer, and the incumbent, was one of the fiercest in Washington County political annals. Hamilton put down his waggish pen and picked up his earnest one. He wrote out his program, had it printed and passed it out to everyone who came to his store. He bought time on the local radio station and expounded his views.

On election day the county went Republican, but Hamilton won. As things stand now, 1597 people in Washington County feel that their representative in the State Senate is an inexperienced, ambitious, heckling smart aleck, "a hot-air expert who likes to think he knows what the public wants." On the other hand, 1926 people believe they have sent to the State Senate a man of integrity, intelligence, public spirit and courage, "the kind of man you can't make," "a man just beginning a great public career."

It was typical that Clark Hamilton should sit down while postelection emotions still raged and write a column having nothing to do with politics. "A lot of you," he wrote, "have been asking who's going to run the store while I'm away those two months in the Senate. Well, the management will be just the same—the customers. You, Good People, as always, will be Boss." ⧺

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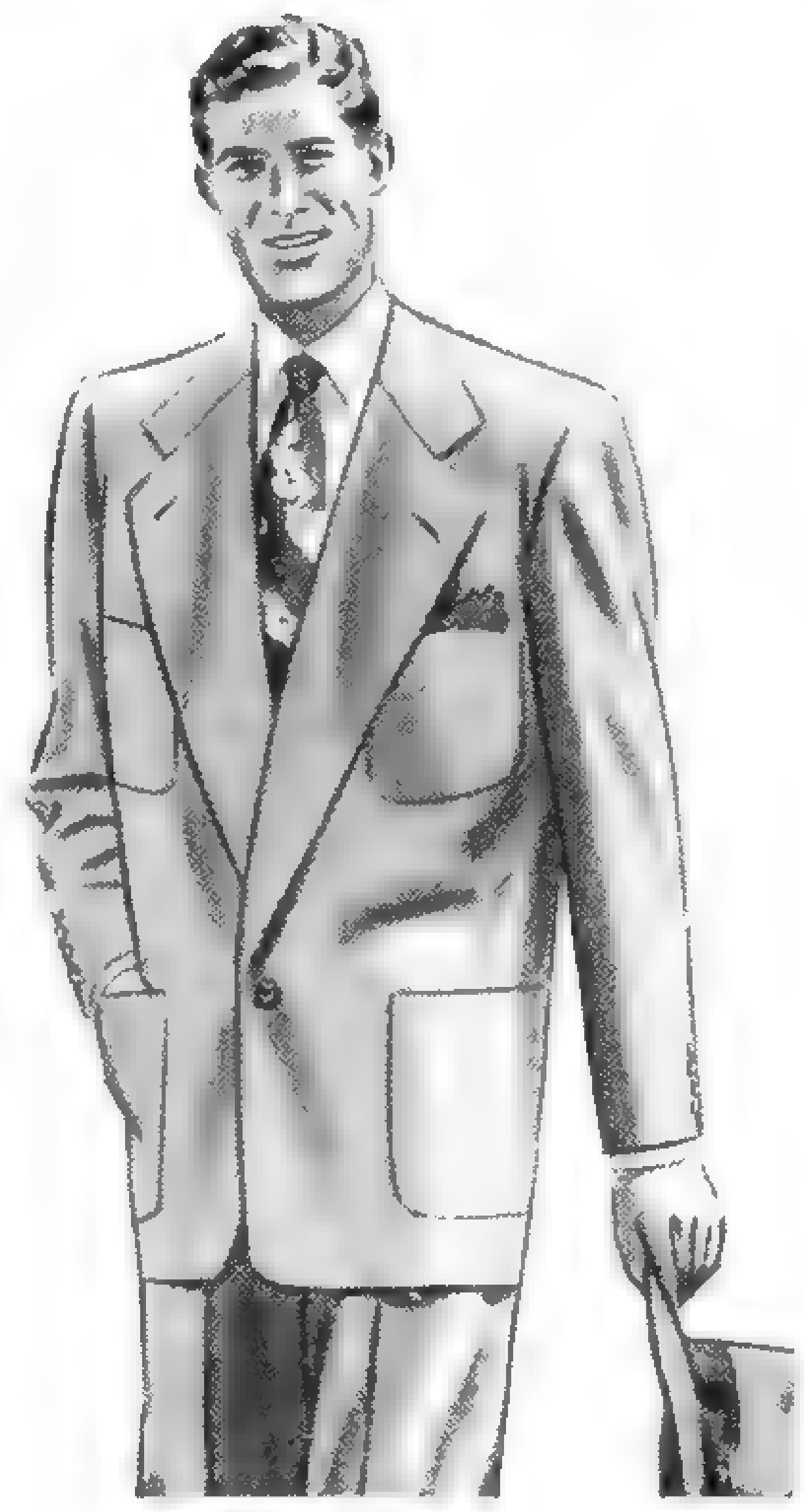

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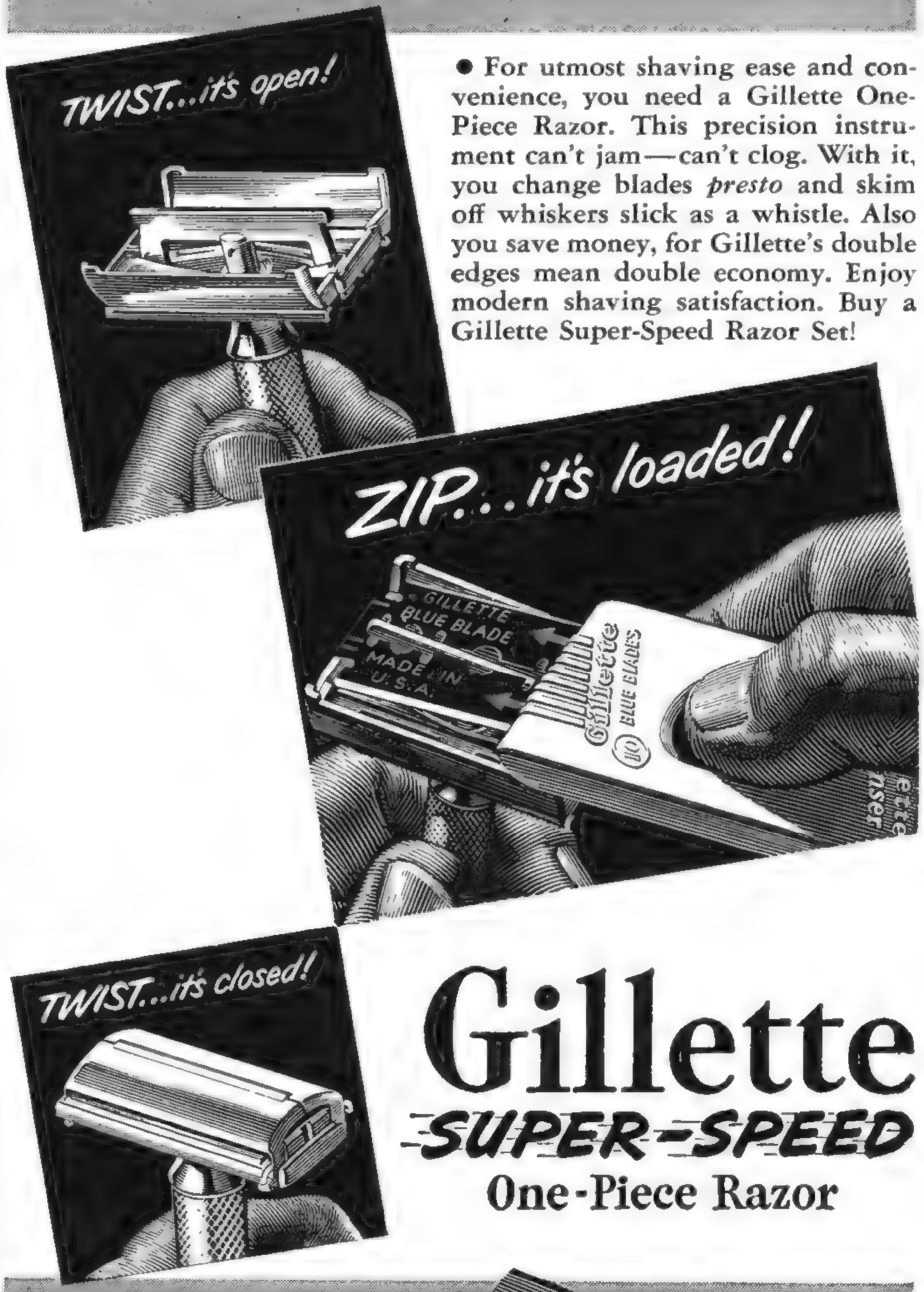
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Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

A batch of nice places that will put the sun in your September morn

For the Man with a Long Stride

(Thousands of would-be visitors to Europe are going to have to wait until the end of the midsummer rush for transatlantic ship reservations. This autumn, therefore, should be one of the busiest in European tourist history.)

SCANDINAVIA—September weather is generally fine throughout Norway, Sweden and Denmark, except for the most northerly parts of Norway and Sweden.

GREAT BRITAIN—Shooting and fishing in Scotland, the beautiful lake country of northern England and the lovely land in the west of England. Good weather should prevail for most of the months.

IRELAND—A good time, also, to visit the newly formed Irish Republic, or Northern Ireland. More accommodations available than during summer peaks, and weather will still be good.

FRANCE—For Parisians, Paris comes to life again in September, after the August hiatus. Good month, too, for a discovery of the Basque lands of the Pyrénées, south of Toulouse, one of the most picturesque sections.

SWITZERLAND—Contrary to popular misapprehension, the Swiss don't don skis the first week in September. It's sunny, mild, invigorating through early fall.

ITALY—Still swimming weather throughout September in all except the northern mountain section. You can pick up a late-season tan on any beach on the Italian peninsula or Sicily.

BENELUX—A new word, and a fairly new idea, in postwar travel. Combine the gay, world-capital night life in Brussels with pastoral beauty of Holland and the rugged scenery of Luxembourg.

For the Carefree Cruiser

(Cruise accommodations are much easier to come by about the middle of September.)

SOUTH AMERICA:

American Republics Line (MooreMcCormack)—*Argentina*, *Brazil* and *Uruguay*, famed sister-ships, from New York to various South American points. 38-day cruises, $1110 minimum, first class, including shore trips.

THE Rumson Tweed TYPE

There's a tweed streak in every man. It comes out in a stubborn affection for an old armchair . . . in the gleam that creeps into a man's eyes as they light on a Rumson Tweed jacket. If you're the tweed type you'll get along famously with these well-poised jackets . . . available at your favorite shop.

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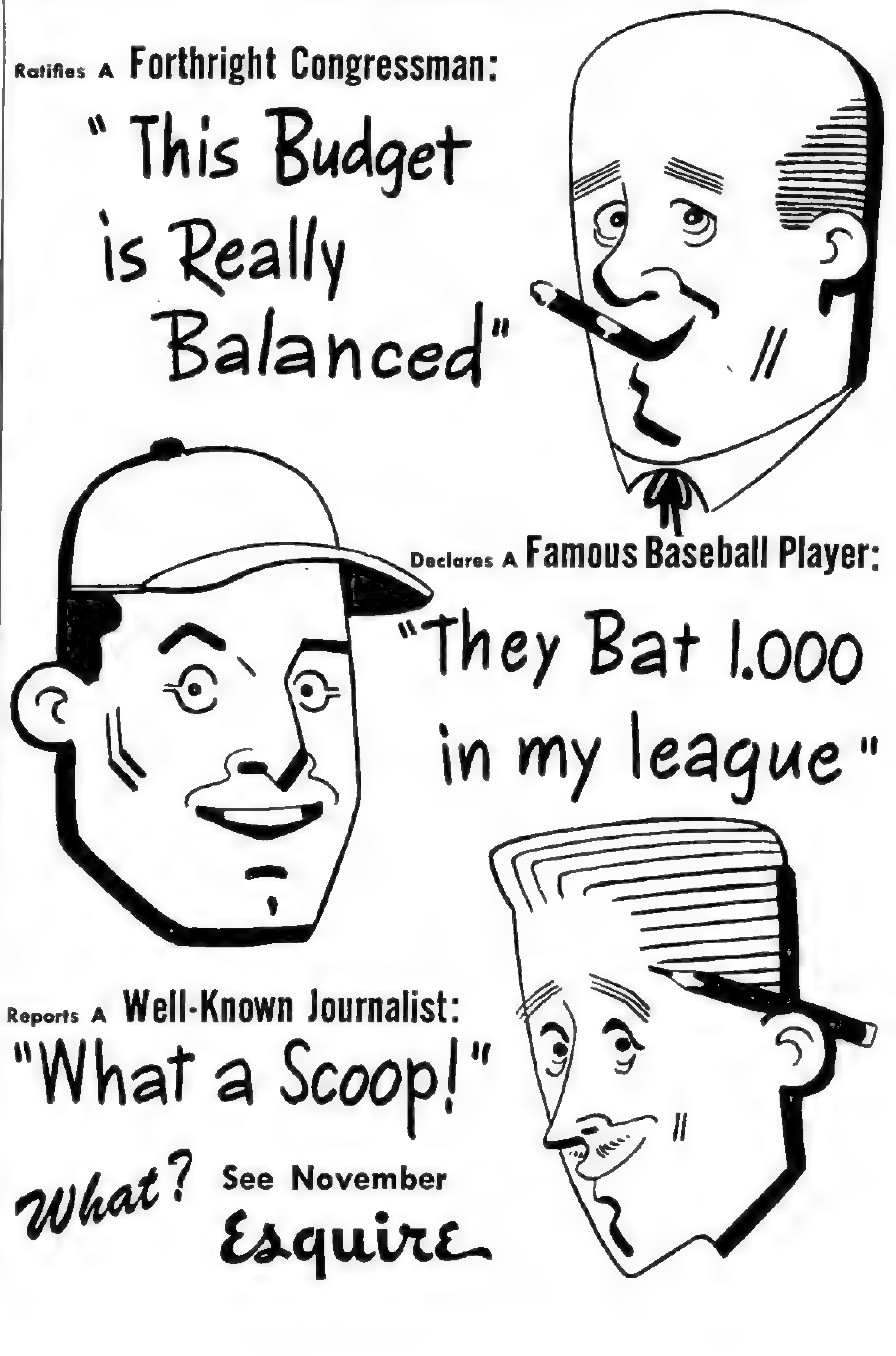
Ratifies A Forthright Congressman:
"This Budget is Really Balanced"
Declares A Famous Baseball Player:
"They Bat 1.000 in my league"
Reports A Well-Known Journalist:

What? See November Esquire

Delta Line—*Del Sud, Del Norte* and *Del Mar*, luxurious postwar cruise ships, from New Orleans. 47-day cruises, $900 to $1701.

Grace Line—*Santa Barbara, Santa Cecilia, Santa Margarita, Santa Maria, Santa Luisa, Santa Isabel*, 52-passenger cargo ships. 36-38 day round trip from New York, minimum $972.

Westfal-Larsen Co.—Cargo ships with accommodations for 8 to 12 passengers, from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Round trip takes about 150 days, with layover at Buenos Aires at passenger's expense; one-way, $440.

CARIBBEAN:

Alcoa Steamship Co.—*Alcoa Cavalier, Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, new luxury cruise ships, from New Orleans. 17-day cruises, one class, $545 minimum.

Alcoa Ranger, Alcoa Roamer, Alcoa Runner, with accommodations for 12 passengers, continuous round trip, New Orleans to Mobile, stopping at Haiti and ports of Venezuela and Dutch West Indies. 29 days, $520.

Canadian National Steamship Line—*Lady Nelson* (two classes) and *Lady Rodney* (one class) Boston to Bermuda and the West Indies. 34 days, $513 minimum.

Grace Line—*Santa Rosa* and *Santa Paula*, from New York. 12-day cruise—among most popular of itineraries—$435 to $870.

Santa Monica, Santa Clara and *Santa Sofia*, 52-passenger cargo ships, from New York. 18-day "casual cruises," $435 to $460.

Panama Line—*Ancon, Cristobal* and *Panama*, each carrying about 215 passengers, New York to Cristobal. 14-day cruise, minimum, $288, with four days in Panama at passenger's expense.

Porto Rico Line—*Borinquen*, recently reconditioned, from New York to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. 11-day round trip, one-class, $189 to $351.

Standard Fruit and Steamship Co.—*Contessa* and *Cefalu*, one-class cruise ships. New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 10-day cruises, $200 up.

United Fruit Co.—*Jamaica, Talamanca* and *Veragua*, from New York. 17-day cruise, minimum $415; 24 days (including Guatemala tour), $520 minimum.

Quirigua, Chiriqui, modern one-class ships accommodating 99 passengers, from New Orleans to Havana and Puerto Barrios, 11-day cruise, $230 minimum. *Antigua*, sister ship, sails from New Orleans to Canal Zone and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

Waterman Steamship Corp.—Freighters with accommodations for 12 passengers, New Orleans, Puerto Rico, Mobile. Round trip takes about three weeks, but only ten days aboard ship, remainder in Puerto Rico at passenger's expense. One-way, $86.25.

BERMUDA:

Furness Bermuda Line—*Queen*

Continued on page 144

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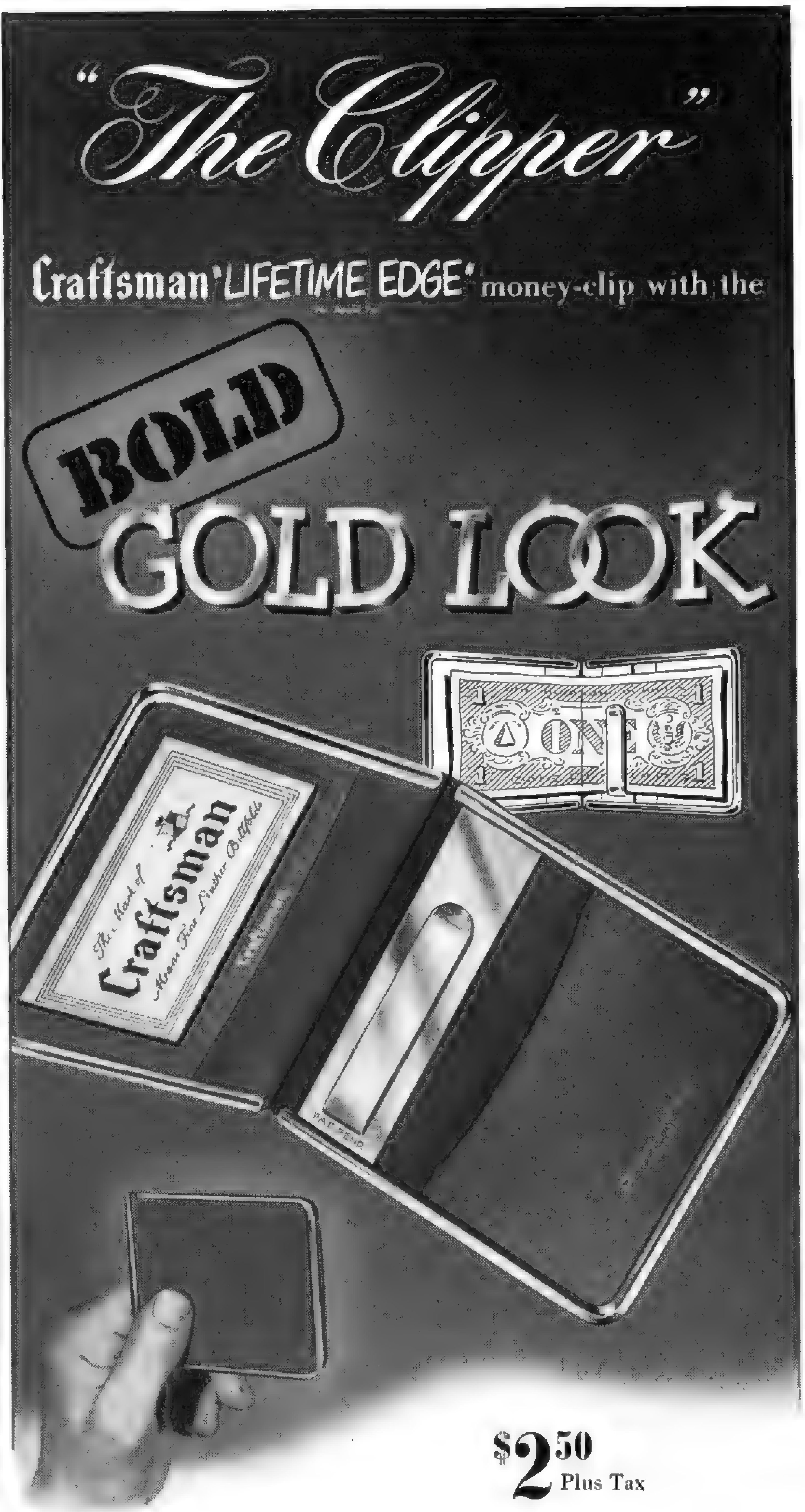

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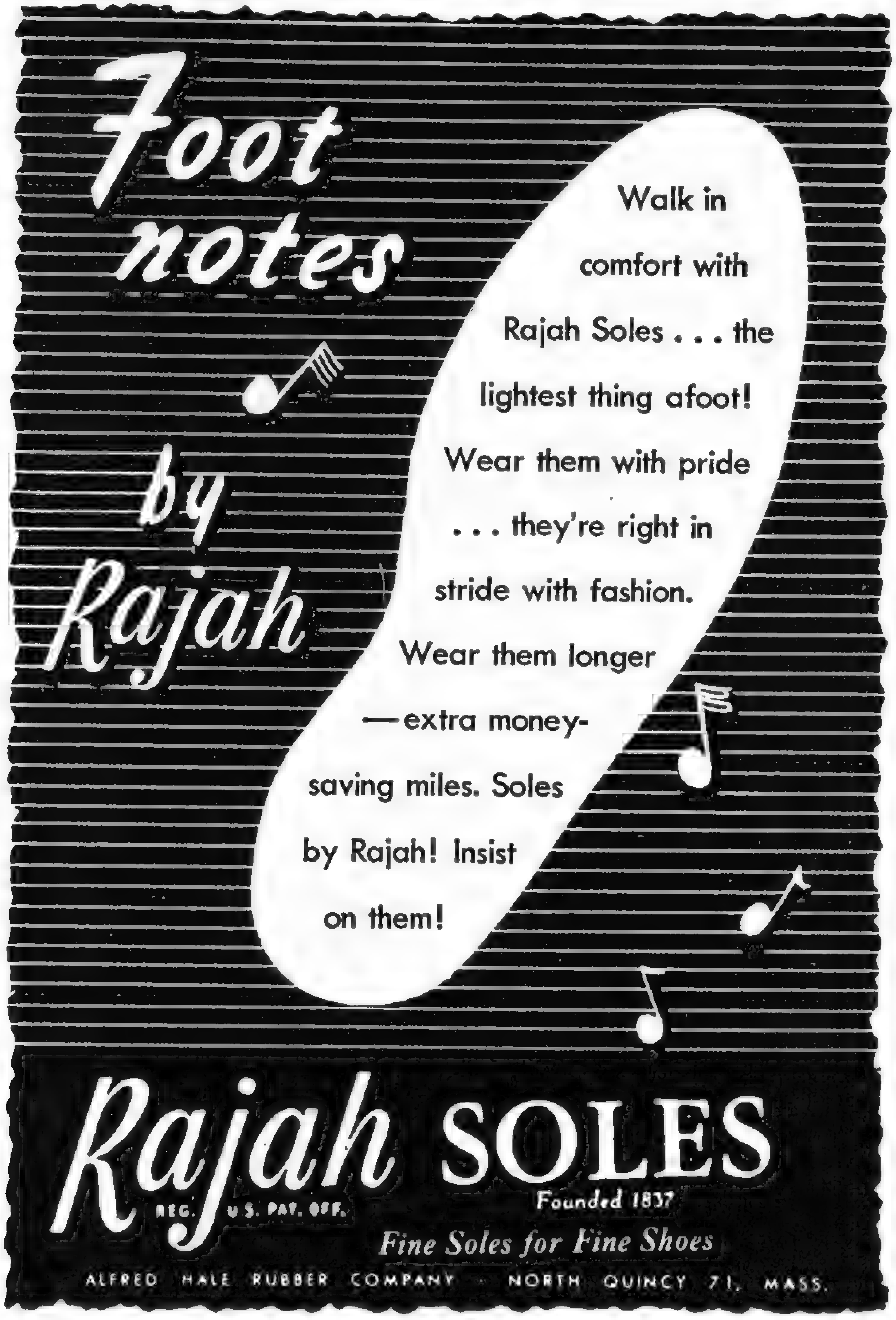

Foot notes by Rajah

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ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY · NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

Continued from page 143

of Bermuda, from New York every Saturday. Six-day cruise, including two-day stopover in Bermuda, $125 to $550.

MEDITERRANEAN AND THE MIDDLE EAST:

American Export Lines—*Excalibur, Exochorda, Exeter* and *Excambion*, from New York with return stop at Boston. 44-day de luxe Yankee Cruises.

ORIENT:

American President Lines—*President Cleveland* and *President Wilson* from San Francisco. 63-day and 41-day cruises, two classes, rates $1905 to $2475 for 63 days, $1415 up for 41 days.

ROUND THE WORLD:

American President Lines—*President Polk* and *President Monroe* from New York or San Francisco. 110-day cruise, single class, from $2716 to $3200.

ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI:

Greene Line, Cincinnati—*Delta Queen*, new riverboat combining modern conveniences with old-time atmosphere. 20-day cruise, Cincinnati to New Orleans, 3-day stopover and return, $225 up.

For the Man Who Dislikes Details

(Packaged tours range from the escorted jobs which pretty well decide for you where you'll go when, to tours you take on your own—with only such details as transportation and hotel accommodations arranged for you. Most tours wind up right after Labor Day. The following—while in no way attempting to be anything like a complete listing—should give you a good idea of the fall tour program.)

EUROPE:

England, Holland, Belgium, France. 29 days. Crossing on *Queen Mary* September 14, *Queen Elizabeth* September 21. Escorted. $834 to $1239, depending on steamer accommodations, $1147 if transatlantic flight is substituted.

England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, France. 36 days. Leaving on *Queen Mary* September 14. Escorted. $1047 to $1452, $1360 by air.

France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, England, 26 days in Europe. *Queen Mary* September 14. Escorted. $906 to $1030.50—$1204 by air.

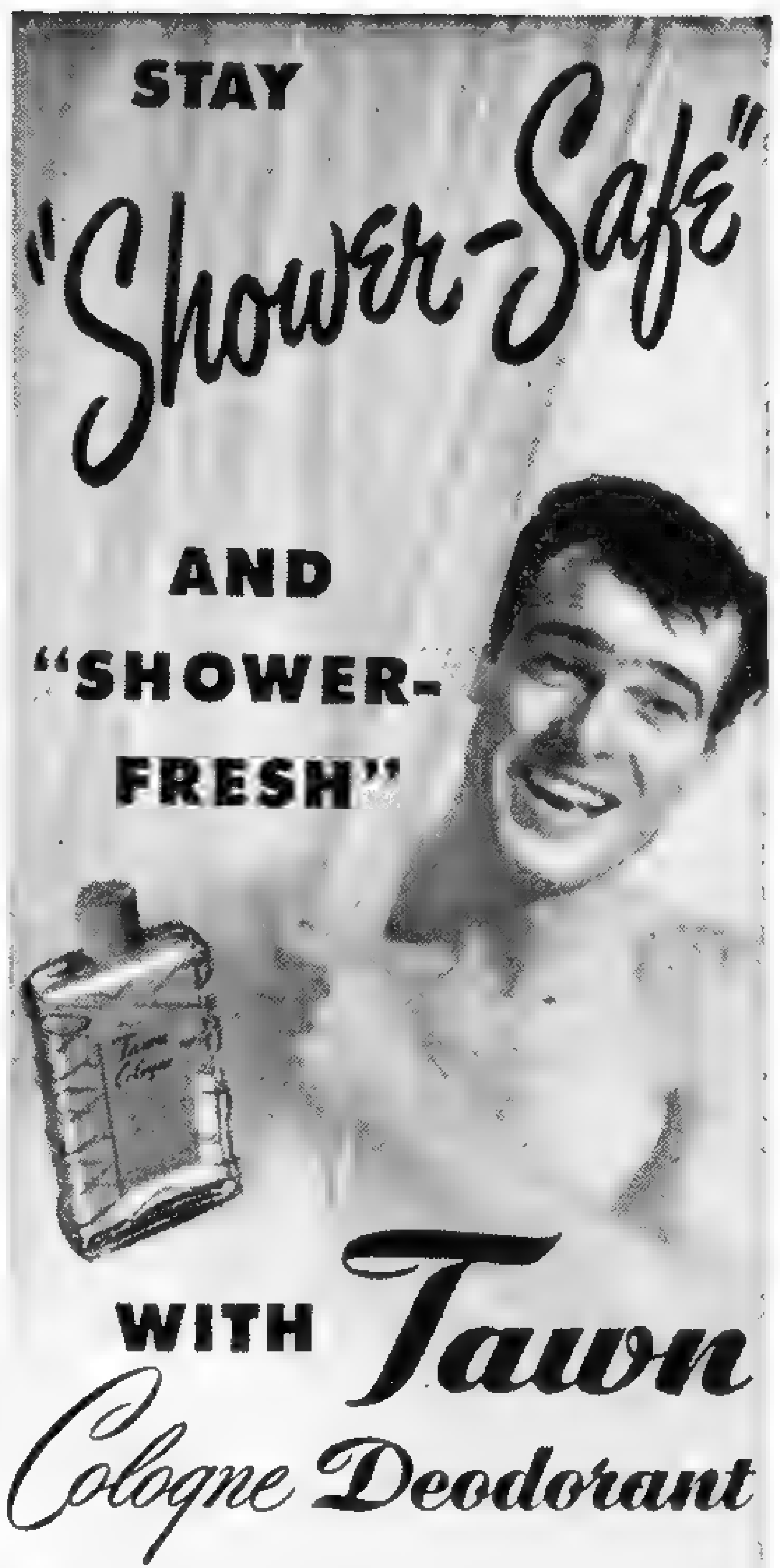
LATIN AMERICA:

Nine days in Mexico. Travel to and from Mexico City by plane. Independent travel (not escorted). $316, plus $30.89 tax, from Chicago.

Mexico. Ten days off the beaten path. Travel to and from Mexico City by plane. Independent travel. $476, plus $30.89 tax, from Chicago.

Sixteen days in Mexico. Travel to and from Mexico City by plane. Independent travel $441, plus $30.89 tax, from Chicago.

Mexico. Sixteen days. Train



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What?
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Esquire

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to San Antonio, car via Pan Am. Highway to Mexico City. Escorted. $289.90, plus $13.87, from Chicago (lower berth).

Guatemala. Ten days. Travel to and from Guatemala City by plane. Escorted. $363, including tax, from New Orleans.

West Indies. Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Dominican Republic, Haiti. Ten days. All travel by plane. Independent travel. $361 plus $21.87 tax, from Miami.

Puerto Rico, Brazil and Trinidad. Fourteen days. All travel by plane. Independent travel. $1135 (no tax) from New York.

Grand tour of Latin America. Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, Trinidad. Sixty days. All long-distance travel by plane. Independent travel. Leave Los Angeles, arrive Miami. $2518, plus $13.23 tax.

HAWAII:

Nine-day tour, eight days in Hawaii visiting islands of Oahu and Hawaii. Travel to and from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle and between islands by air. Independent travel. $484.85, including tax and American-plan accommodations at Royal-Hawaiian in Honolulu.

Twenty-three-day tour, twelve days in Hawaii visiting islands of Oahu, Maui and Hawaii. Sail from Los Angeles or San Francisco by *S. S. Lurline*, interisland travel by air. Independent travel. $633.05 including tax and stay at Royal Hawaiian.

DOMESTIC TOURS:

New England. Eight days. Travel by motor coach. Escorted. $169, including tax, from New York.

Virginia. Seven days. Travel by train, boat and motor coach. Escorted. $137.50, plus tax, from New York.

Florida. Nine days. Travel to and from Chicago by train, sight-seeing trips within Florida by motor coach. Escorted. $179.50, plus $11.09 tax; from Chicago, reserved coach seats.

California and the West. Fourteen days. Long-distance travel by private train. Shorter trips and sight-seeing by motor coach. Escorted. $342, plus $24.91 tax, lower berth from Chicago.

California and the Southwest. Fourteen days. Travel by train. Escorted. $287.20, plus $22.83 tax, lower berth from Chicago.

California. Twenty-one days. Travel by train. Sight-seeing and shorter trips by motor coach. Escorted. $552.12, plus $42.38 tax, lower from Chicago.

California and the Hawaiian Islands. Sixteen days. All air travel. Independent travel $917.90, plus $109.78 tax, from New York. ###

(If you wish further details or other information relative to travel, your inquiries will be welcome. Just send queries and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Travel Editor, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17.)

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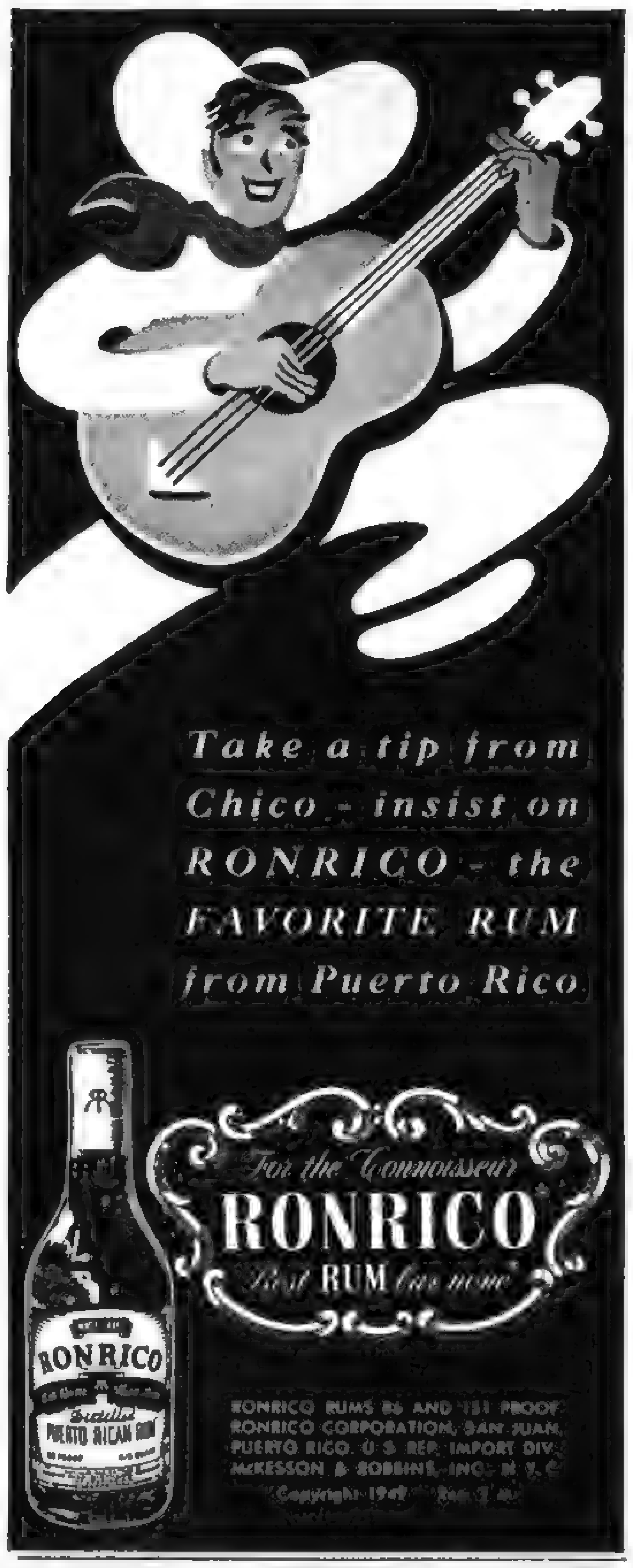

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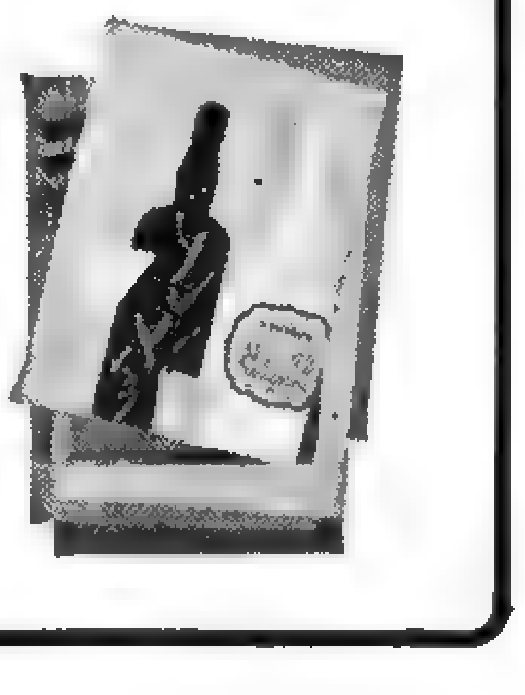

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Declares a RESPECTED BANKER:

"Worth its Weight in Gold"

Declares a FAMOUS SOLDIER:

"I'd like to Pin A Medal on that"

What?
See NOVEMBER
Esquire

GOING PLACES

Painting the Town

BEING NOTHING if not ubiquitous this month, we have a few posies to toss in the direction of several out-of-town places before we invade the pleasure domes of Manhattan. One such place—and probably the most imposing—is The Meadows, which is located in Framingham, Massachusetts. This is a large and singularly attractive country establishment which offers, among a great many other things, superb television reception on a big screen, excellent food, and, in the evening, dancing to the music of what are known as "name bands." The prices are extremely reasonable too. Inasmuch as Vaughn Monroe is said to own a piece of The Meadows, there doesn't seem much point in trying to chase him off the bandstand, where he holds forth at fairly regular intervals. But even he and his booming falsetto aren't irritating enough to spoil your enjoyment of an awfully nice place. Our own partiality for The Meadows has a good deal to do with the fact that this is one of the few restaurants outside California which seems to know how to prepare a Caesar Salad properly. In our book, this constitutes an irreproachable recommendation.

BEING CRAMPED FOR SPACE this month, we propose to make our Manhattan findings brief and to the point. So here, without any regard to geography or type, are a few places that you should find quite acceptable. The one thing they have in common is a price range that should fit rather neatly into a restricted budget. For Chinese food, we recommend Lum Fong's at 150 West 52nd Street. For a place with a rather clubby atmosphere and unobtrusive entertainment, we think Madeleine's Le Poissonnier at 121 East 52nd should be to your taste. In addition to the good food, the big draw here is a 72-year-old Negro minstrel named Charley Wilson. If, however, your taste runs to can-can girls, you'd better look in on the Bal Tabarin at 225 West 46th. It's an engaging bistro. But if, on the other hand, you are an active, rather than a spectator, sportsman and fancy the rhumba, your bet is either the Palladium Ballroom or the Havana-Madrid. The latter has been doing business at the same old stand, 1650 Broadway, since Broadway Rose was a debutante, so there is no need of any further recommendation. The floor show is usually a pretty volatile affair. The Palladium, which is up the street a few blocks—1698 Broadway—is, as its name suggests, a ballroom. It is, however, a ballroom of more than conventional interest. For one thing, it is the rallying ground for all the mambo addicts in town. The mambo is a resourceful rhumba—which should give you an idea of what transpires on the crowded floor of the Palladium. Broadway being Broadway, we cannot predict just what will be in operation from one week to another, but it seems likely that the Palladium will still be running its Wednesday night mambo contests when you read this. If so, make it a special point to drop in on one. You'll see the most exciting dancing in all New York.

NIGHT IN, NIGHT OUT, year after year, the Copacabana (on 60th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues) is as satisfying a night club as there is on the face of the earth. For the Copa is, after its fashion, a practically perfect institution. Naturally, any club which presents headliners like Joe E. Lewis, Lena Horne, and Jimmy Durante must be counted something pretty special. The Copa, however, does a good deal more. Among other things, it offers a line of extremely pretty girls in beguiling costumes, a couple of very worthwhile supporting acts, and fine, fine food. Now, all this is pretty remarkable in itself, but what makes it unique is that the Copa gives it to you at unbelievably low prices.

A COUPLE can go to the Copa, see the show, dance, have a couple of drinks, dine almost sumptuously, and hand out the appropriate tips for something like $15. By current cabaret standards, this is dirt cheap.

IF WE SEEM unduly starry-eyed over a mere cabaret, let us explain that years of pub-crawling have made us ready to feel inordinately grateful for anything that is really first-class. The Copa is first-class with bells on. For one thing, it is a beautifully-run establishment — a fact doubtless attributable to the presence of a man named Jack Entratter, who has a genius for making customers feel comfortable. Then, too, there is the swift service, the good food, etc., which are largely the doing of a man named Julie Podell. Finally, there are the shows which are staged by a former press agent named Monte Proser. Another thing we like about the Copa is that here is one place where you will not be clipped. As far as we can determine, it is absolutely impossible for a waiter at the Copa to switch checks on a customer. You must believe us when we tell you that this system is all too rare in New York night clubs. Esky considers it a privilege to be able to put you wise to a cabaret as irreproachably operated as the Copacabana.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire About Town," 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

WITH ESQUIRE

Getting Away From It All

CAPRI:—New York is 4,400 miles away, more or less, from this limestone rock set in the blue-green of the Bay of Naples, a few miles from storied Sorrento. It seems four centuries and six civilizations away, at least, from this little cafe in the Piazza Umberto, tiny town square of Capri. I'm jotting these words down in a notebook in pencil. Banging a typewriter here on this quiet, sunny morning would be like driving up to St. Peter's in Rome in a concrete mixer.

THE TATTERED little kids chasing each other between the marble-topped tables seem straight out of a Rossellini movie, but somehow they're much cleaner, rosier and healthier-looking than the gamins of the south Italian mainland a few miles across the bay. Like everything and everybody else on this small island which is one of the fabled tourist resorts of the world, they appear to be specially scrubbed to look more seemly in the eyes of visitors.

ACROSS THE fifteen or twenty yards which is the entire width of the town square, the ancient campanile chimes the quarter-hours but nobody seems to pay it any heed. For here is one of the magic spots on earth where time is no tyrant.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE here will tell you that some of the magic rubs off Capri during the height of the tourist season in July and August, when the 8,000 residents of the island entertain about 2,000 visitors daily. But it's pre-season as I write this, and it will be post-season when you read it, so we can talk about Capri at its best.

THIS IS THE SORT of place where you find yourself asking how much it costs to live here, and playing with the thought of coming back some day, buying or renting a little villa, and letting the rest of the world work out its salvation without your help.

THE EDEN ILLUSION carries through to the table. Last night, for example, I had a fine dinner at Da Gemma, a pizzeria on the Via Madre Serafina, of fish, beef, vegetables, cheese, fruit and excellent wine for about a dollar and a quarter, including tip. The price becomes less surprising when you realize that the fish was caught offshore by Capri fishermen, the vegetables came from island truck gardens, the oranges, lemons and nuts all were from Capri groves, and the wine was a local specialty.

MY ROOM with bath and terrace garnished with orange blossoms at the Hotel Palma costs about $2.50 per day. Up on the peaks of Anacapri, the new Caesar Augusto, built on the site of Augustus Caesar's villa, will set you up in luxurious quarters, with a swimming pool, bar and nightclub right on the premises for a minimum of about $4 a day, with meals.

YOU CAN RENT a villa with terrace and garden for about $100 per month, or a half-villa apartment for half that sum. Keeping house, you can eat well for a little more than two dollars a day. A combination cook and housekeeper will cost you about $15 per month.

SPEAKING OF VILLAS, we spotted a magnificent white palace on the cliffside, overlooking one of the great grottoes. "That belongs to the great American singer," said our guide proudly. "Lawrence Tibbett?" we asked, "Paul Robeson? James Melton? Jan Peerce? Bing Crosby? Perry Como?"

OUR HOST shook his head. "That belonged to the great American, Singer, of the sewing machine," he explained.

TRYING TO DECIDE whether to stay at Capri, or at lovely Sorrento across the bay is like making up your mind between getting married or buying a car—you end up by doing both. It was at Sorrento that I saw for the first time oranges and lemons growing from the same tree—in the gardens of the famed old Hotel Vittoria. In that setting you don't seem to find it at all unusual. You feel like a king, standing there on the cliffs overlooking the sea, and you want to do something startling, like taking off for the moon, diving out over the water—or making oranges and lemons grow together.

ONE THING YOU quickly realize, when you think of living abroad, or even when you wander a bit off the usual tourist orbit, on a visit to Europe, is that your freedom of movement is seriously curtailed, and your enjoyment of your trip is greatly hampered, if you don't have at least a smattering of the language spoken in the country or countries you're visiting. There are many ways of learning a tongue, but one of the most effective and painless is by the use of phonograph records, such as the army utilized for teaching languages, in your own home. Two of the most successful of these methods are those of the Linguaphone Institute and the Cortina Academy, both in New York City.

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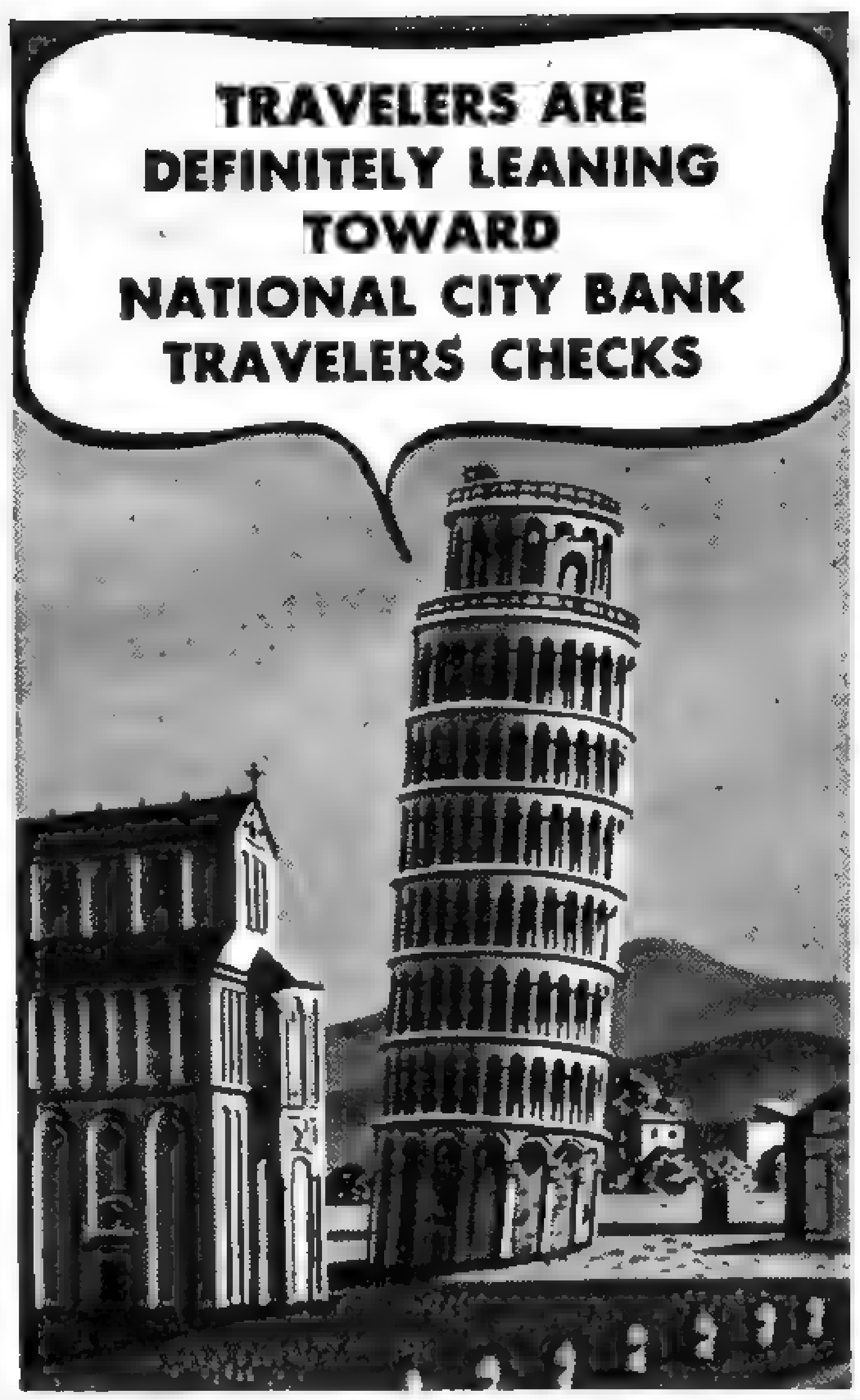
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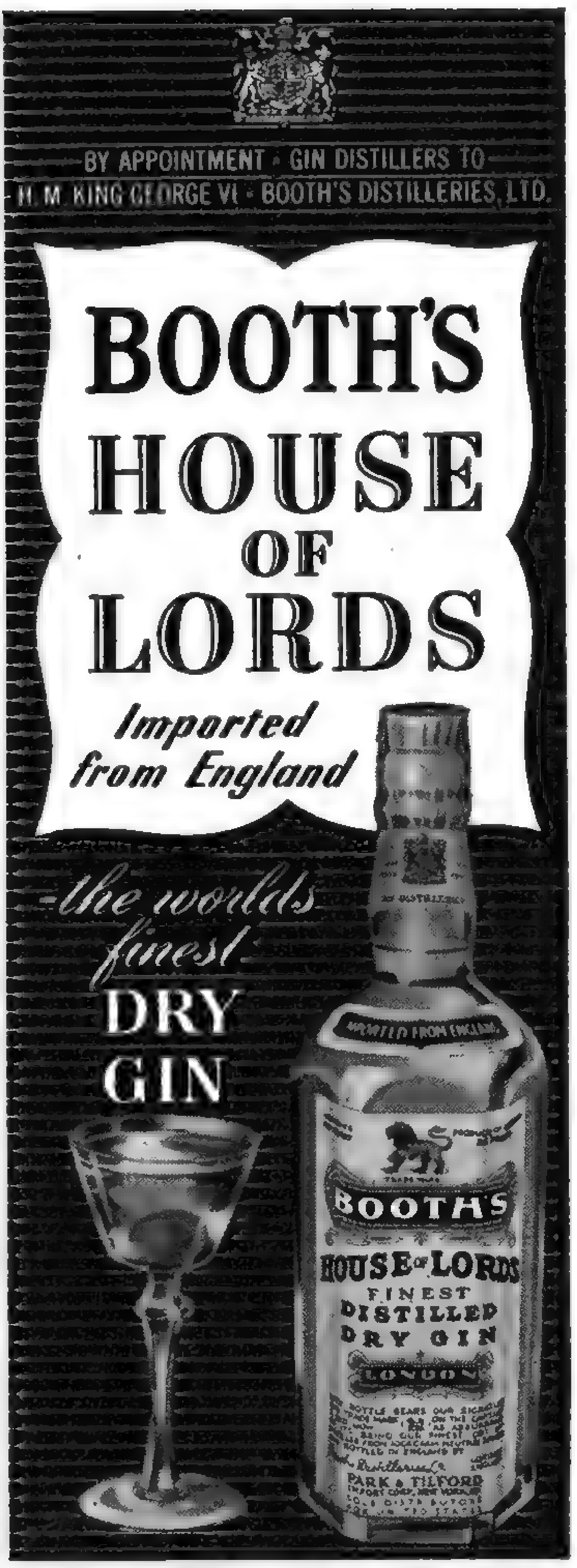
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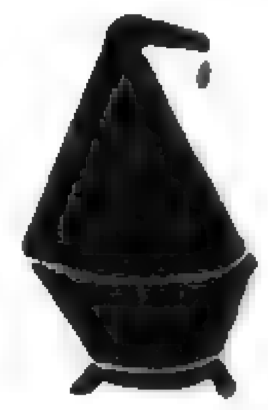
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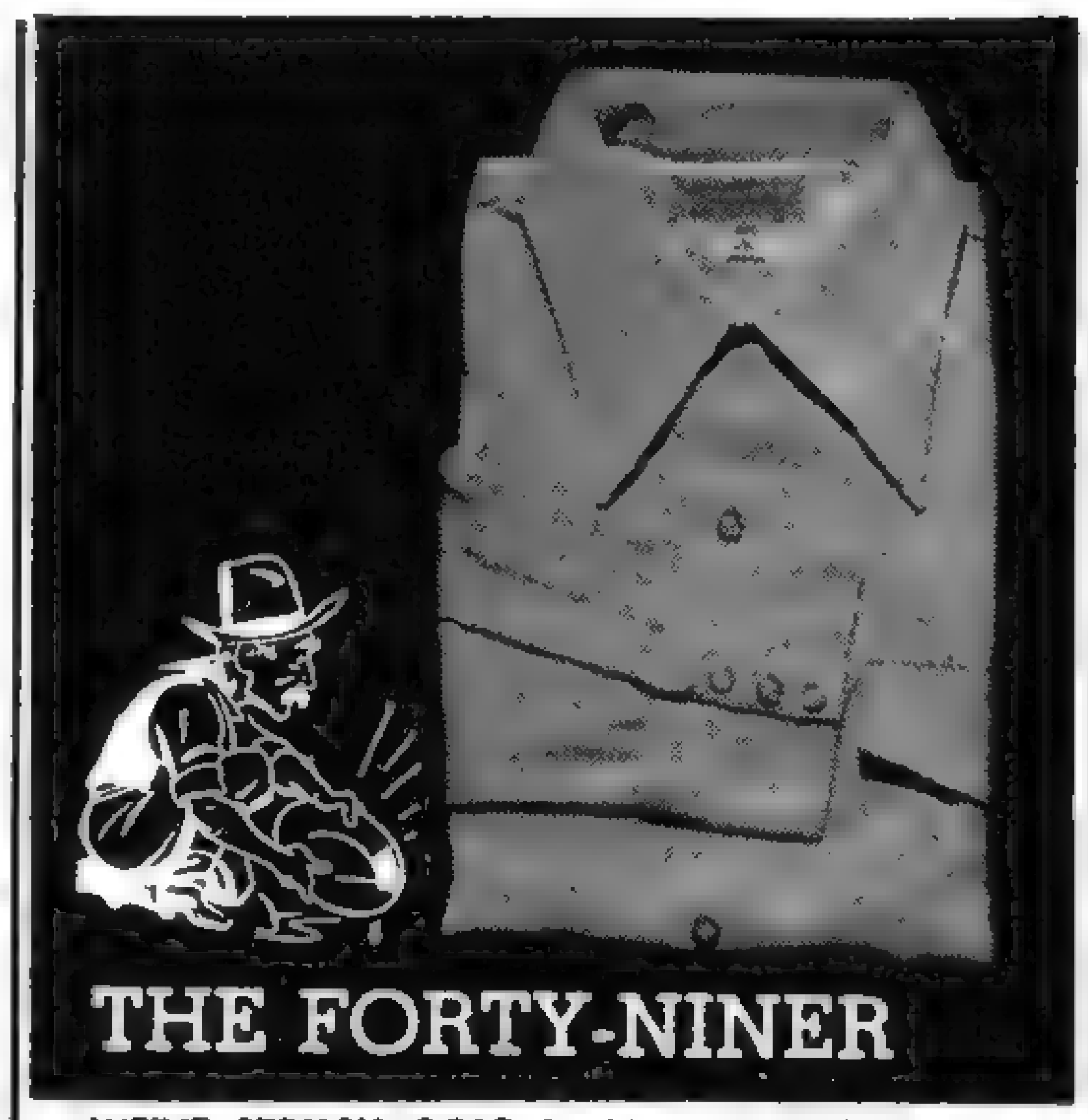

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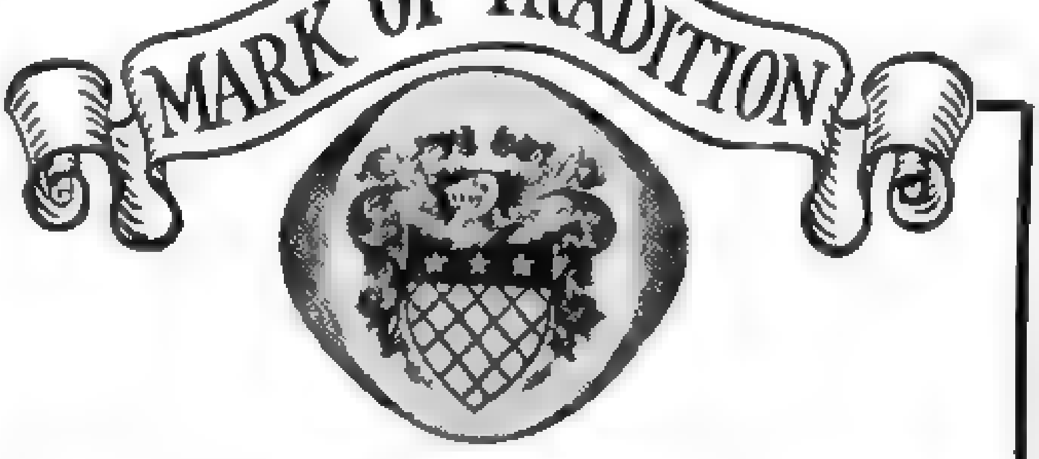

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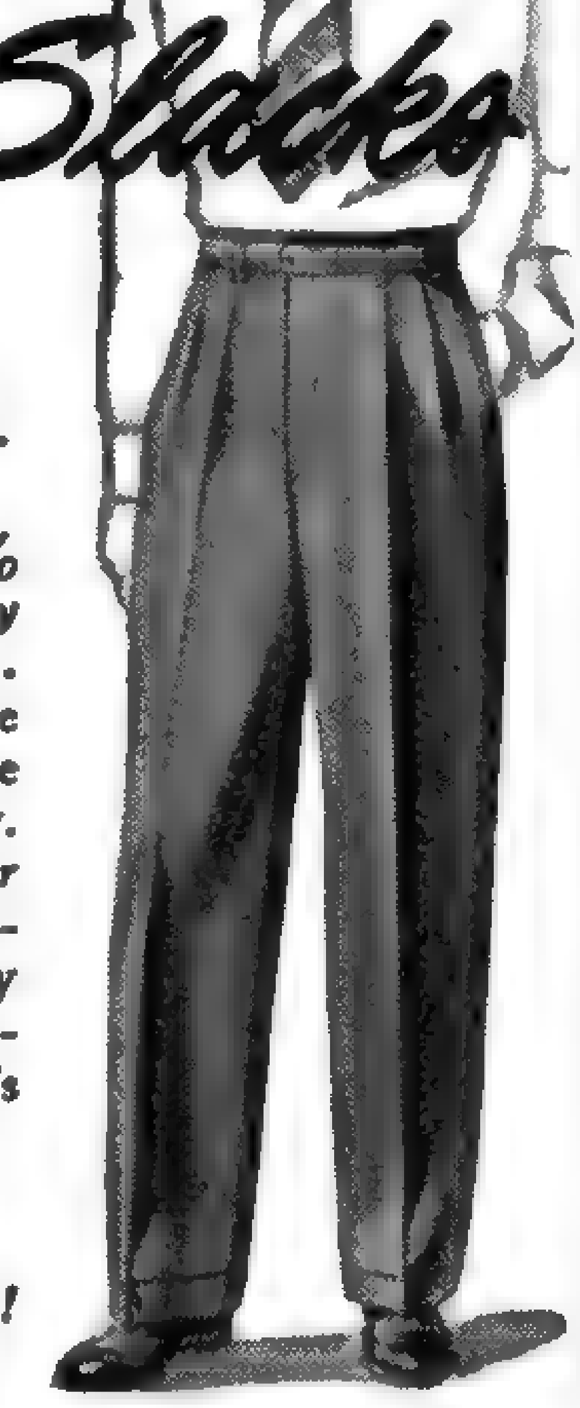

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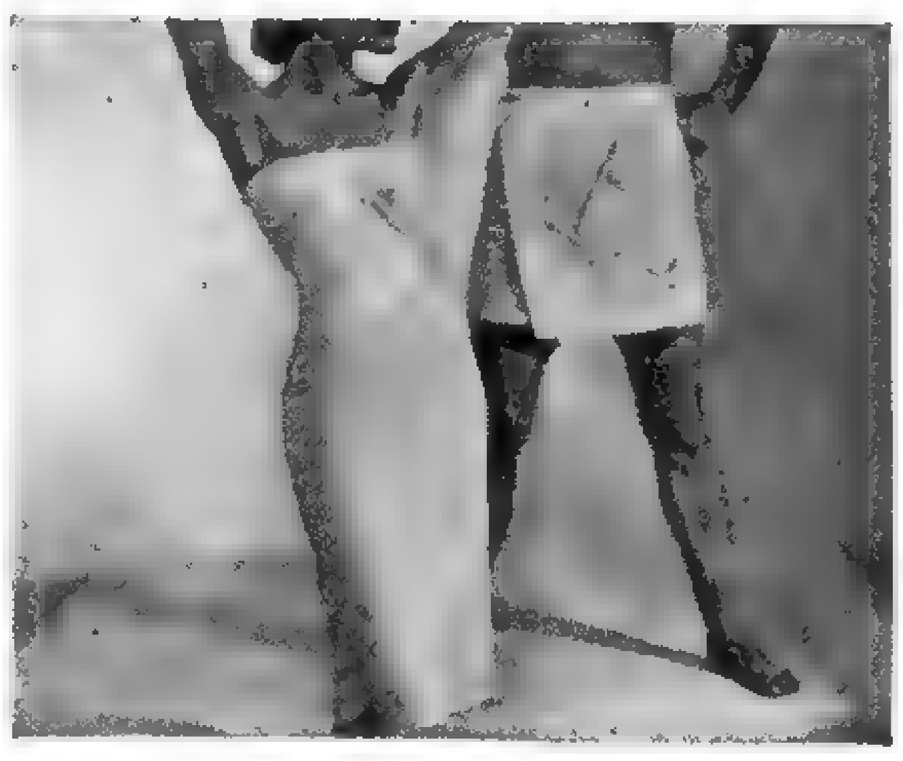
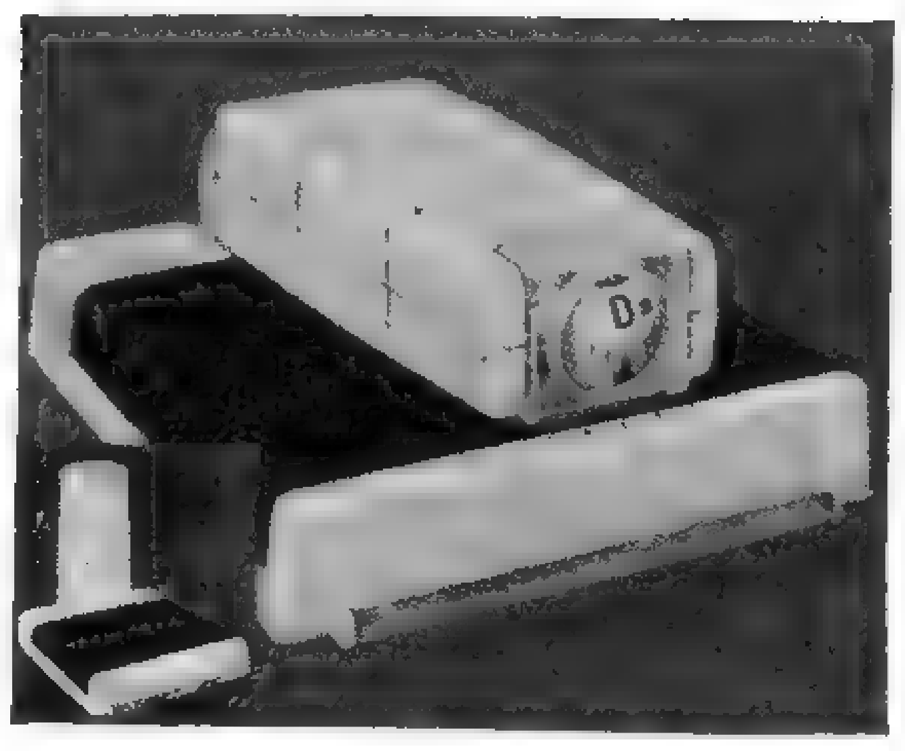
NO KNOTS NEEDED to wrap this bath towel round you. It snaps on at the waist, covers your nudity or gets you dry while you answer the telephone, shave or just loaf around while getting dressed. The pocket is for general purposes. The feminine version in colors covers more territory, operates with buttons, is shapely and becoming.



FROM THE WEST in the tradition of the Navajo Indians, the white man has taken the style of the fleetfoot moccasins. In sueded cowhide, they are light and soft with sturdy soles, lifted inside heel cushions and insoles to add to the comfort. Ideal for lounging at home and for week ends in the country. Handmade, in brown, natural and green.

FOR THE FAT AND LAZY, old and tired, or young and impatient, a long-handled bathtub cleaner eliminates the usual awkward bending over the tub. The business end is foam rubber, the stem polished aluminum, the grip handle Lucite in colors. A simple implement weighing 7 ozs., it is intended to make at least one chore less tiresome.

THE ADVANTAGE of this bathroom scale, recently available on the market, is that a folding tower brings the reading dial close to the eye for more accurate, easier reading. When not in use, the tower folds down. It registers with precision up to 250 lbs., is moisture-proof and durable. In colors, with or without a matching hamper.



FOR STAYING GUESTS or any time you happen to need an extra towel rack in the bathroom or kitchen, there is a two-bar chromium-plated rack that fits onto a permanent rack without benefit of tools, screws or bolts. And it can be extended from 15" to 25". A well-made accessory and handy even for hanging a few small pieces of laundry.

A SELF-RELIANT BACHELOR will find these adjustable forms valuable for drying socks. They can be as small as size 9 or as big as size 13 simply by turning a tiny nob at the foot. Non-rusting, strong Tenite, they are light, smooth, snag-free, inexpensive and lasting. The skeleton-like structure allows for maximum airspace and speedy drying.

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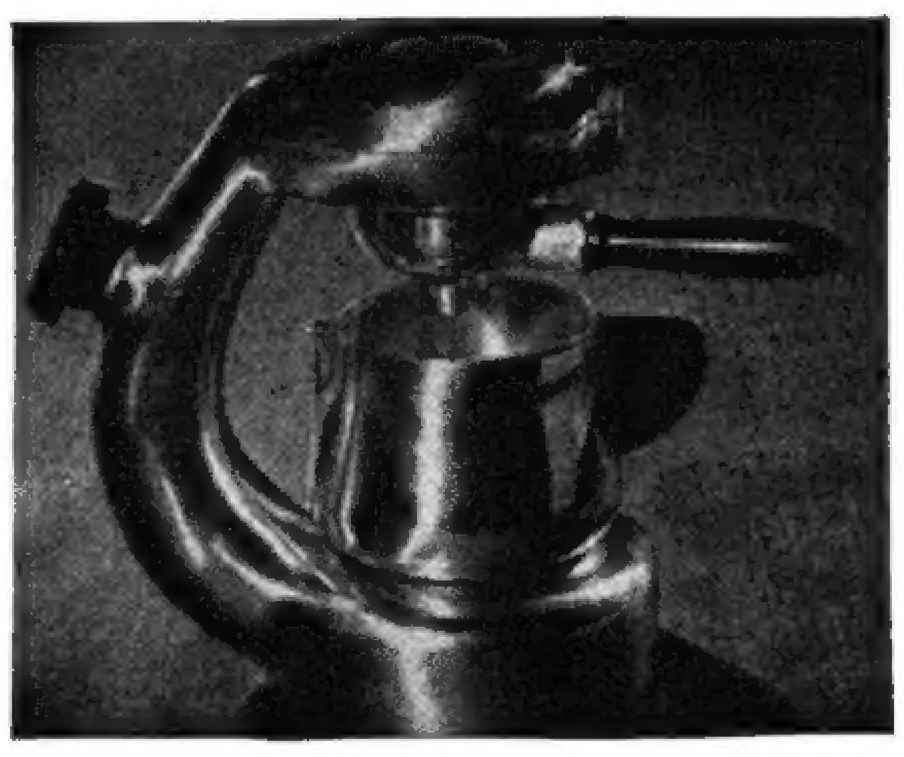
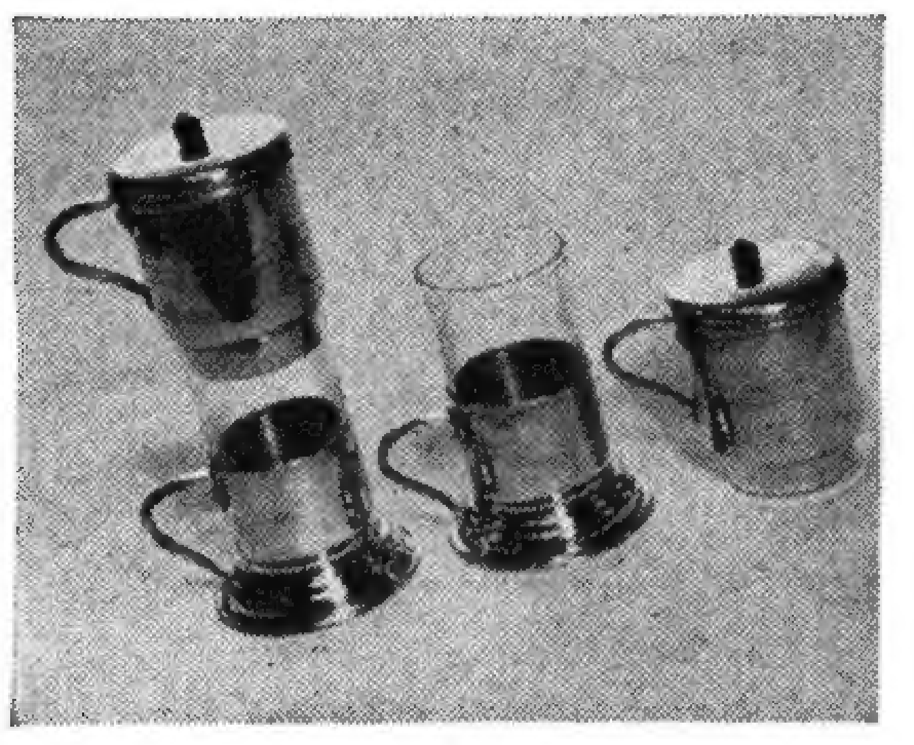
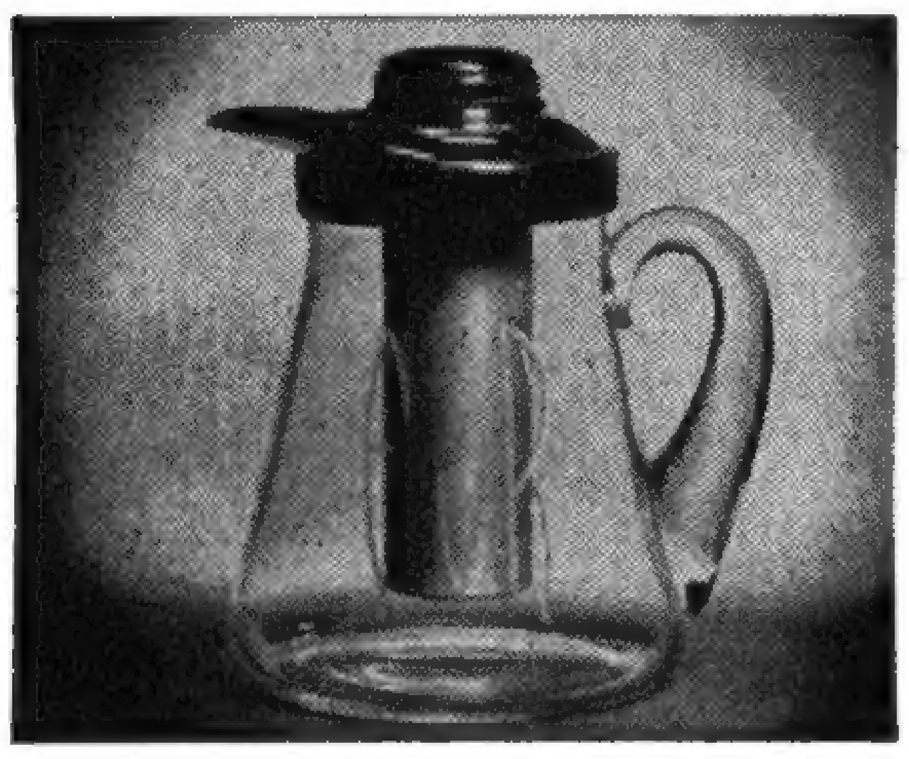


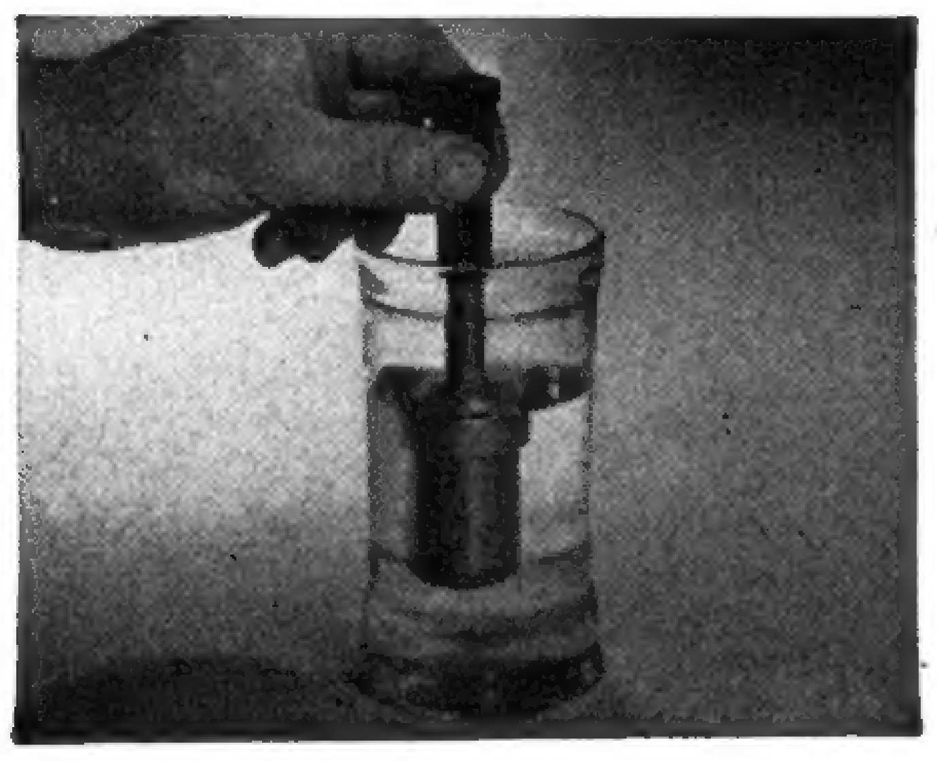
COFFEE DRINKERS and epicures are enthusiastic about an extraordinary steam coffee maker from Italy. For breakfast coffee, demi tasse or the Italian type Espresso coffee, it can't be beat. Water boils at the bottom, steam goes up the side, down through the grounds and condenses into the server. Apart from flavor, it's quick and economical.



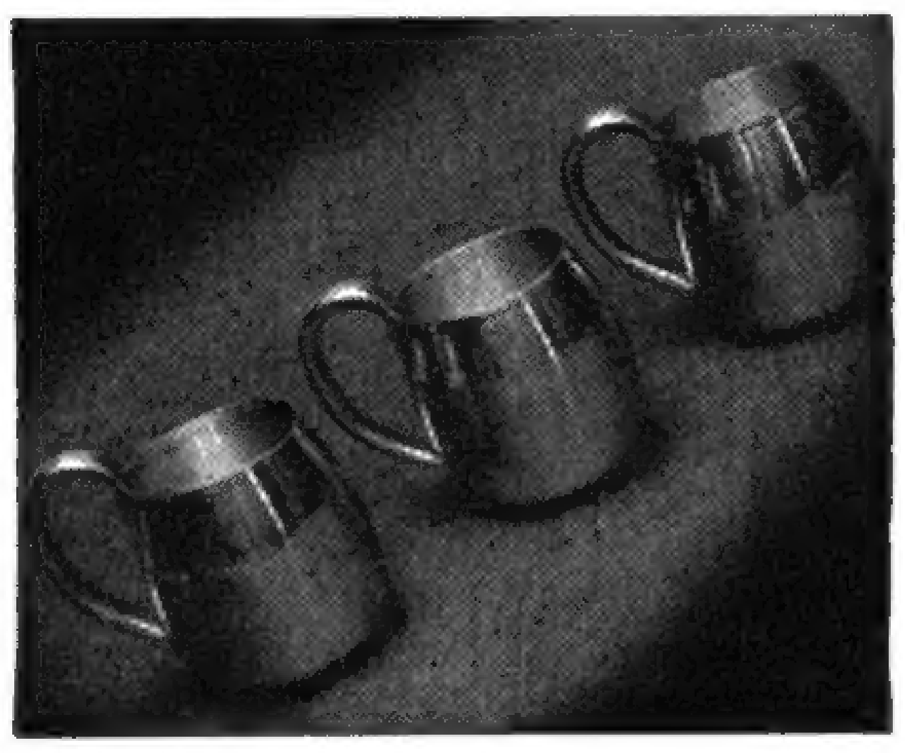
A PRACTICAL PRESENT for any couple you know is a pair of handsome, copper and glass individual coffee makers. French-style as served on the Boulevards at sidewalk cafes, they are brought directly to the table with boiling water and coffee in the top. Coffee drips into the bottom part which serves then as a saucerless cup.



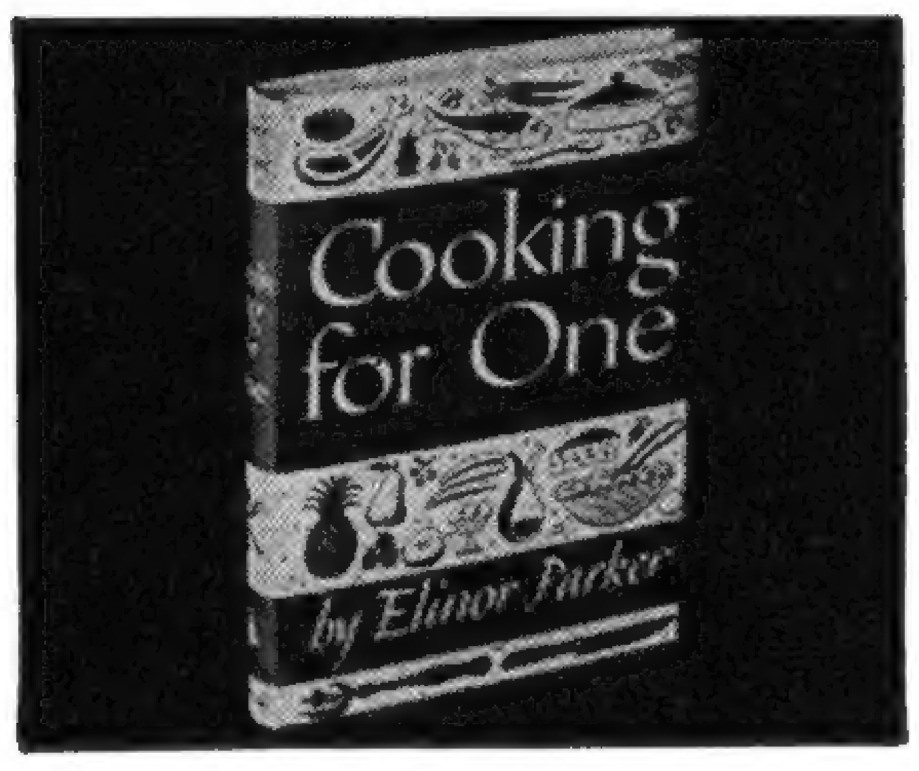
THE SPECIAL FEATURE of this unusual glass pitcher is the inside cylinder extending from the cover about ¾ of the way down. The cylinder, when filled with ice, keeps the rest of the pitcher's contents cold. It's a good gift and useful for office board rooms, home bars or table service. It comes in two sizes and with large, bold initials.



IN A HOTEL ROOM, en route or wherever a stove is not readily available, a remarkable stirrer will heat 11 ozs. of liquid in a matter of seconds and it will be hotter than is comfortable to drink. Insert a cartridge, snap the handle and stir. No flames or fumes. On camping trips, it conveniently provides hot water for drinks or shaving.



MUGS FOR MY LORD in burnished copper suggest some 16th century English tavern. Since centuries back, beer has been drunk out of such mugs because—among other reasons—some think the copper protects the flavor. Past or present, they belong in a man's domain. It has a good handle to grip and holds a full 12 ozs.



THE SINGLE MAN who keeps himself fed by his own operations in the kitchen can probably use some sound, simple advice on what to buy and how to prepare solo meals with a minimum of effort. A small book will guide anyone interested in Cooking for One. The results are intended to be economical yet amply satisfying.

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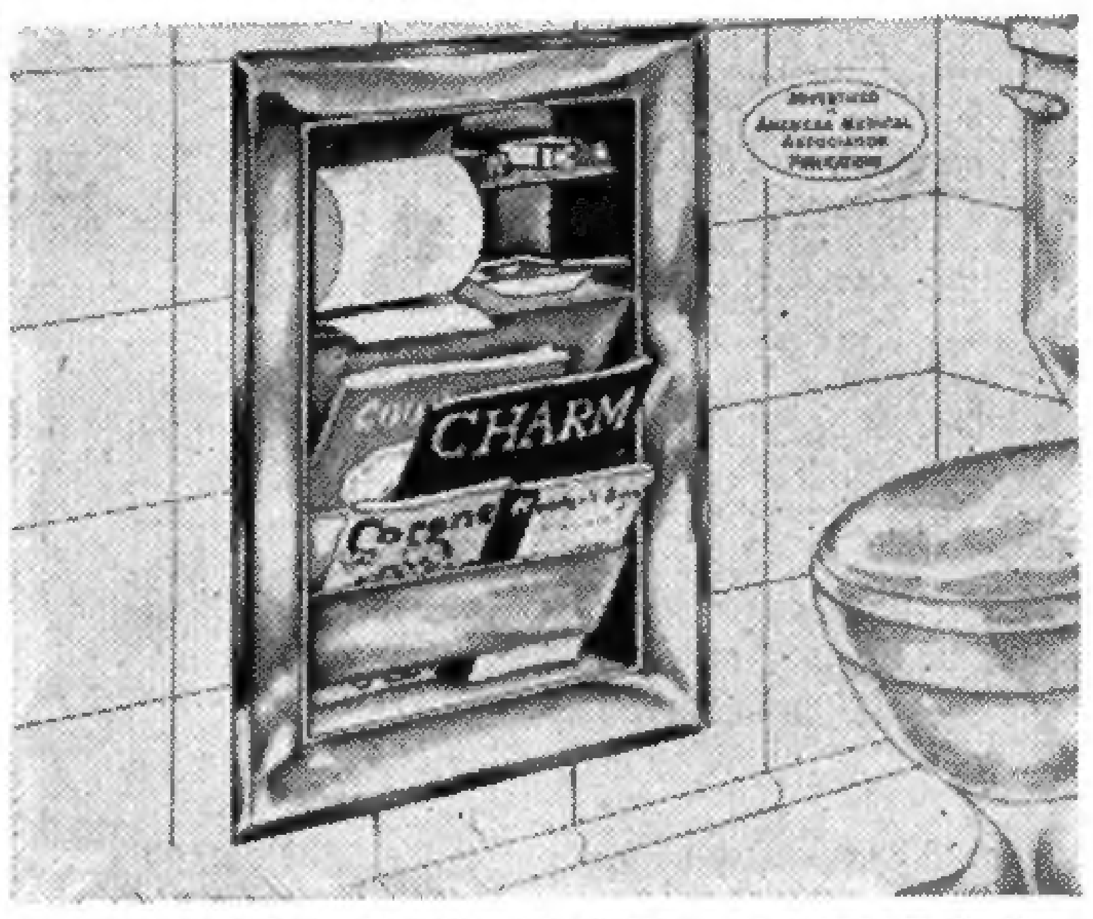

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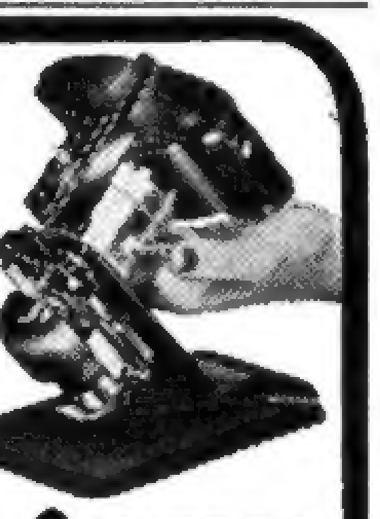

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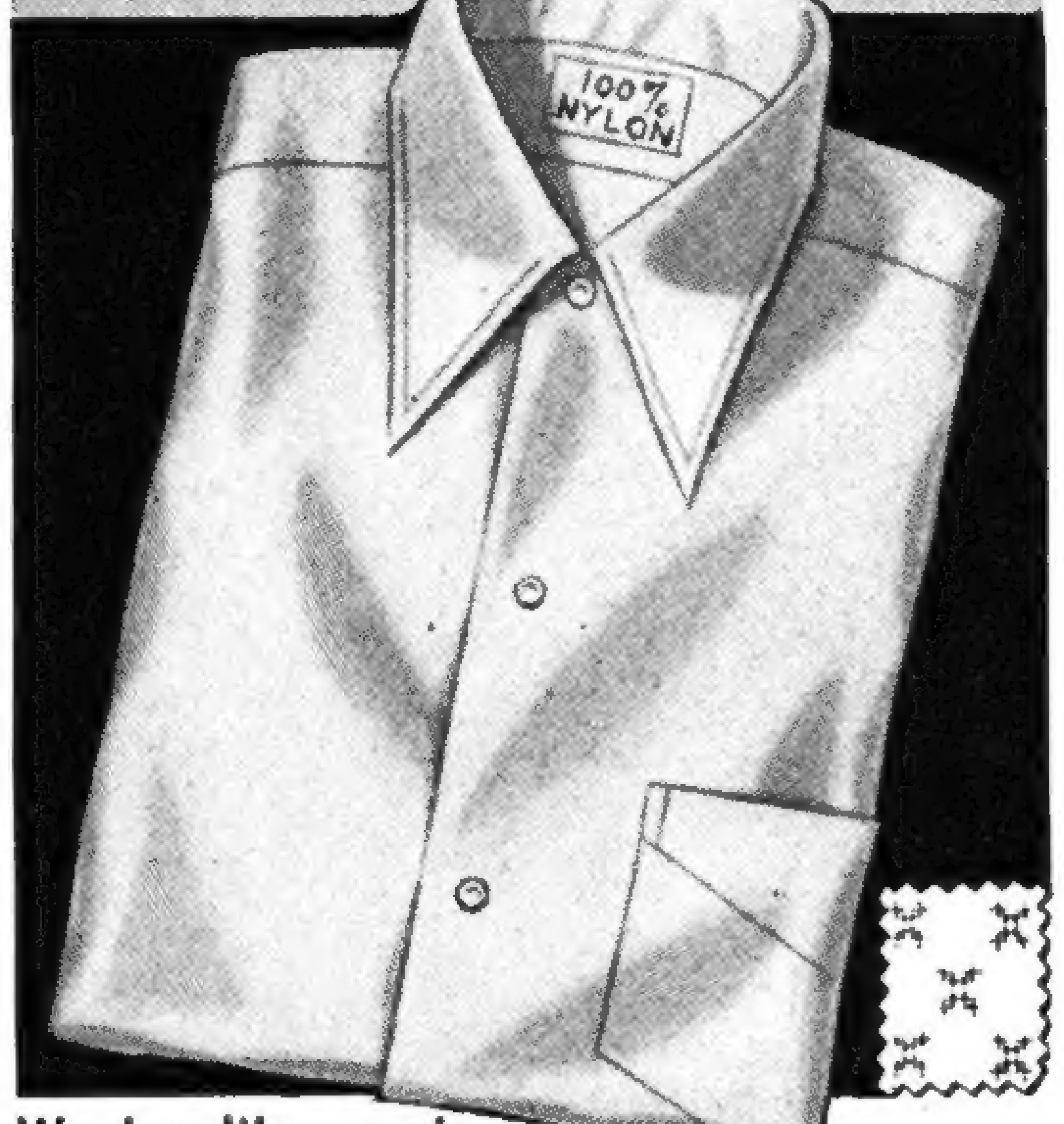

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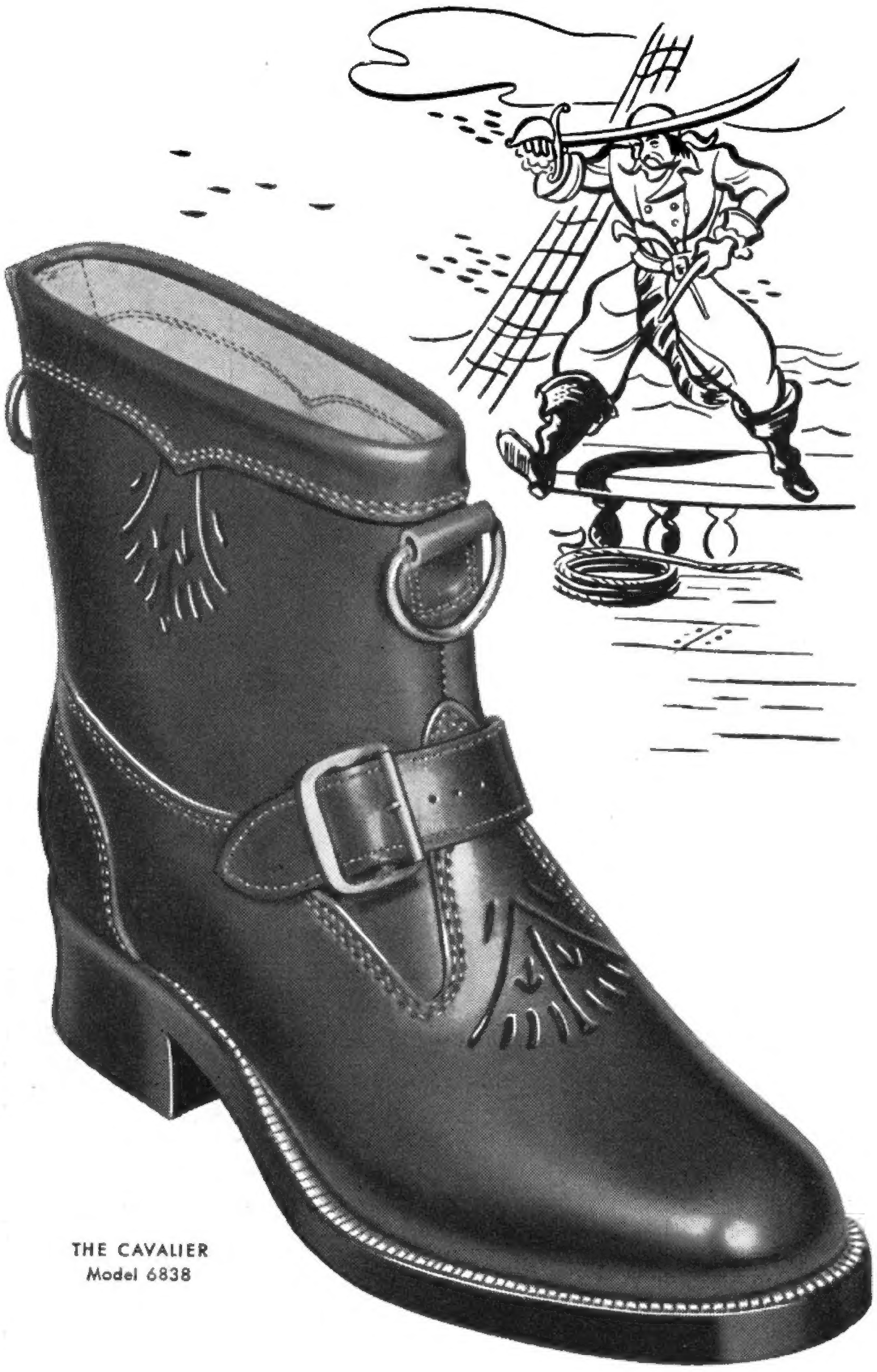

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